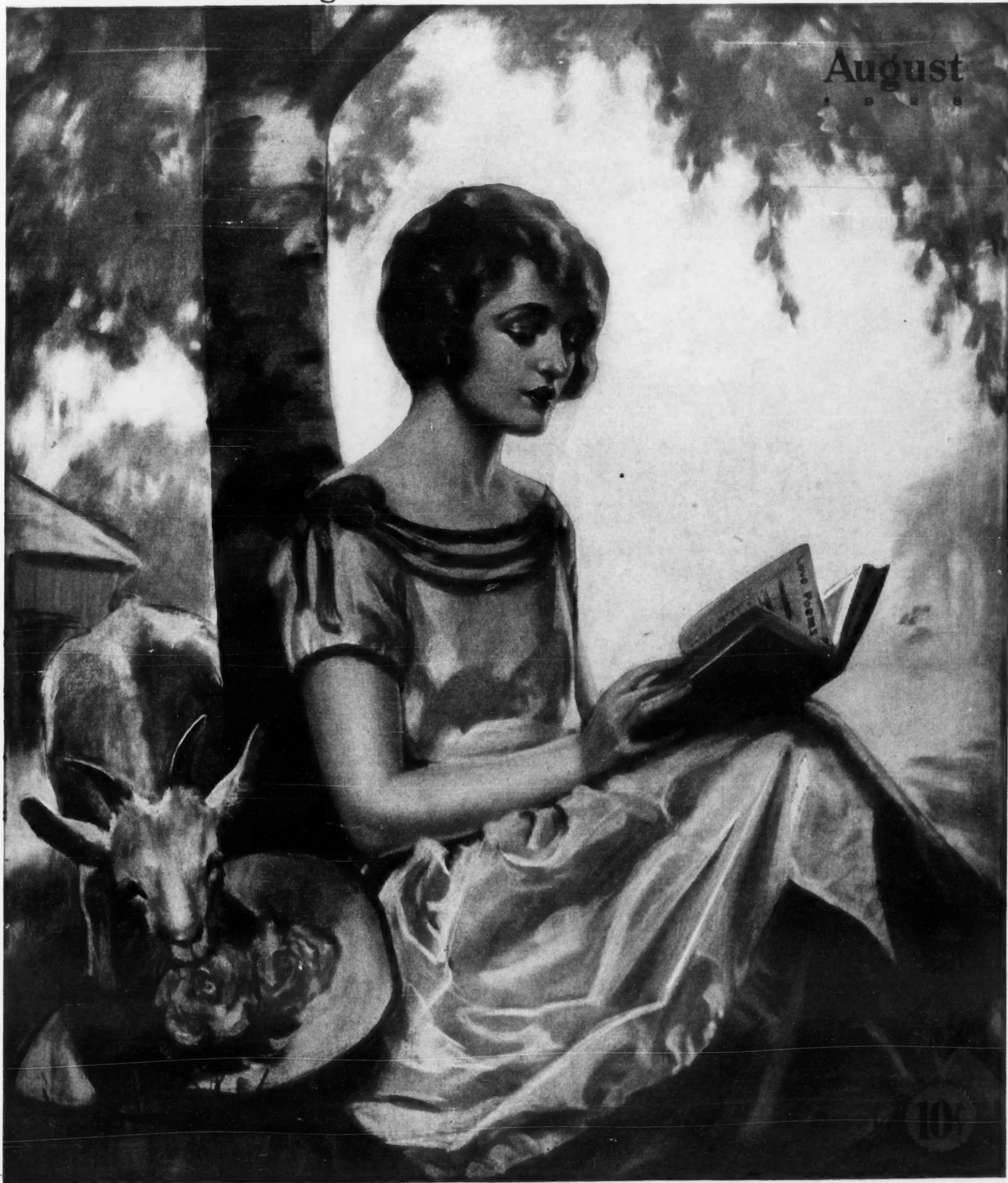


# The Chatelaine

Vol. 1, No. 6, Toronto, August, 1928

A Magazine for Canadian Women

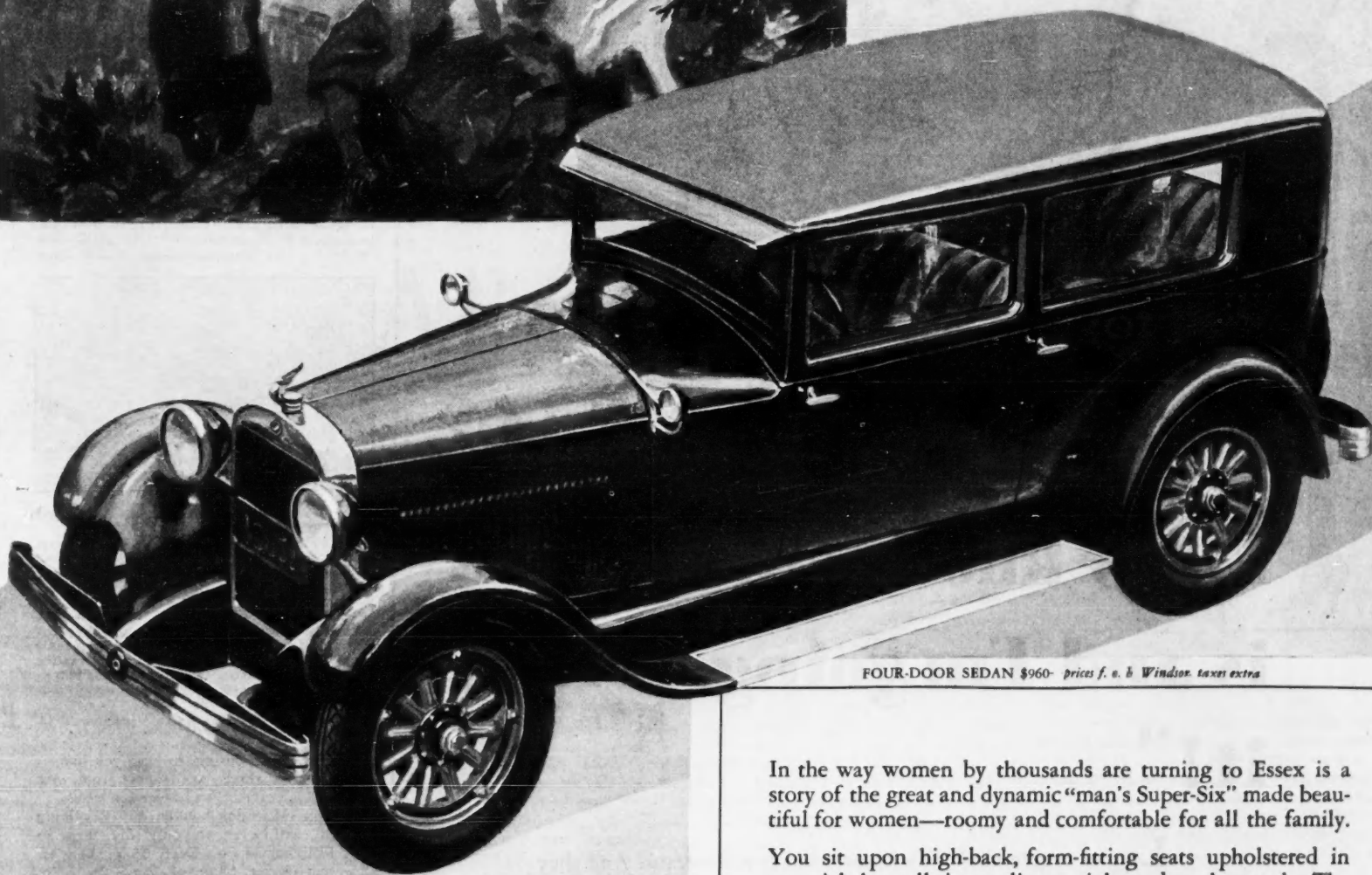


In This Issue: Do Women Want "Protection"?

# WORLD'S GREATEST VALUE



Fine Car  
Transportation  
*At Lowest Cost  
per Mile*



FOUR-DOOR SEDAN \$960- prices f. o. b. Windsor. taxes extra

*The New*  
**ESSEX**  
*Super-Six*  
**\$885 Up**

In the way women by thousands are turning to Essex is a story of the great and dynamic "man's Super-Six" made beautiful for women—roomy and comfortable for all the family.

You sit upon high-back, form-fitting seats upholstered in material that tells its quality to sight and to the touch. The winged radiator figure leads the eye out over a shining rhythm of cowl, hood, polished saddle type lamps and graceful arching fenders to the smoothly flying highroad.

You have before you every control in their most natural and handy place. And all about you, the paneling, the weather-stripped doors, the silenced body construction, the floor-matting and the hardware in graceful silvery patterns speak quietly and certainly of quality.

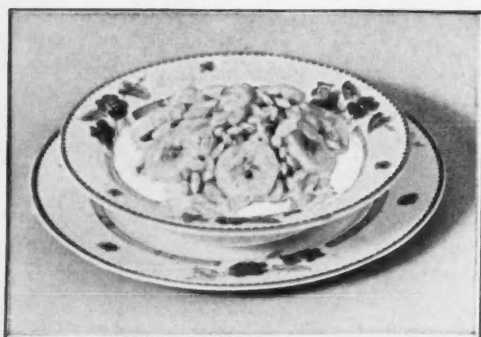
In these and such things as the slender black rubber, steel-core, finger-scalloped steering wheel; the worm and tooth disc steering mechanism and the vertical radiator shutters, Essex visibly duplicates costly car practice, as it does also in the hidden things you never see.





# The ART of Making Children Like What's "Good for Them"

*Some easily-followed suggestions that mothers are finding especially effective—cereal foods in unique combinations that appeal to the children*



*Children can't resist Puffed Rice with sliced bananas and rich milk*

SEVENTY-FIVE per cent or more of children who ordinarily don't take to cereals will eat this kind . . . and love them! They think they're confections. But you know they are essential grain foods, offered enticingly to tempt childish appetites.

Quaker Puffed Wheat (containing over 20% of bran) and Quaker Puffed Rice, are different from any other cereals known. They taste different—look different—are different.

They taste like toasted nutmeats. They crunch in the mouth like crispy toast. They have a flavor so enticing and delicious that children revel in them.

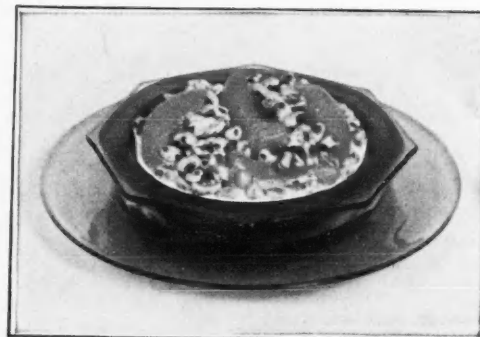
And that meets the modern idea of diet. They start by tempting the appetite. And foods that tempt digest better. No more coaxing to eat cereals.

Each grain of these unique foods is steam puffed to 8 times normal size. Then oven-crisped. Every food cell is thus broken to make digestion easy and assimilation quick. No other foods in all the world enjoy this steam-puffing process.

Serve with milk or half-and-half, and thus add further nutrition and important vitamins. Give as tidbits between meals. Serve as the ideal children's supper; the ideal adult breakfast and luncheon; and, too, as a bedtime snack that will not interfere with restful sleep.



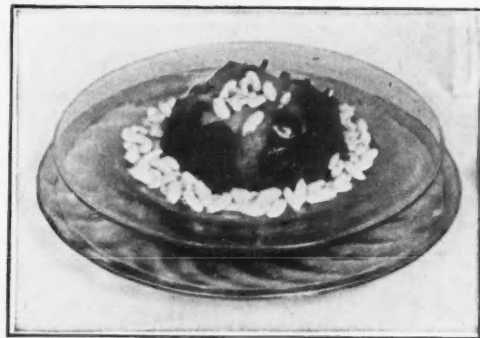
THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



*Serve a peach with Puffed Wheat, add the full rich juice and cream*



*Prunes have new allure served with crisp Puffed Wheat and rich milk*



*A baked apple, with all its syrup, with Puffed Rice and milk is good*



Volume I.

AUGUST, 1928

Number 6



# Can We All Be Cooks?

By SISTER ST. MARY EDITH

Directress, The Montreal Cooking School

*Some Are Born Cooks ; Some Achieve Cooking,  
and Some Have Cooking Thrust Upon Them*



TO THE question so often put to me: "Can we all be cooks?" I always answer: "Yes, with restrictions." Just as it requires but a minimum of brains, a little good will and the right variety of paint to make a good fence painter, so when there is merely question of boiling potatoes, making a pudding that passes muster, or evolving a cake with no evil designs on its consumer, anyone with a correct recipe and a modicum of good will—anyone capable of mastering the intricacies of the multiplication table, should rise to the situation. In cooking as in painting, however, there is a point at which a special gift becomes imperative, if one would achieve distinction.

Sometimes the question takes another form and I am asked: "Do all your students develop into good cooks?" That is another story, and I answer most emphatically, "No." Sometimes it is the power to concentrate; sometimes it is good will that is lacking. I have had girls frankly acknowledge that they do not really *want* to learn cooking for fear that their services should be called into requisition too frequently. They have come to the school under pressure, often as the lesser of two evils, but with their minds made up to absorb as little as possible. I need hardly say that once I have grasped their point of view, their places are counted as vacancies for newcomers.

With fifteen years' experience at my back, I feel safe in saying that really good cooks are as rare as really good portrait painters. Many can evolve fairly good cakes, make puddings that ducks could eat and still swim, but they are few and far between whose prowess can stand the test of exquisitely flavored sauces, meats broiled and roasted to perfection. The French have a proverb: "*On peut devenir cuisinier, mais on est né rôti-seur*," and I agree with them.

There certainly is a subtle intuition that differentiates the mere kitchen drudge from the cook in the artistic sense of the word, but it is hard to grasp the cause that makes the difference.

Of course, when there is merely question of flavor, or a cultivated palate, one may say of cooking as Shakespeare said of greatness: "Some are born cooks, some achieve cookery and some," (by far the great majority) have cooking "thrust upon them."

I have often been at a loss to understand why some girls succeed in the working out of certain, very definite recipes, while others fail hopelessly. Not long ago, two of my students were working side by side, making cakes with the identical materials, the same stove, at the same temperature and using the same recipe, yet the results produced were as different as day and night. One brought forth a feathery, golden sponge with a texture like driven snow; the other, a leathery sodden product that would have blushed to have called itself even a pancake, so conscious was it of its own inferiority. Each one was sure she had followed her recipe to a "T". I am still in a quandary as to why that difference should have existed.

It is rather maddening to have people assert that it is impossible for them to make flaky pies as "no one in their family has a hand for pastry." With a little concentration and attention to detail, anyone can turn out delectable pie crust, for the making thereof is more a science than an art. Given thoroughly chilled ingredients, such as soft flour and good shortening, as little cold water as can be used to bind the flour and fat, with a very hot oven even a child could produce pastry that would melt in one's mouth. Even puff paste is not the elusive article that some people would have

us believe it to be. The secrets of its making may be reduced to one or two salient points.

Soufflés require a certain amount of judgment, but they, too, since the advent of the oven thermometer, conform to rule, and have been stripped of many of their terrors. When made according to formula, they are far less capricious than in the good old days of "hit or miss" temperatures. The whole crux of the matter lies in discerning whether a thick or medium sauce should be used as basis, the texture of the sauce varying with the nature of the fish, vegetable or fowl used as the second ingredient.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when the making of an Angel or Sunshine cake was a nerve-racking process, so much depended on the temperature of the oven, and gas and electric stoves are *such* elusive things! But there again the oven thermometer or oven control has taken the string out of the process. Nowadays, it is an easy matter once the cake is deftly mixed, to pop it into a cold oven with the oven control set at three hundred degrees and then to go about one's other business with as little concern as though the cake in question belonged to one's neighbor rather than to one's self. At the end of an hour, perhaps with several little surreptitious peeps into the oven in the meanwhile, a beautiful, delicate snow-white cake emerges from the oven with all the assurance of a well-behaved child.

People often ask me: "What percentage of your jams and preserves do you lose each year?" When I answer "None," they look at me aghast as though they either doubted my veracity or thought my methods could not be orthodox. It seemed almost a part of the recipe, that at least a certain number of jars should ferment or become "flat-sour." My interlocuteurs are usually so (Continued on page 61)





**"..me quit eating Yeast?  
I now know what Health  
is and I'm going to keep  
it!"**

Lots of people *think* they know what health means. And they don't know at all. Never know all their lives. Ever realize that? It's something you can't know, until you've had it.

The only way to find out is to get it. That's the way I did. And I tell you the *difference* between what I *thought* was health, and the *real* health that I have now—it's too big, and means too much in my life, to risk missing it even for a day.

How did I get it? Eating yeast every day.

Why, what I used to think was health wasn't health at all.

But I guess you wouldn't understand that. Maybe you're still where I was then.

Wait till you join the Health Custom people—eating your three cakes of Yeast every day, one before or between every meal. You'll know, *then*.

I've had to miss it once or twice, sometimes two or three days at a time. A hotel where they didn't have it; night and all the stores closed. Not any more. I don't take chances on it. Carry my own supply. Regular deliveries now, always fresh, ready for me to pick up.

Those few short spells when I missed out on my yeast I realized what it had done for me. Yeast isn't habit-forming—like one of those medicines. You don't have to keep on eating it any more than you have to keep on eating bread and butter—it is just food.



"My system was poisoned. I was really ill. The doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast to help clear up the condition. For several months I took it. I began to eat better. My health returned to normal. More than that—my face was entirely cleared of pimples. I cannot praise Fleischmann's Yeast too much and would recommend it to everyone as a tonic and health builder."

MARGARET MAGEE, Toronto, Ont.



Major James Goodsell, world professional sculling champion, writes:

"At 16 I ran away to Australia, where I did everything from porpoise fishing to captaining a river steamer—also perfecting myself in sculling, my favorite sport. In 1925 I won the world professional sculling championship."

He says of Fleischmann's Yeast: "As physical director of a prominent physical culture club in San Francisco, I have often recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. This is because at all times in my own racing experience I have eaten Yeast for boils, and also to keep from getting run down. I find the eating of four cakes a day particularly effective."

MAJOR JAMES GOODSSELL, Vancouver, B. C.

Try this Health Custom to keep you happy. Order two or three days' supply from your grocer. Eat a cake before or between meals.

A very interesting booklet on "Regaining Health" will be sent to you gladly. Write to The Fleischmann Co., Dept. 08-Y 1449 St. Alexander Street, Montreal, Que.



The THRICE-A-DAY  
Health Custom

**FLEISCHMANN'S Yeast** *The Food for Health*



they were hardly more than children that last time you were here. If their own mother had wistfully, "but I wish I could be more like Mary, anyway."

Any household which has been for two years under the guidance of a person as young and inexperienced as Cecilia, would naturally not be in perfect running order, and, of course, the new Mrs. Baldwin saw that at once.

True, in her occasional observation of it as a guest, when it was Mary's house, with Mary's husband and Mary's children, the group for whom its machinery revolved, she had sometimes thought disinterestedly that she saw serious flaws in its management. She had wondered, for instance, why Mary never had meals at regular intervals. Such meals were a part of her own health gospel, and she had a superb physique. She found it difficult to eat dinner five o'clock one day and eight o'clock the next; to lunch anywhere from eleven to two, whether she had breakfasted at seven or nine or ten. Mary's well-trained and efficient Olga, who still reigned in the kitchen, patiently adjusted her activities to these movable feasts which were placed as Richard insisted, uncritically and smilingly, to do "the greatest good to the greatest number." If you were in the minority, you ate what you could get, and called it a meal. If you were in the majority, you fed bountifully and well. The thought never seemed to occur to anyone that your calendar of work and play might accommodate itself to the immutable processes of digestion. This method or lack of it, had been Mary's idea of the freedom of a home, and Judith determined, distasteful as it was to her, not to interfere with it, lest she antagonize the family.

Food and its service, which are so important in the conduct of a house, became excessively trying to her, especially when guests were to be present.

ite care, the furniture was polished and repaired, the pictures remained where they hung, the plants were nurtured, but the easy "pleasantness" which had been the gracious spirit of Mary's home seemed to have gone away as mysteriously as Mary herself had gone. In Judith's home it was not.

Instead, she found herself surrounded by a baffling atmosphere of never-altering courtesy, such as is accorded a respected but unbeloved guest by a refined family. Her efforts to gain the confidence of Allen and Randall and Cecilia, eighteen, sixteen, fifteen, returned like so many rubber balls, bouncing back from a smooth, hard surface. What had Mary done to make them come hurrying home as she knew they used to do:—"Say, Mother, listen to this!" and "Dearest, see what I bought with my own money! Isn't it the loveliest?" and "I'll tell you, but you must never tell!"

"Oh, they're growing up, I guess," said Mr. Baldwin complacently. "You must remember they were hardly more than children, that last time you were here. If their own mother had lived, it wouldn't be the same now."

"Perhaps not," admitted Judith wistfully. "But I wish I could be more like Mary, anyway."

DID Randall ask you for the car to-night, Dad?" It was Allen suddenly appearing in the door of the den, evidently dressed for a party, though he had said nothing about going anywhere.

"No, he didn't."

"Well, it's gone and so is he! It was my turn and now I'll have to hire a taxi. Darn Randall!" This to Mr. Baldwin as man to man. Judith might have been a vacant chair.

Illustrated by

Orison Macpherson

Then—furnishings! Mary had been almost an artist in some ways. She had selected really harmonious backgrounds, truly appropriate pieces for those backgrounds, but—she had selected them twenty-one years ago. She had collected some very beautiful pictures, some exceptional china, but—the pictures did not greatly appeal to Judith and the china was ornate, while her taste leaned toward the plain. The very plants which Mary had loved and tended with such joy and Cecilia had later faithfully cared for, were varieties which Judith would never have brought to grow inside a house. A rubber plant, an aspidistra, a large leafed begonia, an oleander! Judith preferred ferns, shamrocks, azaleas and bulbs which bloomed, and retired when their blooming was over.

Meals, furniture, pictures, plants remained as they had always been. The meals were planned and supervised with infinite care, the furniture was polished and repaired, the pictures remained where they hung, the plants were nurtured, but the easy "pleasantness" which had been the gracious spirit of Mary's home seemed to have gone away as mysteriously as Mary herself had gone. In Judith's home it was not.

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Cecilia was coming downstairs, as dignified as anybody in a very short-skirted frock with taffeta frills could be; especially if they were further hampered by rather curly hair and an extremely youthful and gaily anticipatory feeling, such as Cecilia always had when she was going out with a tall, good-looking boy. Almost any girl would have come in to be admired, but this one, with a curt little nod, moved toward the coat closet, and after a moment or two departed with some person whose motor horn had evidently summoned her from her room.

"Where's Cecilia going?" asked Mr. Baldwin.

Judith flushed.

"I'm not sure. She didn't say so, but I think to the Academy dance. There's one on to-night."

"She shouldn't go out without mentioning where. You'd better speak to her about it."

"I have," answered Judith. "I think she forgets."

Allen was still standing in the door with an assumption of ill-concealed impatience, looking down at these people who went on conversing about Cecilia, when Randall had not yet been accounted for.

"Randall Baldwin's my idea of a spoiled kid, Dad," stated he, as he went for his coat and hat with an injured air, "—and a rotten driver besides."

The vestibule door slammed, and neither of the two left alone said a word. There seemed to be nothing to say which already had not been said over and over.

Mr. Baldwin, with something dangerously like a sigh of relief, raised his slippered feet to a convenient stool and settled comfortably down to the perusal of the evening paper. Judith picked up a magazine, but from it her eyes wandered to the fire. She could not read; the stories all seemed so trivial, so unnatural; their almost invariably under-thirty characters, so shockingly free and easy in speech and action, so sure of themselves. Why were they so contemptuous of the standards of even a decade past, even her decade? She had been frankly amused by that type of narrative, and keen to purchase it a year ago. Now it appalled her.

Olga at the door, aroused her from her thoughts. The big, slow-moving maid had appeared quietly from the back hall, with an expression as near to excitement as her broad, placid face ever achieved. Richard, lost in the editorial page, did not raise his eyes as his wife left the room. The kitchen door closed, and the indistinguishable murmur of voices died away, so that he might read on undisturbed.

"He's smashed the door up, Missus," explained Olga. "He sets up, but the car she makes such big noise. I can't make him hear. I thought you—"

Swiftly, Judith, clambering over broken boards, switched on a light in the garage, turned something which quieted the engine, and touched the driver's shoulder.

"Why, Randall, what's wrong? Are you sick?"

"No. Doorsh too schmall."

"Well, it's no joke, you silly boy. You might have killed yourself. The windshield's broken and I don't know what else. You're despicably careless, Randall!" Judith Baldwin was for a moment her outright self; for a moment she characteristically neglected to think before she spoke.

Randall also considered not the manner of his conversation.

"Oh, shut up, Judith! Can't you see I'm drunk? Whersh ole Allen?"

"He ben a little drunk two tree times sense his ma has went. Mister Allen he help him to bed. Mister Baldwin never find out. Boys is vild dese day," explained Olga calmly. "It's good his ma's dead. She would cry and cry!"

Judith had a vivid fleeting thought of Mary's gentle, tearful face, but instead of the accustomed urge for emulation, she felt an almost uncontrollable desire to use her eyes in a withering, scornful look, and to accompany it with a good hard shaking. Mary's baby, Richard's splendid son—drunk!

"Olga and I will help you up the back stairs to your room," said she, in a cutting tone.

"Can't walk upstairs. Schleep right here!" offered Randall, blandly.

"You'll do no such thing, sir," replied the second Mrs. Baldwin, "not if we carry you up bodily, as we certainly could in your present state. You'll never leave your room either, sir, till you sign the pledge. I'll leave it on your bedside table."

"Uh huh, Judith. I'll do that all right. It'll be nice. Good-night ole dear!"

Together they finally coaxed and dragged him to his room, and when Judith

(Continued on page 30)



# "YOU'RE YOU!"

*If you're a crab-apple, you're a crab-apple, if you're a peach, you're a peach; and you can't be anything else!*



By IRMA CLOW RAVER

QUITE a while ago, Oh, as long ago as when "I Picked a Lemon" was a song hit, Judith Lane said to Richard Baldwin, who was engaged to Mary Trent, "I wish anybody would ever call me a peach! They never do."

"Take it from me, Jude," answered Richard, who saw no use in lying when the truth would do just as well, "they never will, because you're a darn nice crab apple and that's all you are. Mary's a peach."

Judith didn't speak to him for a week after that, but very soon he married Mary, and Jude grew older and forgot all about it—until one night at two a.m. over twenty years afterward. Then it appeared out of her subconscious mind to rebuke her for the most absurdly unnatural thing she ever did.

She had taken over a new job a year before, and to her chagrin had found it far more difficult than she had anticipated. Everybody, except those immediately concerned, seemed to think that she was making a success of it with her method, but then, everybody doesn't always know.

It would have been different perhaps, if Mary Baldwin had written a letter now and then so that the light of her experience might fall across the most vexing problems, but Mary never had. She could not, since the place where she had gone was that remote and unknown country with which we have, as yet, no reliable system of communication.

"If Mary had only talked more about her affairs and less of mine, when we were together," thought Judith. "If she had only been the kind who kept a diary or even a Baby Record, or something to give me an idea of what I have to work with! Take Randall—"

Well, "Plague take him," is what she felt like saying, for Randall alone was a fair-sized perplexity. He had the stature of a football centre, the judgment of a rather small boy, the conceit of a movie star, the ridiculous self-assurance of modern sixteen, and he had clearly no possible use for another mother. He was unstudiously making his way through a preparatory school, and would be at home indefinitely. Of all things, Judith abhorred feeling superfluous.

Besides Randall, there was Allen, six feet tall and not nearly broad enough because, Judith reasoned privately, he smoked continually, ate only when and what he liked best, and slept, apparently, when there was nothing else to intrigue him. Allen looked down at his father's present wife through impressive dark-rimmed glasses, and his whole expression said, with polite candor: "You are here, but I shall ignore you!"

Allen made Judith Baldwin feel younger than her years. She was now thirty-nine and conscious of being quite old enough to be his mother. Mary had been but two years her senior.

Thirdly and lastly and most emphatically, there was Cecilia, who had appeared so simple to reckon with, being Mary's only daughter, but who had proven as complicated as a Chinese puzzle. Cecilia was fifteen and looked like a very rosebud of a girl, but Cecilia had turned out to be as stiff and prickly as a thistle.

Richard Baldwin was as busy and blind as the average man who assumes the financial responsibility of supporting a well-to-do city family of five persons, on a merely average income. He was the most important one of the overwhelming majority who said to Judith: "You're wonderful! Simply wonderful, my dear!"

He was a quiet, practical man, who took life very much as he found it and made the best of it. He was unexacting.

He liked his evenings undisturbed, with his paper laid out handy. He said grace at table, gave his children a suitable allowance and thought there was no doubt they would come out all right, as they were Mary's children—and his. He considered his selection of Judith Lane to succeed his Mary, as nothing less than a stroke of genius. He never did find out that at the end of the first illuminating year, she regarded it as one of the worst fiascos it had ever been any man's misfortune to commit.

She had been a schoolmate of Mary and Richard Baldwin; but to Richard, after that, she had remained simply Mary's friend for years and years. She was another type, aggressive, business-like, where Mary was diffident, domestic. She had not been without admirers as time went on, but never one who could rival for any length of time her ambition to be a successful business woman, until, strangely, one day, she saw something in Richard Baldwin's searching eyes. It looked through the veneer of satisfaction she had so carefully acquired, right down to her orthodox woman's heart, which had begun, quite normally, to long for a husband and a home, and perhaps children.

He offered her all three at once, and with supreme confidence, although later, she could scarcely account for it, she, who had always been so sure of herself, took up Mary Baldwin's uncompleted task in a wary manner.

From the first, she decided not to obtrude her personality, but rather to merge it in her relation to the children, as far as possible in a replica of Mary's as she remembered it.

This is what she said to Richard soon after their engagement: "The children are the important thing in this matter. They have always liked me as their mother's friend, but to change their ethical environment very much would be like uprooting young plants. They have almost grown up in Mary's way. I shall simply proceed with it. I'll be only a novice as a mother, no matter what I am at my profession."

Richard Baldwin looked amused, for Judith was a self-assured woman, as well as a charming one, with a healthy desire to have her own way, because she considered that her way was usually sensible and right. She was by nature thoughtful and generous, though by no means lacking in



"Oh, they're growing up, I guess," said Mr. Baldwin complacently. "You must remember lived, it wouldn't be the same now." "Perhaps not," admitted Judith

initiative. She had been assistant editor of a woman's magazine and made good at it, but she gave up her work absolutely, to assume her new role.

Later, after their home coming: "You needn't try to make me think you have forgotten Mary. I haven't myself, and you couldn't possibly, after twenty years of such close association. I shall not expect it of any of you. And I shall try to be as nearly like her as I can. She was such a dear!"

Richard looked puzzled and a little blank, but he merely raised his eyebrows a shade and said mildly: "Not necessary, that, Judith. You couldn't do it, anyway. Mary was Mary, you're—you."

A trifle dense and not conclusive, this reply only served to increase her altruistic purpose. She had a ready answer: "But I must, especially with the children, if I expect to fill their mother's place, as I assuredly want to do. I shall follow out Mary's plans for them as nearly as possible. I could not do better."

"Mary was rather unmethodical, for one thing, and you're—well you're not," suggested Richard, with a reminiscent smile, adding gently, defensively, "but she was, in spite of that, very pleasant to live with." His eyes took a far-off look which Judith, who had also loved Mary, did not resent.

What an epitaph! What better could one desire when most husbands of wives either living or dead, are so apt to be niggardly in the bestowal of outspoken praise! Her resolve to tread in Mary's footsteps became strengthened by the hope of such a final accolade. In her practical way, she set about the task of following the somewhat obliterated trail which Mary had pursued.

# WANT "PROTECTION"? YES!

By MAUDE PETITT HILL

J. S. HALLAM

ANNA BELLA'S fourteen on Monday. She's goin' to quit school an' go to work in Brant's Box factory. That will help us on at home a bit." Those few lines in a nutshell contained the early story of thousands of girls in cities like Toronto and Montreal not more than fifteen years ago.

Fifteen years ago, our readers could have visited one of the big industrial concerns of Toronto where little girls of fourteen worked from half-past seven in the morning until six at night, sitting at the same spot at the work table, making the same monotonous movement all day, for four and a half dollars a week. Most factories were closing by five at that time, or at least 5.30. But others were working even longer, from 7 a.m. until 6 p.m.

It was about this time that a good deal of agitation for reformed conditions for girl and women workers was started by our women's organizations and our social service workers. Thanks in a large measure to the pressure brought to bear on provincial parliaments by our National Council of Women (the provincial councils of course pulling with it), we have now, according to the report of Professor H. Michel, political economy expert of McMaster University, Toronto, minimum wage laws in all of our provinces, except New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

Anna Bella no longer works for \$4.50 a week. To be sure, economic conditions following the Great War would, in any case, have changed that figure, but the Minimum Wage Laws have guaranteed her a living wage. In fact, according to Professor Michel's report on this subject for the years 1921-25, the average wage paid men went down, while the average wage of women increased.

Yet what have we done as to the hours of work for women? Is it quite fair to the girl at work when the manufacturer says: "We'll pay a minimum wage, but we must make the working day an hour longer?" There is nothing in our law to prevent it.

On the other hand, is it quite fair to the manufacturer who works his employees an eight hour day and pays a minimum wage, to have to compete with the manufacturer in the next block, or even the next province, who pays the same minimum wage and works employees ten hours a day? And there is nothing in our law to prevent that.

Of course there are the devotees of the Woman's Party in the United States, ultra feminists who say we want no protective legislation for women whatsoever. Out with the Minimum Wage Laws, the Mothers' Pensions! Let women stand and work on the same footing as men. This party has its enthusiasts in Canada as well. Let woman be free to work as long as she pleases, they say. Why should the government tell her when to quit?

This question affects 133,683 women employed in various industrial concerns in Canada—about 55,000 of them in Ontario alone, and 48,977 in Quebec.

Should their hours be protected by legislation?

YES. We write it with capitals.

Why so? Because this freedom to work as long as you please, is, after all, only an idle boast. If the law does not step in and force women to quit, the employer is left free, when it suits him, to force them to keep on. Men are organized, and they who have less need of protection have their hours protected by their organizations. But with the exception of two or three industries, such as cloak makers and needle workers, the working women of Canada are without organization.

Did you ever stop to think some cold winter morning when you wake, turn comfortably on your pillow, and hear the whistles blowing at 7 a.m., that thousands of women in Canada between Halifax and Port Arthur are taking their places on their work stools at that hour? A great number of them have no doubt not only got their own breakfasts, but prepared breakfast for the family before they left home. This is not sentimentality; it is simply cold hard statistics from the reports of the Department of Labor.

This factory work, too, means in most cases intense concentration on one automaton-like movement. It is not housework, where you change from dishwashing to dusting, and from cooking to darning. It is perhaps a ziz up endless

seams, on a power machine all day long, with the exception of an hour at noon. Ziz-Ziz-Z-Z-Z! Seams, seams—seams—z-z-z-z! Or it is filling biscuits—dab of jam between two biscuits, dab of jam, dab of jam, dab, dab, dab, from the dark rim of dawn to the dark rim of night. Does the worker need protection as to hours?

Yes, the older women need protection because they can't stand so well the long hours of intense concentration. As for the young women, it certainly is not to the best interests of the nation to have girls and young women work hours that are far beyond their strength, hours that sap their vitality and leave them later a burden on our charity funds and hospital boards—and what is worse still, producers of infant lives that add further to the public burdens.

Often under unrestricted conditions, the girl may overwork with the mere ambition of owning silken hose and patent pumps—or often, too, she may be forced to work too long hours to keep her job, because her firm requires it of her.

For women later in life, women who should at least know what they can stand and what provision there is for them in case of a breakdown, for these, freedom as to hours may be no dire calamity. But for the young women who are the potential mothers of young Canada, there is only one answer to the question of their real need of protection.

IN ONTARIO alone we paid out last year \$2,007,557 for Mothers' Pensions, that the children of these mothers might have good care after birth. Have we not also a right as a nation to see that the young women who bear these children are not so devitalized by the industrial world that

they produce an inferior race on whom to spend this large portion of our succession dues and taxes?

The ancient Greeks placed beautiful statues in their streets that the young mothers beholding them might produce a beautiful race. We should not lag behind the ancients. We should safeguard not only the beauty, but also the health and vigor of unborn Canadians. We can never aspire to too high an ideal for our own race.

The most important consideration for the women of any land is not their economic position (important as that undoubtedly is) but their position as mothers. We have in Canada no special protective laws in industry for the expectant mother. In certain European countries and in certain parts of the United States, we find laws in the statute books forbidding a woman to work for a certain number of weeks before and after confinement. In some cases, she is given a maternity benefit.

In Canada we find that from ten to twenty per cent. of the women who come under the orders of the Minimum Wage Board are married. We also read in our Maternal Mortality report of this year: "Canada loses more than four mothers every day. Most of these deaths can be prevented."

Should not women, and particularly women up to thirty, be protected along these lines? The steady concentration required of factory workers, (Continued on page 47)



The steady concentration required of factory workers, especially piece workers, is bound in too long a day, to take from the physique and mentality of the average woman.



# DO WOMEN NO!

By E. M. MURRAY

Illustrated by



"Industry is to be made safe for men and women, not for women only; and industries can be regulated for the benefit of the workers, not for the purpose of discriminating against women, as is done at present."

FROM the point of view of the average person, not a factory-owner, there seems to be but one answer to this question—and that answer affirmative. To take the negative side is almost automatically to array public opinion against one. Nevertheless, it is always well to present fundamental truths no matter how much opposition they create. Truth has a fashion of eventually overcoming opposition, and coming triumphantly into its own.

Whenever any question concerning women and children comes up, the world drops Reason and takes up Sentiment. It is considered quite proper to appeal to the emotions only. Possibly that is necessary and even desirable in awakening interest, so long as more people *feel* than *think*. But whether it is fair to the race to make no effort to get away from emotionalism at times, and consider facts as they are, is another thing.

Special legislation connotes privilege somewhere, and

wherever there is privilege there is also injustice. So long as men and women are content to accept privilege in lieu of justice, they will suffer injustice. And if this is inevitable where they simply accept privilege, how infinitely worse must it become when they earnestly seek privilege?

From time immemorial woman has been the chief sufferer from privilege, and her suffering has been shared by the child. Presumably that is why they are always classed together when questions of political, industrial, educational and economic rights are being discussed. But that day has gone. Woman has attained her majority.

Man early began his struggle to free himself from the bonds of privilege, but made no plans to loosen the bonds of woman at the same time. For centuries women quietly accepted privilege in lieu of the degree of freedom men had won.

It was during this period that laws were made and public opinion formed which prevented women from owning their own bodies, their own children, their own property, their own wages, their own clothes, and denied to them the right to education.

Had women made their demand for freedom at the same time as men, the world would be considerably better off to-day. Men had not been, until this decade, securing the

right of collective bargaining and of organization, but for their own selfishness and woman's supineness in accepting privileges for rights. It kept alive the whole idea of privilege in man's relations to his fellows. Why *continue* to handicap the progress of the race?

There should be no necessity for Child Labor Laws. Child Labor should be unknown in a world of such limitless natural wealth and the abundance of machinery to aid in production. That is not to say that the conditions in the industrial world at the time they were made did not demand such laws, nor that they will not demand more if continued. It is merely saying in another way that injustice in the economic world has made the exploitation of children possible. Our very laws for their protection are an indictment of our civilization.

Poverty, or the fear of poverty, is the cause of man's dread of competition. It makes him consent to shorter hours for women and fewer tasks for children, because thereby he keeps down their wages, and thinks he retains more money as wages for himself. Apparently the average man believes that there is somewhere, miraculously created, a fund from which wages are paid, and that it is lessened by the number of workers who must be paid from it.

He seldom stops to think that all wealth is created by the application of labor to natural opportunities, and that properly, the more laborers there are the larger that fund will be. When that is not the outcome, his mind should be brought to bear, not upon laws limiting working hours or fixing arbitrary standards of wages, but upon discovering what privilege, what injustice lies at the root of the failure of a natural law to operate. He could then remove the cause, and the other laws would be unnecessary.

This applies also to special legislation for women working in factories. Justly, logically, no one group of workers, in factories or otherwise, is entitled to any special privilege to which all other groups, irrespective of sex, are not equally entitled. If women workers need shorter hours for the benefit of the race, then for the same reason men also need shorter hours. The product of two human beings cannot be raised to the highest degree by improving the conditions of one factor alone.

The race needs better fathers, physically, mentally and morally, as much as it needs better mothers. Else, it were only logical to say that fatherhood is immaterial. In that event, Nature, which hates a useless waste, either should have made, or yet will make woman capable of producing children within the limits of her own organism.

Often "welfare" workers are honestly mistaken as to the effect of sex discrimination laws. Experience, however, shows that they always work for the detriment of the sex they are intended to "protect." Among the strongest advocates of such laws are the great majority of well-meaning, non-wage-earning women, and some labor leaders and organizations. These latter fear the competition of women, and would shut them out from employment. The former group is merely a tool in the cunning hands of the latter group.

Such labor men have no real regard for the welfare of women. The condition of the women in their own homes proves that. Who seeks "protective" laws for the mothers of large families who toil and moil for sixteen and eighteen hours a day in the home, without holidays or rest days, or even change of shift? Certainly not the labor men who seek to "protect" women out of their best-paying jobs. Indeed, they are usually the very ones, who, with many other "welfare" workers, would deny to such women even the relief from suffering that a knowledge of birth control would give.

In New York when the law was passed making it illegal to employ waitresses in a restaurant at night, many restaurants soon replaced women with men for all time, because men could work when they pleased. What became of the women thus thrown out of a job, and of their dependents?

One big chain system of restaurants retained women for day work, which is of course the hardest work, because from 11.30 a.m. to 2.30 p.m. is peak (Continued on page 45)



separate dining room and living room, should I ever wish to shift its contents to a two-room scale. The bookshelf and cupboard at the right of the window can be instantaneously converted into an open-face china cabinet and linen cupboard, while the gate-leg table which was purchased in unpainted wood and stained the same color, is only waiting an opportunity to do full-time duty. It now folds neatly into a double closet. The four incidental rush bottom chairs, stained the same color, will some day complete, if necessary, a little dining room.

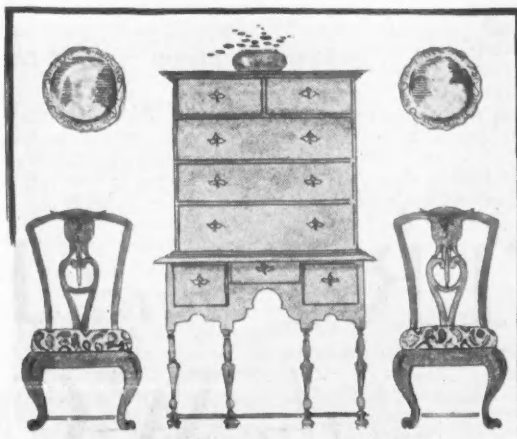
The present scheme is particularly fortunate in the possession of a grand piano. It gives the needed balance which the corner diagonally across from it requires, for, as you will see, there are combined there the striking colors of mauve and yellow checked material, a batik taking in all the predominant colors of the room, and the bulk of a wall-long sofa. An upright piano would have served the purpose almost as well, though a grand, being lower, gives a greater opportunity for effective lighting, the use of a throw or shawl, or vases of flowers.

The small diagram set into the picture, is an object lesson in what not to do with furniture placement. In this arrangement, you will see that the importance of the window has been entirely overlooked—the bookcases placed at an angle in one corner rather than in the balancing pair. The sofa, in order to hide the radiator, has been placed across the left corner. The decorative value of the chest, from the point of view of first impressions, is utterly lost across the side window. Here, too, a bed line has developed, particularly presupposing an upright piano, in three flat pieces of furniture against one wall. (Furniture has a terrific penchant for getting into straight lines. If it can possibly trick you into believing there is no other place for it, it will do so. Be on guard.) The rug, like the sofa, is at an unpleasing angle. The whole room is out of gear. It is like one of those cut-backs in the old motion pictures, showing what "might have been"—and what so frequently "is," if we do not train our eyes to symmetry. If one can but learn to see furniture in balanced groups, in a picture, and pick and choose and discard to that ideal, she may be reasonably sure of dignity, repose and, as the night follows the day, beauty.

**THIS** matter of building around a central point of interest is not necessarily dependent upon the physical geography of the room in question. Consider, for instance, the room sketched at the top of the first page of this article. It was simply developed around a sofa! Why was it chosen, you may wonder, rather than the piano? The first reason was its adaptability to grouping. What other pieces of furniture in the room could have been effectively grouped with the piano? The bookcase and secretary in the same position would have created the dreaded "line," the table and chair on one side are perhaps less unprepossessing but uncomfortable-looking. The second point in the couch's favor was its color possibilities in the form of cover and cushions. The third, was its low proportions, which permitted of effective wall treatment.

Of course, the most delightful detail about which to build a room is a fireplace. Yet it is not always taken advantage of to the full. Scattered or crowded furniture, badly placed fixtures and pictures, a cluttered mantel—and the spell is lost. Here again, matching bookcases are an excellent setting for the room's chief point of interest. The diagram of "don'ts" for this room speaks for itself.

One of the most outstanding mistakes of the wrongly-arranged version of the room, however, is the lack of balance on the opposite wall, for the weight of the fireplace and bookshelves. A piano, a highboy or a couch are pieces of furniture which would have fitted in here to good advantage. "One large piece deserves another." A door may be balanced by a tall bookcase or highboy, a piano or a sofa



Do not be afraid of too symmetrical an arrangement of furniture.

by a group of equal weight—but the law of compensation works with relentless certainty in room arrangement.

"There is a room I know," someone was telling me the other day, "where I get actually seasick. I feel as though I were in a listing ship whenever I go in." The explanation was lack of balance. One almost had the sensation that the room was tilting, so heavily did ponderous pieces of furniture burden the one wall, while a spindly gate-leg table and two wall chairs were the only balast for the other.

**NO LESS** painful is the diffuse arrangement or overcrowding of small decorative objects. Possibly, the besetting sin of the Canadian home is the over preponderance of knickknacks and photographs. Personal photographs really have no place in the decorative scheme, save in the rare case of a single beautiful portrait. The surface of table, mantel or bookcase that bristles with pictures and ornaments is an aesthetic abomination. The pleasing placing of vases, candlesticks, and ornaments of all kinds, depends chiefly on restraint of detail, though several principles of balance are important factors.

"Constant experiment in rearranging small accessories provides an education in taste. By actual placing objects

in different relations to each other and choosing the happiest groupings, the home-maker may acquire the same fine sense of composition as that possessed by a skillful painter," say a decorating authority.

The eye, in its vision, takes in a circular field. The keenest point of interest in any group or arrangement, therefore, is the centre of this field. The method of proving the desirability of any grouping recommended by one decorator is the "trial by string." A group may consist of a wall picture, a plate and a rose jar; a small bowl and a tall vase with spreading flowers, or a mantel with a broad canvas above and two candlesticks on either side. If taking a sufficiently long string, you are able to describe about these objects an arc or a circle within which they more or less fall, you may rest assured that you have achieved a sound arrangement. A few articles skillfully grouped count for more than many scattered objects.

All of which applies to the room in general, on which at any time, it might be a practical plan to try a mental "trial by string."

"Bring forth then the furnishings which have been saved from the eliminating machine, the furniture which can stand gracefully on its own feet and do its work adequately, the clocks which can not only keep time, but look pleasant about it, the lamps or fixtures which lend charm of form and color by day and properly distribute light and shadow in the evening. Bring forth also the little things, the vases, candles, jars, bowls, boxes and books, the trinkets of life which are to the room what jewelry and trimmings are to a costume. It is these things which complete or spoil the whole scheme of a room, and since we have removed the bad, we have only to place well what is left, and the effect should be charming.

"The principle of grouping is most important. Just as the landscape architect masses his trees and shrubs, so the housekeeper should know the art of grouping, or putting things together, especially if there are few instead of many to arrange.

"It is a common mistake to suppose that scattering things about makes them look like more, or fills the space better. But spaces should not be filled. Spaces are valuable. Things should simply be happily situated in the spaces of the room. The principle is the same as in music. Three singers placed close together become a trio, and if their voices harmonize, the result is more impressive than merely three times one. Scattering the singers over a large stage would disorganize the ear in this respect. It prefers to dwell contentedly upon united interests rather than to jump

restlessly from one object to another. Three articles skillfully grouped count for more than many scattered objects.

"Things may be said to form a group when they appear united. This does not mean touching or crowded. If the space between two objects is less than the diameter of the smaller one, the eye accepts them as a unit. They appear together, just as a little boy within arm's reach of his mother is with his mother. Out of reach means separation."

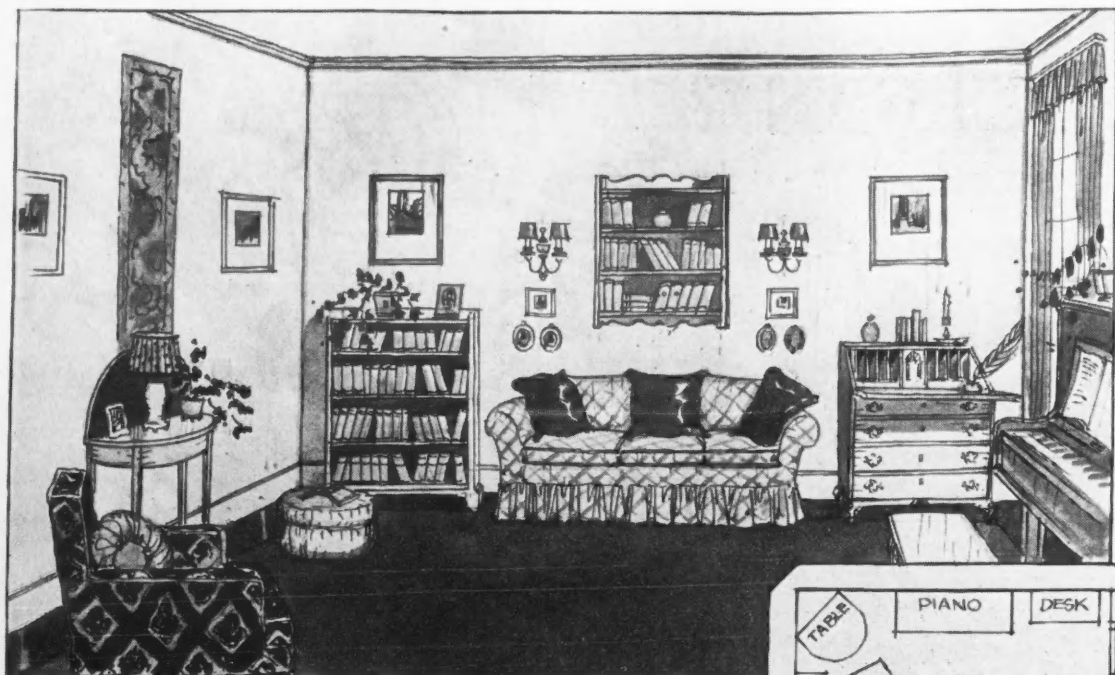
Thus one authority sums up the grouping situation. Look about you now. Are your rooms peopled with happy family groups, or are they as uniform as seats at a prayer meeting or as unrelated as though children had been playing musical chairs?

Look particularly at your rugs. Are they stretching obliquely across your rooms, like a railway track that cuts up a beautifully laid-out property? Look particularly at the treatment of corners. Too many people consider them the apex of a triangle rather than the junction between too straight walls at right angles. A corner is a negative quantity as such; Continued on page 42

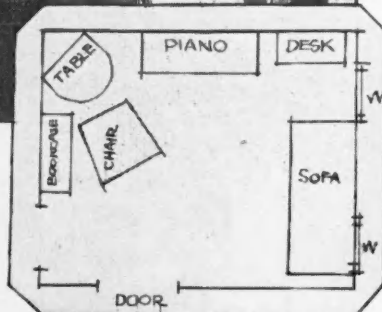


This combined living room and dining room was built up around its long casement window.





Building around a central point is not dependent on a room's physical geography. This one was developed around a sofa!



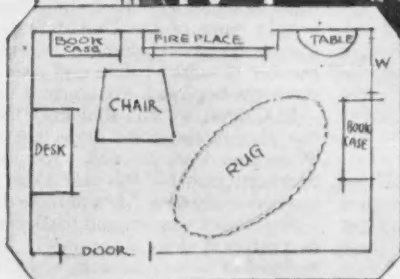
## SETTING THE STAGE In Small House or Apartment

By ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

SETTING a room is much like setting a stage; backgrounds, focal points and lighting all come into the scheme with predestined effect, to make or mar the scene. Never so much was this brought home to me as when I once saw on the stage an arrangement of a highboy and two chairs in precise relation to one another, and going home found that a fear of making my room too "prim and set" had kept me from placing three pieces of furniture almost identical to those on the stage, in this logical and beautiful balance. It taught me the folly of being afraid of symmetrical placing of furniture, for order and balance can never produce any other result than a sense of harmony and repose, and seldom, unless obviously overdone, give a feeling of too studied effect.

One fetish with which the ordinary lay person is often beset, is that to place a piece of furniture or rug casually cater-cornered or at any angle is "artistic." It is a theory which has been responsible for the harassing of the atmosphere in more otherwise attractive rooms than one could shake a stick at.

"Just leave a cushion lying around carelessly, my dear, it looks so artistic," the amateur enthusiast advises. Oh well, why not stick squares of silk "around carelessly" on your lovely simple afternoon dress? It will look equally "artistic."



Matching bookcases are an excellent setting for this room's chief point of interest—the fireplace.

No, the ideal in the arrangement of furniture is rarely achieved by accident. It is a problem in balance of weight, height, color and texture, all of which soon make themselves known and understood if one studies them with the same personal diligence with which most women select and combine their clothes. It may mean casting out time-honored pieces, changing the retiring old corner chair into a peacock of color, totally effacing a chandelier, sending three rugs with violent antipathies to one another to be miraculously spun into one neutral and harmonious whole—in short, taking tradition in hand and jettisoning not only white elephants themselves, but white elephant ideas. For we all have them! Do I not well remember my own painful and year-long determination to have a Boulle table athwart a corner, while a lacquer corner cupboard fitted into the angle of wall above? It was hopeless, and yet not until the absolute disquiet of the room made me uncomfortable, would I admit my mistake.

The doctrine of balance never made an impression on me in theory—it forced itself upon me in terms of wood and fabric through the adapting of my lares and penates to many different rooms and exposures, in the course of almost annual migrations from small house to apartment; from studio living room to small music room and library. My furniture has served so many purposes, been combined with so many new friends, been deprived of its native environment, and yet withstood so well the vagaries of change, that I have never ceased to congratulate myself on the day when I went through the house picking out such pieces as should accompany me on my hegira, with the thought of ultimate balance in my mind.

The room the furniture occupies to-day is reproduced in the lower picture on the right hand side. The room has no fireplace—a lack of which was partially made up by a very beautiful long casement window at centre. There must always be some central point of interest in a room—and thus this combined living room and dining room was built up around its window.

The natural balance on either side of the long casement was disastrously jogged out of alignment at first sight, by the presence of a large and rather ornamental radiator on the left. It threw out of prospect at once, the possibility of twin bookshelves. The arrangement of radiator cover and hanging bookshelf above, however, with a bookcase with cupboard below to balance on the other side, solved the difficulty. The pieces were made to order of knotted pine stained a shade between honey-color and gray. In this tone they blended admirably with a mosaic decorated chest of the same color, which fitted between them across the window. It made a charming window seat.

My focal point established, a color scheme was my next concern. The room faced north, with one side window opening east. It was an exposure which, though not sombre, was not brilliantly sunny—an "in-between." A former room of mine had been much given to blues, and the remnants of its glory still clung to my belongings in the inwoven border of a mohair rug, odd pieces of bric-a-brac, and one large water-color marine. My problem was, therefore a double one—to decorate the room in colors warm enough to replace the frequent lack of sun, cool enough to temper a goodly share of steady daylight, and yet to combine successfully with my outcroppings of blue.

The solution was a striped voile curtaining of yellow and mauve, and a sofa cover in the same two shades in large squares. The large over-stuffed chair was covered in solid mauve, relieved by a cushion of the checked sofa cover material. The slip cover has ever been my stay and buckler in times of changing scene. I have even kept covers that belonged to an older setting and reinstated

them after years of packing away, as useful and as colorful as ever. With slip covers, as with Cleopatra, age cannot wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety.

As I said, the room in question is a combined living room and dining room, but it houses the component parts of a



Still, she appeared innocent of depression, as they wended down the street. She must have known all sorts of blind dates in her youth, this "woman," and though her sophistication at the present time made such mishaps as this rare, she evidently was a good sport. They'd get on swimmingly if there were any canoes obtainable at the river.

"Too bad I didn't know we were going to the river, and I'd have brought a blanket and a uke," remarked Hubert. He considered that this was tactful phrasing, since he did not possess in his own right either of these articles, and would have questioned his sobriety in acquiring them.

"Yes," agreed Audrey. "Perhaps we could call around at your place and get your blanket and uke, if you liked."

No, it would be out of the way to go back now. Perhaps at the wharf. Audrey eased him by asking if he did much paddling.

THE air was light, the smell of trees and green lawns a fresh reality not to be forgotten. They walked from one street to another, until Audrey enquired:

"Can we get to the river this way? I never know. We are going to the river, aren't we?"

Hubert had to admit that he must have passed the street. He'd only seen the river once, last fall, on a Saturday when he couldn't go to a football game, and stranger that he was, he didn't venture upon it.

"Don't you skate?" asked Audrey. "You don't know what you miss."

"Why I thought nobody here went in for skating."

"No, unless they can they don't like it," she agreed. "I do though—unless I have to go alone."

Hubert looked at her in admiration. Would the list of her accomplishments never end? Who'd have thought that in addition to them all she was a good skater. Probably a fancy skater! She was a marvellous little thing.

"I'm going to learn to skate as soon as winter comes."

"Bravo!" She clapped her hands, laughing. "Then I won't have to go alone."

"As though you would, anyway," he laughed. "Don't try to spoof the foolish." They were descending a terraced wooden sidewalk to the river street. Hubert liked to take two strides at each terrace, the last one poised on the step. Audrey clutched his arm, and feigned a stumble.

"I didn't enter for the hop-skip-and-jump event," she pouted, rather breathless.

"Sure," he assented. "Let's take it a little easier." He adjusted his spectacles.

At the wharf, reached by further wooden steps, and itself a rickety and insubstantial affair of narrow boards and wide cracks through which the water could be seen—two

couples were putting off in canoes. The man in charge, a wizened youth whom everyone addressed as Charlie, pointed with his pipe to a row of the upturned craft when Hubert asked him if he had one for them. He accepted a fifty-cent tip from the flannelled youth who was guiding his lady into one of the by-standing canoes, and turned to the other pair, also embarking. He had never seen Hubert before, and rightly guessed his first-year status.

But Audrey knew at least two of the people present, the youth of the fifty-cent tip and the girl of the other party. The former nodded, and the girl waved and screamed at her as they shoved off.

"See you at Davy's Locker, Aud., old dear!"

"We're not going to the gym!" returned Audrey. "Shower enough. Boy!" She turned to the man in charge, now at leisure. "Have you a phonograph?"

"Not for rent," returned the other. He looked at her with recognizing eyes, almost fearful ones, as though he knew Audrey was used to getting or taking what she wanted.

"I thought I heard one as we were coming around the corner," Audrey innocently addressed Hubert. "Didn't you?"

"Just a little one the boys have for their own use in the building," interposed the man. "You see," he laughed, "we have to wait for you folks with the canoes, and sometimes it's pretty late."

"A little one! Oh, that's splendid, just what we want. We want a little portable phonograph to put in the bow of our canoe, don't we?"

To the dizzy Hubert there seemed no intervention of time until the canoe was moored at the wharf, with a small phonograph, a stock of records, chocolate bars, cigarettes, a blanket, and a carton of orangeade.

"Now is there anything else we need?" she asked.

Hubert was disposed to reply that they needed money, if they chanced to land at other places similar to this one. But he assisted her into the canoe with gallantry. He had, if truth were known, never helmed a canoe upon the watery deeps before. But he had with emulous eyes watched many another youth guiding the destinies of the slender craft and their fair occupants. Now the opportunity was unexpectedly his, all his, and he must make the most of it. He placed himself in the customary position, and grasped the paddle firmly by the middle. He plunged it into the water and bore strongly backward. The canoe promptly twisted and swung, lifted and hung, but above all it kept moving. That was what made matters confusing. If it would just stay still long enough to let you get posted in regard to your position, you might, on reconnoitering the terrain, or the aquain, undertake some action.

"Try the other side," counselled Audrey judiciously. "Then maybe it wouldn't try so hard to get back to port." This was phrasing it mildly. The canoe with nostalgic determination was endeavoring to burrow beneath the wharf.

Hubert drove his paddle desperately into the smooth heavy water of the port side, and then with equal vehemence on the starboard.

"I see that perhaps I'd better take the helm myself," Audrey remarked coolly.

Hubert, by this time having made a hundred yards from shore, received the remark with nothing resembling coolness. He was only sorry that the nearest island was more than half a mile distant, so that he could not ask Audrey to make good her offer. His opinion of Audrey was fast undergoing a change.

"Well, I may as well sing and be merry," the designing woman mentioned. She was facing him, with her back in the direction in which they were traveling.

"We're meeting somebody," Hubert gasped. Audrey paid no attention.

"There's people on the river," he continued.

"Yes. They're safe enough as long as they stay on it and don't get under it." Audrey released the full volume of her lungs in song, the while offering him a cigarette.

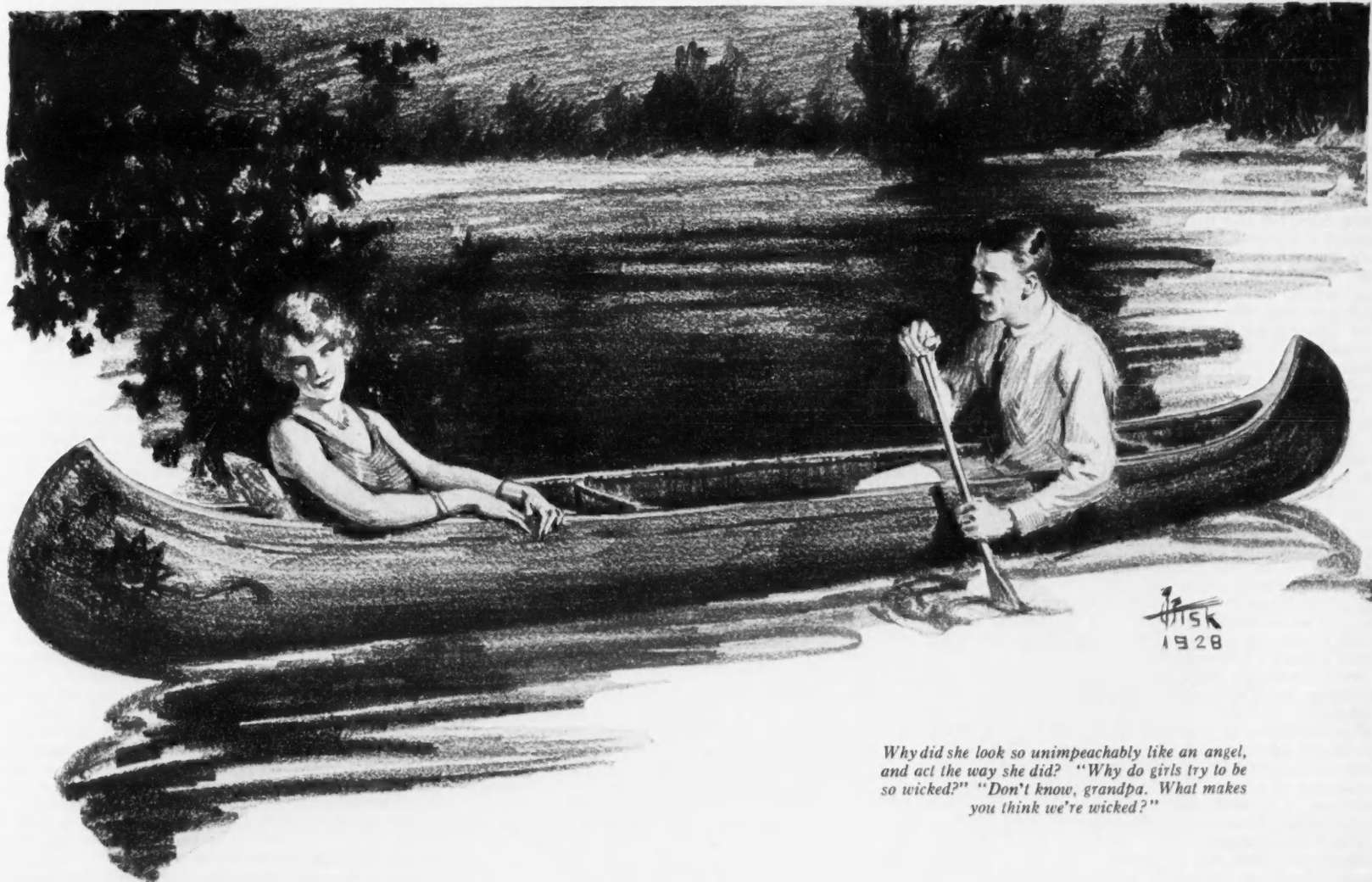
Hubert did want a smoke, but the circumstances, and his own annoyance with them combined to cause him to reject the offer petulantly. For advancing to meet them was his pastor and the pastor's daughter—particular friends of Hubert's, since the former had allowed him to usher at the church services on Sunday, while the latter, to his confusion, had asked him if he wouldn't sing in the choir, and seemed disposed not to allow his refusal to hinder their acquaintance-ship.

These twain were regarding the approach of Hubert and the languidly full-throated Audrey with expressions literally open, not to say frankly curious, on the best construction.

Hubert blushed, and concentrated upon the water just before his paddle. But the attention of the clergyman and the latter's offspring was such that he had to recognize it, which he did with an almost imperceptible nod. At last, at long last, the other canoe and his drew apart, every moment more irretrievably, for which he devoutly thanked every power to which his scattered wits could bring him cognizance. But before they were beyond earshot of each other, Audrey spoke, in her clear plangent voice. Hubert had had no idea, she sang so regardlessly, that she had bestowed the slightest attention upon the passersby.

"Well," she said reproachfully, but clearly enough to be heard a great distance in the still evening upon the waters.

"Well, you needn't look as (Continued on page 56)



Why did she look so unimpeachably like an angel, and act the way she did? "Why do girls try to be so wicked?" "Don't know, grandpa. What makes you think we're wicked?"



Hubert claimed that the flappers had stolen the  
"I married him to reform him" idea

# TRY *and* REFORM the WOMEN!



By RAYMOND KNISTER

Illustrated by  
Harry Fiske

The girl did not look at him, but with hasty tenderness, regarded a compact mirror and applied powder beneath her chin.

HUBERT was shy of sorority houses, in the first place. But since Audrey deigned to live in one, it seemed the part of punctilio to seek her out there. He walked along deep-shaded green streets of the little college town as one who revolves, if he does not resolve, undertakings of moment.

A burst of laughter greeted his sober thoughts. Most of the houses were quiet bungalow residences, from a window of which he might expect to be surprised by the disapproving face of one of his professors. But afar off there was one broad-verandaed three-storeyed frame structure, whence sounds of music came. This was his destination. He did not need to wait to see the Greek letters on the porch light.

A girl shot from the steps toward the street where a rakish runabout wallowed against the curb. For half a second her haste seemed owing to the scantiness of her attire. On the contrary, however, she was dressed for the evening. Her hair was like gold foam, and her blue frock was an artistic conventionalization of a wave, a rushing wave breaking upon the silver-gray beach of runabout.

With nonchalant swiftness, a youth of immense height emerged from the car, a blanket on his arm, a cigarette at his lip. The girl did not look at him, but with hasty tenderness, regarded a compact mirror and applied powder beneath her chin, foot on the running-board.

Hubert continued to approach. He had at once identified Audrey, and timed his steps accordingly, until the consideration that he would be too late anyway combined with pride and made him slacken pace a little. Nevertheless, before the tall young man could usher Audrey into the car, Hubert had arrived at a spot on the sidewalk opposite them.

"I thought you were going with me to-night," he remarked.

"What?" Audrey turned swiftly. "Oh, bother, so I was!"

Hubert was aware of laughter from the screened veranda. The young Lochinvar with the blanket said: "I told you you'd powder your neck once too often!" He good-humoredly smiled at Hubert.

Hubert said nothing, having been a freshman long enough to know caste. His fresh but lean and sober face expressed no emotion, not even the polite deprecation which he felt for the occurrence of such a *quiproquo*.

With thoughtful nose Audrey delivered, as she closed her compact: "Why, Hubby, I forgot!"

"You seem to have forgotten," admitted Hubert, as with cold, mental reservation.

"Oh, well, come again, Butch," Audrey addressed the tall youth over her shoulder, taking Hubert's arm. The former

took a notebook from his pocket and pretended to check over a list of eligible names, but since Audrey did not look back he returned the book to his pocket and sauntered up the walk to the illuminated sorority house. The dinner hour was over, and to the sounds of a piano in one room and five tubes in another, girls were dancing together on the porch and within.

"What a relief, Lucknow!" sighed Audrey. "Butch always wants to kiss me in this street, and you know the Dean of Men lives in the next block. He's going to give Butch the air one of these times."

Hubert was nonplussed, but rallying he said: "I hope you're not with him when the Dean cans him."

"Don't worry, I can find lots of trouble without Butch." Hubert considered this statement a moment, but Audrey wasn't going to let him take it too much to heart.

"Are we going somewhere?" she asked softly.

"We're started, at least."

"Ready that time," Audrey laughed. "But where?"

"We might go down to the park."

"Yes, they rent canoes there."

It was an April evening, and the leaves were coming out on the soon to be well-shaded street. There was a fountain playing on the lawn before the new Dental Building. The campus seemed to have forgotten the more rugose aspects of Spring. Ahead of them three bareheaded youths with entwined arms made an atrocious attempt to sing:

*Allez-vous—promenade—avec moi—ce so-oir—  
Donnez-moi—la main.*

Hubert was thinking, and with considerable urgency, in view of the distracting proximity of his companion. What was he to do? In the first place he was at that stage of his monthly allowance which made mathematical calculation futile. He was going to be broke and borrowing before the next one came. Why he should have undertaken to make a date with one of the most popular girls on the campus—and a junior—was beyond calculation. He had; and the date, in spite of all obstacles, had come about. He was walking beside those gold-foamy and famed curls which had first been identified to his enraptured eyes by a worldly classmate. The luck was great, the responsibility correspondingly greater.

The much-dated creature had smiled at him, and before long he was on the waiting-list. Finally she had selected an evening a week ahead which she promised Hubert . . . He left the 'phone-booth in a daze and proceeded to express

his emotion by getting sewed up at pool and losing more money.

But there was no special jamboree slated for his night. No dance, no year's reception, no good plays or vaudeville. Just the movies. He did not reflect that that might have been the reason for his success with Audrey, but in his daily foiled search of the *Freshwater Eve* he was agonized to find nothing. What in the world would he do with a girl like Audrey Beaufort on such a date? He could have taken her to a spiffy three-dollar show, with refreshment afterward, or a dinner-dance at the Montclair, or to her own Junior Hop, if it had been on. The trouble was that nothing was doing.

"Take her out necking, and stop bellyaching and tearing my paper apart," advised Bluff Evans, his roommate. "Hire a car and go out in the sticks."

"Yes, I could do that, only they make you put up fifteen dollars deposit, when you take a car out to drive. I suppose since you suggested it you were prepared to advance me the amount."

"Yes, Hube, my boy, I wanted to spare you the embarrassment of asking for the loan." He laughed at the expectant look of surprise Hubert gave him, as he went on: "Some other time, not this," he sang.

Hubert pretended not to hear. His situation was really becoming desperate. It was the day of the date, and he had not yet figured out any means of entertainment. Finally, as he was dressing with all meticulousness, and sorting over his roommate's stock of neckwear, he achieved a brilliant plan.

"I'll crash over there," he decided, "and I'll ask her herself what she'd rather do. Then if she can't think of anything interesting, she can't very well blame me. Hear what I said?"

"Yes, I heard," assented Bluff, conducting a partial scrutiny of Gide's system of Political Economy. "Such remarks show you don't know much about women yet. You'll be blamed for everything that happens, and everything that don't happen."

"Oh! You must have great expectations!" snapped Hubert touchily.

Having set a last trio of chairs aright, he set forth in silence, but with feverish fortitude. If it had been any other date, the uncertainty would have been rather a lark; but with Audrey Beaufort, accustomed to everything there was of *luxe and highlife* in the small town which housed the University, the omens were not good. Imperious Audrey! Probably he'd never have another date with her again.

to advise it in the fight against those forces endangering the welfare of the children of the world. And tidings of the fight the wide world over, and of what weapons the extension of knowledge and science are adding to the resources of the fighters, are reported about the great table in the sunny room of the Palais des Nations at Geneva.

AS DR. HEIN remarked, "the first step in child protection is to see that the child has life itself." Two years ago, a subcommittee, on which both the United States and Canadian assessors sat, urged a scientific inquiry into the causes of infant mortality, the world over, and a coalition of measures employed to combat them. The medical and health aspects of this study are being pushed by the Health organization; the social aspects, by the Child Welfare Committee. As the study went forward, the health experts have found it necessary to include certain problems not in the original study, especially the terrible, acute poliomyelitis, and rickets.

Since the seventeenth century rickets has been known as a ravishing enemy of little children, and Canadian children do not escape. Sometimes as high as ninety per cent. of young infants may be affected, especially artificially fed and prematurely born children. The disease may attack a child in the first month of life. The winter months in Canada nearly always reveal a high incidence among our children; wrong diet and the lack of sunlight contribute to the disease. A recent study in Porto Rico showed only one child out of six hundred with the disease, indicating the relation between lack of sunlight and its inroads. It is found that cod liver oil, given even to young breast-fed infants, is one of the greatest precautions against the disease.

Canadian health workers everywhere are urging the education of mothers to the necessary precautions against this scourge, and doing all in their power to make its early symptoms known. Every clinic is a battleground against it. The Canadian Council on Child Welfare is just publishing for free distribution, a special pamphlet on detection and treatment, written by the Director of Child Hygiene of one of our largest cities. And now international resources are to be expended in an effort to equip the world's health workers with a better knowledge of the methods of fighting rickets.

This committee is also prosecuting special studies on immunization against diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles and whooping cough, all diseases which with their sequelae, wreak havoc among pre-school, as well as infant children in Canada. Remarkable work has been done in Toronto and Montreal, particularly on diphtheria; and in Saint John, and the province of Saskatchewan, on diphtheria and scarlet fever; with many other parts of Canada making decided contributions in the whole field.

In the province of Saskatchewan, in one year alone, over 40,000 children were immunized against diphtheria. In Toronto and Saint John the numbers so immunized also ran into thousands. In Montreal not only were thousands of children immunized through the activities of the Child

Welfare Association, the Montreal General Health and Anti-Tuberculosis League, and the various health centres, but experiments of great value were also carried out in reference to the frequency and potency of each treatment. Immunization against scarlet fever has also been given in thousands of cases in Saskatchewan, Montreal and Saint John. While it is yet too early to make any extravagant claims, it is an established fact that tremendously beneficial results have been attained in the prevention and control of these diseases by these measures.

A study may be attempted on the toll of hereditary syphilis on infant life, but it is at present deferred, because of many serious difficulties facing it.

This health study is being pushed forward in twenty-nine districts in seven different countries, and will cover detailed investigation of 6,000 infant deaths, and 3,000 still-births. One of the valuable facts brought out already is that the high death rate among babies born out of wedlock is not an inevitable bio-social fact, but disappears as the same protection and care are afforded these babies and their mothers, as are afforded other babies. Canadian social agencies have already established this truth, by actual demonstration in different parts of the Dominion. They will rejoice in international endorsement of their experience.

Finally, this study is reinforcing the indubitable evidence afforded by the study of infant deaths made by the Montreal Child Welfare Association recently, and also by the maternal mortality study of the Dominion Department of Health, that for any further appreciable reduction in maternal or infant mortality, *extensive and scientific prenatal and obstetrical care must be provided for all Canadian mothers.*

FROM this phase of child welfare, the question swings to the forces playing upon the child's character development. Hours were given to the influence of the motion picture on child life at this year's session. Of tragic interest to Canada, with the memory of Montreal's terrible theatre fire still fresh, was the Committee's anxiety to push forward a most adequate inquiry into the practical possibilities of a non-inflammable film, exhibited by the French delegation.

The British delegate reported particularly on the many practical difficulties involved in the effort to develop and utilize a non-inflammable film, suitable for commercial production. Under the leadership of M. Martin, of the French Ministry of Labor, one of the technical advisers to the Committee, all possible information about the type of non-inflammable film which he exhibited, will be obtained for the next session. The resources of the International Labor Office will co-operate in this inquiry.

The world, and the world's children are apparently inveterate "movie-fans," for from figures quoted at the Committee, it would appear that in the United States and Canada, 90,000,000 adults, and 7,200,000 children attend the motion pictures weekly, while continental Europe and Great Britain must provide at least half the same total. If he who exclaimed, "Let me write a nation's songs, and I care not who writes its laws," were with us to-day, might he not cry out, more forcefully, for the making of motion pictures as the means of control of their national character and opinions? Three methods of dealing with the problem were discussed at the session: censorship within each state, and international collaboration in the destruction of banned pictures, and eliminations; classification of pictures as for adult or universal showing, and international co-operation and assistance in the distribution of desirable films. Some of the most valuable suggestions before the Committee were those sent forward by the Manitoba Board of Censors.

These included recommendations for a universal system of classifying and stamping films under two heads, as suitable or otherwise for young people, with the interchange of reports detailing such classification, among all groups engaged in the official examination of motion pictures. Another recommendation suggested the distribution among interested organizations of bulletins containing the above information, together with special lists of pictures

suitable for children, which should be filed with the official child welfare agencies in each country. Another valuable proposal from Manitoba was that a concerted effort should be made to lower or remit fees and taxes on pictures, suitable for young persons, with a rising scale on sex and crime films. The posting of notices of good films in public schools, etc., and their distribution through government bureaux at cost, were also urged. The experiment of the Canadian Council on Child Welfare in issuing a White List of pictures children would like, for general distribution, also got considerable attention from the Committee. Classification of pictures, as suitable for general or adult showing seemed to meet with general approval. Alberta is the first Canadian province to adopt this principle, which Britain has found so satisfactory.

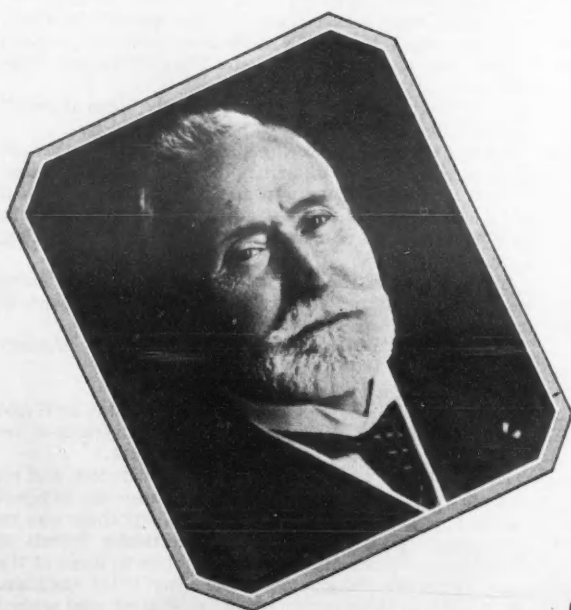
The world's children having kept the world's child welfare committee nearly two days "at the movies," other forms of recreation finally demanded attention. The Committee spent considerable time, in discussion of an excellent study on recreation developments and provisions in a selected group of countries. The findings indicate what has become increasingly apparent in Canada in recent years, that those responsible for social leadership

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Foster parents of the world—the Child Welfare Committee of the League of Nations in session.





At left, Senator the Hon. Raoul Dandurand, representative of Canada on the League Council. To Canada the Council has especially assigned opium and child welfare questions.



At centre, Dame Rachel Crowdy, who holds the highest woman's office in the League of Nations. At right, Dr. W. A. Riddell, the able and aggressive Canadian advisory officer to the League.

## For the Children of the World What the League of Nations has Planned for them this Year

By CHARLOTTE WHITTON

Executive Secretary, Canadian Council on Child Welfare, Assessor, Child Welfare Committee, League of Nations

THE hope of the nations is that their children shall know no wars such as our generation has known, and that every means of which mankind can avail itself will be utilized to that end. And the League of Nations, looking to the future, likewise concerns itself with those, in whose hands that future will lie—the children.

There are two different approaches to the same ultimate project—permanent peace. Peace is to be attained by nations agreeing to scrap the wherewithal of armed conflict. That is the line of philosophy of one group. Peace is also to be attained, however, by a more fundamental process—the elimination from life of those forces which tend to depress all the standards of life below a normal decent standard of livelihood and happiness, and the strengthening in life of all those elements which contribute to decent living and social conditions, understanding and contentment. For it is, after all, in profound economic and social complications, arising from the efforts of peoples to maintain a decent standard of existence within their respective lands, that the seeds of unrest, dissension, and ultimate conflict are germinated. Thus it is, that along with the Commissions on disarmament, military and naval problems, treaty conferences, etc., that the League has equipped itself with its great humanitarian services—its Health organization, the International Labor Office, the Opium Commission, the Committee on the Traffic in Women and Children, and the Child Welfare Committee.

The League seeks the advancement of peace along two great highways. It is altogether fitting that Canada should be directly represented in both. Canada is five times as disarmed, as the Canadian delegate, Dr. Riddell, pointed out, as any of the participating powers in the League and in relation to extent of territory, the most disarmed country in the world. And it is undoubtedly due to the excellence and generally high standard of her child welfare work and legislation, that this young Dominion is accorded representation on the important Child Welfare Committee.

It is among many old and dignified countries, that Canada is called upon to advise on the conditions under which the children of the world are to grow up, and take their places in carrying on the many and great responsibilities which will face a new generation.

Presiding over the 1928 Committee sits the representative of France, His Excellency M. Regnault, formerly French Ambassador to Peking. He brings with him a corps of technical advisers. M. Bourgois, who represents his country also on the Opium Commission, Dr. Martin of the French Labor Office, and Mlle. Chaptal, president of the Nursing Association of France. Mlle. Chaptal will visit Canada, next year, in connection with the meeting of the International Nurses' Association in Montreal.

The Vice Chairman of the Committee is the Marquis Paulucci di Calboli, the representative of Italy. He is a great authority on the motion picture in relation to child

life. It is doubtless due, in part, to his enthusiasm and interest in the problem that the Italian government has decided to found an international institute at Rome, for the production and distribution of motion pictures of a constructive and educational, as well as recreational nature. The Council of the League of Nations has accepted the Italian Government's offer, and the Institute will be set up shortly, under an international governing committee, on which the Child Welfare Committee will be directly represented. As the Canadian and Ontario Governments are already producing some of the very finest pictures of this type in circulation, the new department will be of great interest in Canada.

To the left of the Chairman sits Dame Rachel Crowdy, Chief of the Opium and Social Questions Section of the League. By the League Covenant, every position in the League, including that of the Secretary General, may be held by a woman. Dame Rachel holds the highest post yet filled by a woman. She is known to many Canadians, for she has visited Canada, and she was also principal commandant of the V.A.D.'s in France and Belgium, during the war. Moreover, her brother, Mr. J. F. Crowdy, is deputy secretary to the Governor-General of Canada. Mlle. Colin, also of the League Staff, and formerly of the Belgian Association for the Promotion of Child Welfare, assists Dame Rachel at the Child Welfare sessions.

Frau Dr. Baumar, the German delegate, also sits at the head table assisted by Dr. Matz, technical adviser, and member of the censor board of Germany. They are excellent delegates, and representative women of their country. Both are members of the "Reichstag"—the central German parliament. Those who read Anne Anderson Perry's interesting article on the participation of Canadian Women in politics, in the January *MacLean's* will be amazed to learn that Germany has no less than thirty-five women members in the Reichstag. Dr. Baumar is in charge of Germany's Child Welfare administration through her position in the Ministry of the Interior, which indicates still further the prominent part played by women in the new German Republic.

Next Germany sits Belgium, also represented by a prominent parliamentarian, Count Carton de Wiart. Then sits Denmark, represented by one of the most charming members of the Committee, Dr. Estrud Hein, a prominent oculist of Copenhagen, who was selected at this meeting to draft an international report on the registration and education of blind children.

Next Denmark sits Roumania, represented by Mlle.

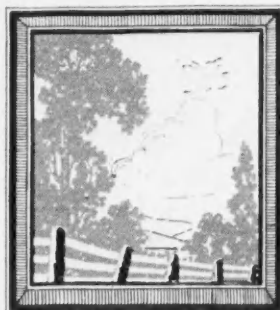
Romnicio, a prominent sociologist, and recording secretary of the International Council of Women. One learns many interesting things of this country which has expanded its territories so greatly since the war. One very arresting development has been the assigning of motion picture supervision to the Ministry of Arts, and a regulation that every motion picture house in the Kingdom must show at least daily, one "cultural film" in addition to ordinary commercial showings.

Next Roumania, sits an assessor, also well known to Canadians, Dame Katherine Furse, assistant commissioner of the British Girl Guides, and international representative on this committee of both Boy Scouts and Girl Guides. Then comes Judge Rollet, Judge of the Juvenile Court in Paris, and next him the representative of the Save the Children Fund. This year, it is Dr. Pollig Keit, of Berlin. The Canadian assessor sits next to him and beside the assessor from the United States, Miss Julia Lathrop, possibly the best informed child welfare worker on the Committee. Miss Lathrop was absent through illness this year, so that the United States' responsibilities devolved entirely on Mr. Bascom Johnston, who directed the study of the group of experts on the traffic in women and children.

At the head of the other "wing" of the table, sits the British delegation, Mr. S. W. Harris, C.M.G., M.V.O., of the Home Office, assisted by Miss J. I. Wall. The mere statement that approximately some 750,000 British children are in receipt of various forms of state or private assistance, (Mothers' Allowances, military pensions, boarded out, or in the care of private philanthropy) indicates that Britain's representatives can speak with some knowledge and authority on child welfare problems.

The Spanish delegation flanks the British, and consists of Don Pedro Sangro, Rosy d'Olano, and Don Emilio Amador. Dr. Humbert, the general secretary of the League of Red Cross Societies, Miss Eleanor Rathbone, representing the International Women's Organizations, Mlle. Burniaux of Amsterdam, representing the international trade unions, Dr. Luisi, the delegate of Uruguay, M. de Mandeville, Chilean Minister at Berne, representing South America, Senator Posner, the delegate of Poland, and M. Ito, the delegate of Japan, with the liaison officers from the Health organization of the League, and the International Labor Office, occupy the remaining seats. Miss Grace Abbott, the head of the United States Children's Bureau, is her country's representative to the committee. She is an outstanding authority on the subject.

Such is the group, whom the League convenes annually.



Then a real tear fell off Mr. Squidgy Squoogy's nose, the biggest one that had ever fallen to the ground, because nobody had ever said anything nice about him before. Then a sunflower took root, and in time grew up from that very place.

Mr. Squidgy Squoogy took his little friend into the house and there, seated upon his best and most comfortable chair, she ate lovely fresh bread and butter that Mr. Squidgy Squoogy gave her. Cake she thought it was, it tasted so delicious, but really, if people had only bothered to make friends with Mr. Squidgy Squoogy, they would have found that everything he did and made was delicious.

After that, every day Norma came to see him. At first her mother was afraid to let her go, but she soon found that Norma really loved him and that he was always kind. They played in the garden, and Norma soon learned how to walk up the path, which was very crooked as the flowers had grown wherever Mr. Squidgy Squoogy had happened to be when a tear fell. But nobody else ever went near him, and Mr. Squidgy Squoogy lived always all alone.

At last there came a day when there was a picnic in the little village, and everybody planned to go. Norma told Mr. Squidgy Squoogy all about it, and Mr. Squidgy Squoogy smiled and thought how he would like to go too.

"If only people wouldn't all run when they see me," he thought. "That makes me feel more alone than ever, and they won't give me a chance to make friends. Besides, it makes them unhappy to see me near them. The little boys throw stones at me, the men look queerly at me, and the women walk all the way out of their way rather than even meet me." Then Mr. Squidgy Squoogy sighed a big sigh and decided to stay at home.

But Mr. Squidgy Squoogy didn't stay at home. Right up to the last he thought he would, but he didn't. He went to the picnic and tried not to see the people move away from him, or hear the boys calling him ugly names.

Then suddenly there was a cry. A tent had caught fire, and in a minute somebody had called for the firemen to come and put it out. As it was only a village, they did not have a motor machine, but two fine, brave horses that drew the engine. Of course everybody got to one side as they came dashing along the street. That is, everybody did but one little girl. Alone, looking frightened and not knowing where to go, little blind Norma stood in the middle of the street, and already the horses were almost upon her.

Before anybody could think, it all happened so quickly, a tall, thin figure dashed out from the crowd, and took little Norma in his arms. Then people screamed and fainted and shut their eyes while the horses went right over them, and everybody was afraid to look because they were sure that they had both been killed. But when they took their hands away from their eyes and looked again, Mr. Squidgy Squoogy was helping Norma

to her feet, and before they had time to thank him he slipped quietly away.

Then all that people could say to one another was:

"Why weren't they killed? How did they escape? The horses' hoofs must have touched Mr. Squidgy Squoogy," and some said that they saw the horses kick him. They even got the village doctor to go to his house to make sure that he was all right, because nobody could understand why his bones weren't broken in a thousand, and the children said in a million, pieces. Of course they could understand how Norma had escaped, for she was underneath.

Mr. Squidgy Squoogy just laughed, however, when the doctor came, and though he did it very politely, and invited him to come in for a visit, and gave him cookies and milk, he refused to let the doctor look at him for bruises, but assured him that he was quite all right.

Of course this made people think a very great deal. Not about clothes or what-shall-we-do-to-day or that sort of thing, but about something very real. And the real thing that they thought about was a real person, and they began to feel ashamed that they had always been so unkind to Mr. Squidgy Squoogy, especially when they heard how good he had been to little Norma.

Soon people began to walk close to his garden on purpose without hurrying quickly by. Then after they had walked close to his garden they began to notice his flowers as they had never noticed them before. Then it was that they

discovered that Mr. Squidgy Squoogy's flowers were not a bit like other people's flowers, but ever and ever and ever so much more beautiful. They had a lovely fragrance, too. Nobody had ever noticed their fragrance particularly before, but now it seemed to fill the whole village. But Mr. Squidgy Squoogy himself they never saw.

A whole week passed and the sun shone on the flowers in Mr. Squidgy Squoogy's garden. The butcher's boy and the baker's boy and the newspaper boy came every day to Mr. Squidgy Squoogy's house, but Mr. Squidgy Squoogy did not try to meet them. Soon people began to ask themselves if he had gone away. But no, it couldn't be that, because smoke had been seen coming from his chimney, and someone, the butcher's boy, perhaps, was sure that he had seen the back of a chair rocking as though someone were sitting in it.

All the time that people were wondering, the watchmaker was busy working on a flat piece of gold, and if you had only been able to see him moulding it and pounding it, you would have said that it looked very much like a medal. While at the same time Norma never tired telling how kind Mr. Squidgy Squoogy had been to her and how they had played together, but she always looked very mysterious when she talked which was not a bit like her, and which nobody could understand.

On the ninth day from the accident, or the nearly-accident, all the people gathered to go up to Mr. Squidgy Squoogy's house. Still feeling a little bit frightened of the very ugly man, the butcher's boy and the newspaper boy walked at the end of the line. They did not stay there long, however, as they were curious to see what would happen.

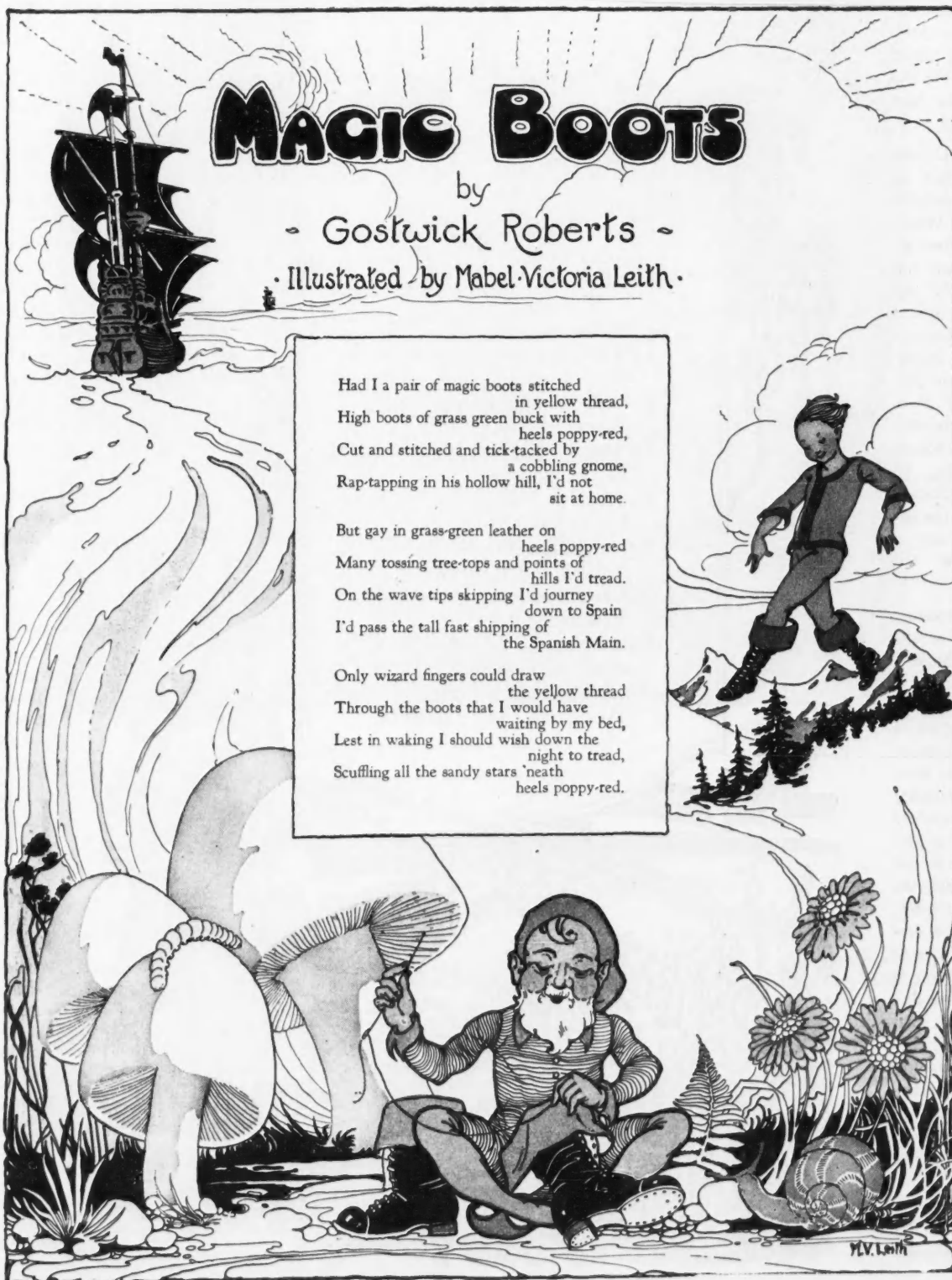
At the front of the procession walked the mayor with a silk hat on, which belonged to his brother whose head was a good deal fatter than his. As a result the silk hat kept sliding down over one eye every time that he wanted to be most polite, so the newspaper boy gave him a paper to stuff it with, and then he looked very grand indeed. Behind him were the councillors and aldermen and school teachers and presidents of this and that. In the very back the little children marched, all dressed up in their very best frocks and suits for a very special occasion.

As the Mayor walked up the path his heart went thumpedy-thump. And the councillors' hearts went thumpedy-thump, and the school teachers' and the presidents', too. As for the children, they were so frightened that they nearly ran away, but the minister had told them that nobody could help being ugly to look at, and that they must be specially kind to Mr. Squidgy Squoogy because he was so specially ugly.

So although they were really so frightened that their knees shook, they were very good and didn't say a word. However their eyes looked very big and very round.

Up Mr. Squidgy Squoogy's path the

(Continued on page 53)



Had I a pair of magic boots stitched  
in yellow thread,  
High boots of grass green buck with  
heels poppy-red,  
Cut and stitched and tick-tacked by  
a cobbler's gnome,  
Rap-tapping in his hollow hill, I'd not  
sit at home.

But gay in grass-green leather on  
heels poppy-red  
Many tossing tree-tops and points of  
hills I'd tread.  
On the wave tips skipping I'd journey  
down to Spain  
I'd pass the tall fast shipping of  
the Spanish Main.

Only wizard fingers could draw  
the yellow thread  
Through the boots that I would have  
waiting by my bed,  
Lest in waking I should wish down the  
night to tread,  
Scuffling all the sandy stars 'neath  
heels poppy-red.



# Mr. Squidgy-Squooogy

by Helen Creighton

At last he decided to go out to meet her, afraid at every step that he would frighten her. To his surprise, however, the little girl did not move as he drew near, but looked into his face with a smile.



Illustrated  
by Mabel Victoria Leith

MR. SQUIDGY SQUOOGY sat alone on his wide verandah, smelling the perfume of the lovely flowers that grew all about him. Presently he heard a sound, and looking up saw the butcher's boy coming along the street.

Mr. Squidgy Squooogy always went down to meet the butcher's boy, but as soon as the butcher's boy saw Mr. Squidgy Squooogy he always dropped his parcel and ran away. Then a big tear dropped down from Mr. Squidgy Squooogy's eyes and fell into the ground at his feet.

And when the baker's boy came Mr. Squidgy Squooogy always went to meet him, but as soon as the baker's boy saw Mr. Squidgy Squooogy, he always dropped his parcel and ran away. Then another big tear dropped down from Mr. Squidgy Squooogy's eyes and fell into the ground at his feet.

And whenever the newspaper boy came to the house Mr. Squidgy Squooogy always went to meet him, but as soon as the newspaper boy saw Mr. Squidgy Squooogy, he always dropped his paper and ran away. Then another big tear dropped from his eye over the tip of his nose and fell into the ground at his feet.

Now whenever a tear fell into the ground at Mr. Squidgy Squooogy's feet a flower grew. Not right away in just a minute, but a tear from Mr. Squidgy Squooogy was just like a seed. It fell into the friendly earth and took root and grew just like any other flower would. So although everybody

else loved to see Mr. Squidgy Squooogy's flowers if they did not have to see him; and although they thought them quite the most beautiful flowers they had ever seen, they didn't know that every one had been born at the price of a tear. And a tear always means that somebody is unhappy.

Mr. Squidgy Squooogy was unhappy. He was so very lonely. He longed to talk to the butcher's boy, and he longed to talk to the baker's boy, and he longed to talk to the newspaper boy, but nobody would ever stop to talk to him because he was so very ugly. Oh, so very ugly. His nose was long and thin and pointed at the end and turned way down. His chin was long and thin and pointed at the end and turned way up, and he only had five teeth in his head altogether, so that when he talked he made a gurgling, croaking sort of noise, and everybody was afraid of him.

One day Mr. Squidgy Squooogy stood in his kitchen baking a loaf of bread. Suddenly he heard the front gate open, and footsteps come up the path. Footsteps, real footsteps, coming up his path! Could they belong to somebody who knew him? Nobody had ever come to call before. Carefully he peeked through the curtains, and there, standing in the centre of the path was a little girl.

For a whole minute she stood there not knowing what to

do, and Mr. Squidgy Squooogy's heart thumped and thumped for fear she would go away. If only she would stay and talk how lovely it would be to have a real little girl to talk to. So at last he decided to go out to meet her, although he was afraid at every step that he would frighten her. To his surprise, however, the little girl did not move as he drew near, but looked into his face with a smile. Mr. Squidgy Squooogy could scarcely believe his eyes, and his knees shook so that he was afraid he would tumble down.

"Please, your flowers smell beautiful," said the little girl. "Do they?" said Mr. Squidgy Squooogy in a croaky voice. How very croaky it sounded to him, but he did not think much about it because he was wondering why the little girl had said that the flowers *smell* beautiful. Most children would have said that they *looked* beautiful. Then suddenly he understood.

"She is blind," he groaned, feeling so sorry for her that he looked around at once to see what he could do to make her happy. . . . Then seeing that she liked the flowers, he picked a whole armful for her, and she smiled and dimpled in delight and said.

"Your eyes are kind. I know they are. I can't see them, but I feel that they are kind."



As the mayor walked up the path his heart went thumpedy-thump, and the councillors' hearts went thumpedy-thump, and the school teachers' and the presidents' too. In the very back the little children marched, all dressed up in their very best frocks and suits.



### *Hollyhocks—Daniel Fowler*

FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY, OTTAWA

*Reproduced by courtesy of Rous & Mann, Limited, Toronto,  
from their Portfolio of Canadian Art*

**A**LMOST by accident, Daniel Fowler (1810-1894), stepped into a place among the Canadian painters. He was just commencing to make a reputation among the young artists of England, when ill-health forced him to leave his native land and to put aside his brushes. He came to Canada in 1843 and settled on a farm on Amherst Island, near Kingston, Ontario. For fourteen years the London artist was lost in the Canadian farmer, and by that time his health was completely restored. In 1857 he revisited his old friends and the old studios in London, and the desire to paint was rekindled. He turned a room in his farmhouse into a studio, and his pictures began to be noticed in Montreal and Toronto. In 1862 an important incident occurred. A prize of \$200 had been offered for a water color, and the judges took for granted that it would go to Jacobi, the outstanding water-colorist of the day in Canada, but when Jacobi saw the study of hollyhocks submitted to the exhibition by the unknown man, Fowler, he generously refused the award. The money was divided.

Fowler was one of the first members of the Ontario Society of Artists, and will be remembered as one of the founders of the Royal Canadian Academy. He died at his home on Amherst Island in 1894. As a water-color painter, he was admired for the bright, rich harmonies of his colors. He is, perhaps, best known for his pictures of flowers, dead birds and game, in all of which will be found excellent drawing and clearness and directness in handling.



# ON THE IMPORTANCE OF WOMEN BEING WOMEN

## As The Chatelaine Sees It

"THERE has never been a time," said a prominent figure in the government to me during a recent visit to Ottawa, "when women had so much power and so little influence. Of course, women have had power for so very short a time in comparison with the centuries of masculine management, that it is almost absurd to compare masculine and feminine potencies in terms of power alone. The statement is too much like that of a western politician, in the old, dark days before suffrage, who was strenuously campaigning against the franchise. He claimed that women, at least in his constituency, were not fit to vote. He based his argument on the ground that, within the past year, the number of local criminal convictions for women had been actually doubled. His statement was perfectly correct; the year before one woman had been convicted, that year two!

It is a fact that in the United States, where women are at present exercising considerable influence politically, and where the women's vote comprises almost fifty per cent. of the nation's voting power, only one per cent. of the elective offices is held by women. In Canada this percentage is vastly lower.

Yet, what price, or for that matter, what avail glory? Public office is a small outlet for the floods of influence. Moreover, the very holding of office presupposes politics—and women's destiny in the affairs of nation lies along a broader highway than the partisan path.

If women are not exercising their rightful influence at the present time, it is only because they have not yet developed a sufficient sense of their own entity. They have struggled so long for the mere recognition of political equality that they have not yet realized that equality may be measured in manifold ways. The sand of having and holding the mere status is not yet out of their eyes. Surely we must creep before we can walk, and if women imitate the gestures of men in their efforts to stand and walk with them, it does not indicate that some day we shall not walk our own ways. We are still in the creeping stage, and perhaps learning to reach our own feet by the only example so far before us. But it is a good idea to realize that at present we are doing just that.

Politically-minded women are present obsessed with the determination to do what men are

doing. They are having a private scuffle for recognition, while the big issues, in which they might concertedly play so vital a part, are dealt with, for good or ill, as though a woman's vote had never troubled the polls.

When women can point to constructive legislation which they themselves have instigated and brought about, beyond mere suffrage of various kinds, then perhaps we may consider ourselves walking alone at last. But, in the name of the grace

that is our own, let us not go about it in the monkey-see, monkey-do manner of aping the "get-togethers" of fraternal organizations or the painful gaiety of singing, "She's a Jolly Good Fellow." The soundest and most powerful women in public and private life to-day are doing their work in a woman's way. For the most part they are concerned with the humanitarian side of the world's work. Their unquestioned places in the sun and their influence have little or nothing to do with their rights or equality

in relation to men—they are primarily fine, gentle and intelligent women, doing women's work.

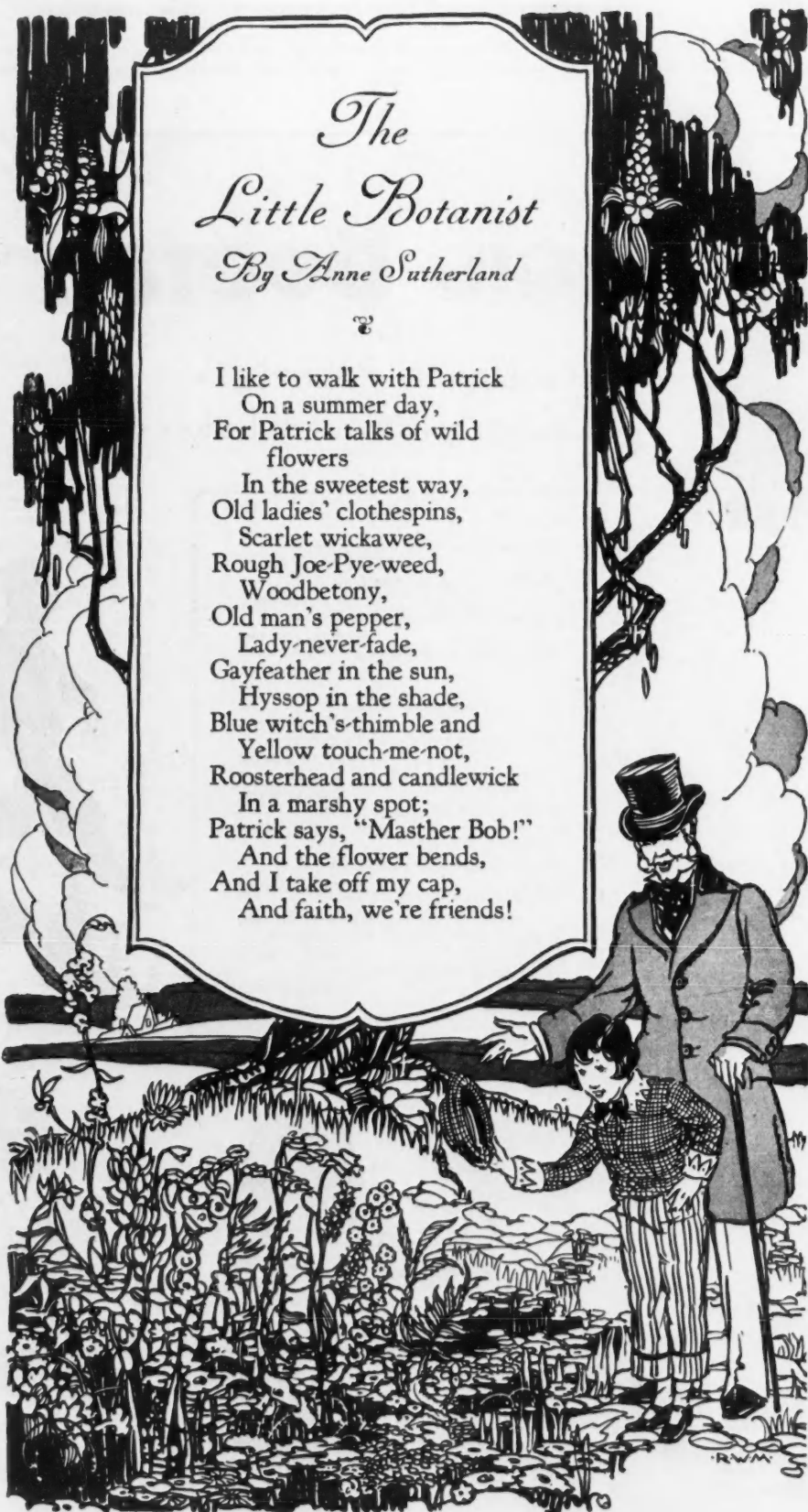
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THE September issue of The Chatelaine will see the inauguration of two new departments. The first, conducted by Miss Stella E. Pines, R.N., will bring to Chatelaine readers the experiences of a woman who has made a life study of the welfare of mothers and babies. All over the Empire, Miss Pines has conducted research in their behalf, establishing Mothercraft centres in New Zealand, and carrying on obstetrical and public health study in Great Britain and Canada. Miss Pines contributes the article "Let Your Baby Go Bathing in the Sun" to this issue. Her department, however, will for the first year outline a regular course in mother and baby craft, beginning with a first article on prenatal care.

The second department of interest is an information box conducted by Anne Anderson Perry on women's citizenship. Its one mission is to give the women of Canada facts regarding public affairs and their own status. It is educational, and, we believe, will be also inspirational.

HAVE you never heard of Katherine Aitken? Or, perhaps more to the point, have you ever heard her? Every year at the Canadian National Exhibition it has been she who kept hundreds of women enthralled with her talks for the Women's Institutes. Katherine Aitken knows the country. It is her feeling that the country women of Canada have chosen a particularly telling way of expressing themselves—and she will explain her point of view in a very characteristic article called "Color" in our September issue.

Anne Elizabeth Wilson



### The Little Botanist

By Anne Sutherland

I like to walk with Patrick  
On a summer day,  
For Patrick talks of wild  
flowers  
In the sweetest way,  
Old ladies' clothespins,  
Scarlet wickawee,  
Rough Joe-Pye-weed,  
Woodbetony,  
Old man's pepper,  
Lady-never-fade,  
Gayfeather in the sun,  
Hyssop in the shade,  
Blue witch's-thimble and  
Yellow touch-me-not,  
Roosterhead and candlewick  
In a marshy spot;  
Patrick says, "Masther Bob!"  
And the flower bends,  
And I take off my cap,  
And faith, we're friends!

Illustrated by  
F. Kenwood  
Giles



"Have it your way, my dear," said Uncle Ebenezer, getting up from his chair. "I merely came over to tell you that Monty is now chasing a wealthy woman, a society heiress, for all he's worth."

# ONE GOOD TURN

THE STORY SO FAR:

Monty Barrett, the darling and heir of his uncle, Ebenezer Hoddinott, finds himself in high disfavor following a police court charge for reckless driving. He still further jeopardizes his good standing by accidentally pushing his uncle's car, plus owner, into the duck pond! In his subsequent fury with his nephew, Uncle Ebenezer decrees, by way of penance, that henceforth Monty's only income shall accrue through the doing of one good turn a day. Monty's first opportunity comes in offering himself in marriage to a damsel in distress. In all chivalry, he saves her from a marriage of convenience with an elderly but persistent suitor, who proves to be none other than the dour Ebenezer Hoddinott himself. That Monty is Uncle Ebenezer's nephew, Marjorie is entirely unaware—or that Uncle Ebenezer is the ogre from whom he has saved her, Monty is also blissfully unconscious. And, as the marriage was all merely "to oblige a lady," and make it possible for her to claim her inheritance, Monty still gallantly maintains his celibate status in his own bachelor chambers. When Marjorie announces her marriage (though not her husband's identity), to the infuriated Uncle Ebenezer, the situation is much enlivened by the presence of a strange police dog, who makes free with the Hoddinott establishment in general, and table fare in particular. An echo of the whole heated episode occurs when the unfortunate Monty blithely reports to his uncle the performance of his two "good turns"—no other than his marriage with Marjorie and the adoption of the dog whose recent depredations Uncle Ebenezer has not yet forgotten! It is all in all too much for Uncle Ebenezer, and in the very act of signing a large cheque in reward for Monty's claimed works of altruism, he disowns his nephew completely.

Monty takes the bit in his teeth and does his best to get employment, but he is regarded more as a joke than a menace, by the firms he haunts religiously. He tastes the bitterest poverty, pawns one by one his numerous negotiable possessions, and altogether on his uppers, his only two comforts are the unfailing loyalty of his valet, Cripps, and the comradeship of his police dog, Cuthbert. Yet love's young dream is not vanished—for Marjorie, his wife "in name only," seeks him still—and eventually finds him. She finds him in all his gallant nonchalance, but, womanlike, senses the truth beneath, and determines to do something to mend the fortunes of her husband!

## A Serial in Four Parts By Valentine

### PART THE THIRD

first of his purchases was worth four times the money that he had given for the entire collection, was glowing with that peaceful content that comes only from the consciousness of kindly actions, and an excellent lunch.

So when the butler entered with a card on a silver salver, Uncle Ebenezer, instead of snapping at him, as was his wont when interrupted, merely looked up quite benignly and murmured:

"Someone want to see me?"

"Yes, sir—a lady!"

Uncle Ebenezer glanced at the card and his eyebrows went up.

"Show her in," he said, smiling thoughtfully.

Now Uncle Ebenezer was an astute business man and all astute business men's brains work rapidly. Some indeed work so rapidly that their owners over-reach themselves. But as their chroniclers never publish entirely accurate accounts of their lives after their demises, no one ever knows much about these things.

But Uncle Ebenezer's brain was working overtime now. Only one thing, he decided, could have brought Marjorie here. She had discovered that he, Uncle Ebenezer, had been in deadly earnest when he had told her that he had disinherited Monty, and already she was repenting of her hasty marriage. Probably now she had come to tell him so, perhaps to—

He jumped up with alacrity as Marjorie came into the room. He noticed that she was a little pale, and seemed slightly nervous. His suspicions being confirmed he decided to unbend, and hastened forward.

"Won't you sit down?" he said with the smile of a spider inviting a fly into his parlor.

"And how well you're looking!" Marjorie, up to now a little uncertain, returned the smile. Dropped into a chair and crossed one leg over another. Uncle Ebenezer sat down opposite rubbing his hands and mentally deciding that the prejudice in some quarters against short skirts was obviously an un-

fair one.

"I—er—want to talk to you about—er—your nephew," began Marjorie lifting her blue eyes.

Uncle Ebenezer's smile spread. "I imagined you would!" he replied.

"That's nice of you," murmured Marjorie sweetly. "You see I've found out quite a lot about him recently. He's practically starving, and after all, as you know, it's through no fault of his own, is it? And as he's tramping London for a job he's worthy of help at least, isn't he?"

The expression on Uncle Ebenezer's face changed rapidly.

"I beg your pardon?" he said.

"Didn't you know it?" went on Marjorie.

"I thought that perhaps you did. He's living in an attic in Pentonville on a few shillings a week, miles too proud to beg, or even to admit that he's a failure. I know what I'm saying . . . that's why I've come to you."

"Oh, that's why you've come to me, is it?"

answered the old man slowly and distinctly. "Well, perhaps you'll tell me what your idea is?"

Marjorie, not a whit discouraged by the gravity in his voice, which she mistook for sudden consternation, leaned forward eagerly in her chair, slim hands clasping slim knees.

"I knew you'd help me," she smiled gratefully. "You probably thought Monty was a rotter and an idler—I don't blame you in some respects—"

"I'm glad to know that!"

"Well, he rather looked like it, didn't he?" went on Marjorie encouragingly. "Still, now that we know he isn't, he's obviously worth helping. So I came to you to ask you to find him a job, not too big a job to start with, of course, because naturally you'll want to regain confidence in him—I can quite see that. Something about thirty shillings, or two pounds a week, where he'll have a chance of getting on if he works hard. Of course," the pretty color came into her cheeks, "you won't mention my name in the matter, will you? You see . . . I . . . I mean he . . . well, that is, we . . ."

Her voice trailed away a little confusedly, and she studied one small suede shoe in pretty smiling embarrassment.

Uncle Ebenezer rubbed his hands together slowly. "Yes," he said. "I think—I do see!"

Marjorie looked up. Her smile was like the sun breaking through a mist.

"I thought you would!" she said. "You older men grasp things so quickly!"

Uncle Ebenezer leaned back in his chair. He was in no hurry now. Even his recently hard-won books were forgotten. "Yes," he said, "I'll find him a job, a good one, too—" The expression on Marjorie's face was wonderful to see.

"You darling man!" she murmured tremulously.

"On one small condition," went on Uncle Ebenezer obviously enjoying himself.

"Well, let's have it," still smiling as she watched him.

"That you divorce him, and marry me!" he answered slowly and deliberately.

For a moment silence—such a silence as only comes before some appalling, terrifying, world up-rooting disturbance. Then Marjorie rose from her chair, and the expression in her eyes would have blistered a cold storage vault.

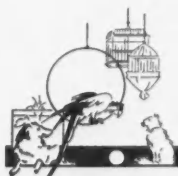
"You mean . . . that is your condition?" she said.

"I most certainly do!"

"And unless I agree to it you won't help him?"

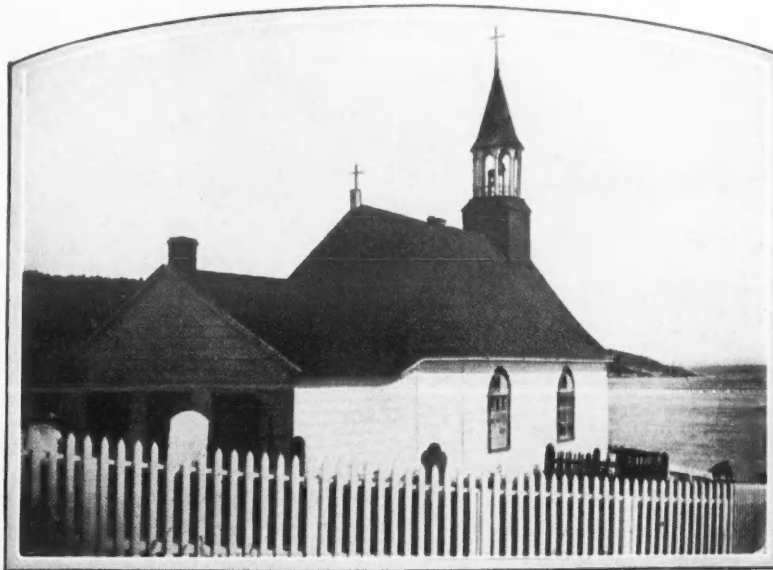
"I'll go further," he answered coolly. "Until you've done it, I won't raise a finger to help him."

Marjorie, her little hands clutched and her eyes blazing, took one step forward. "You horrible, loathsome, beastly,

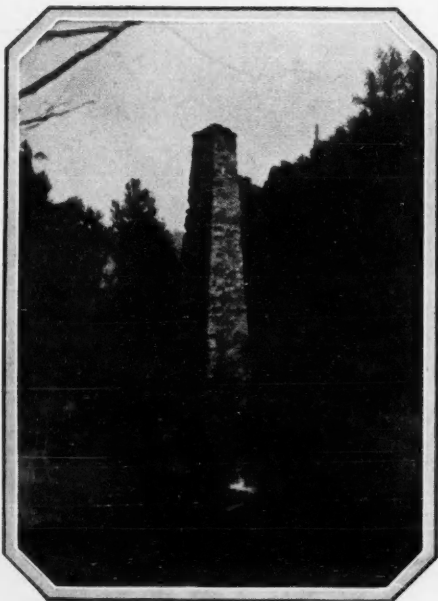




**L**ONG ago the lily flag of France departed from the valley of the St. Lawrence, but the settlements planted under its protecting folds retain an Old World flavor contrasting with all other parts of Canada. Between the coming of Jacques Cartier in 1535 and the explorations of Champlain nearly a century later, only the savages tenanted New France. Then for a century and a half, Kings and Cardinals, soldiers and sailors, priests and Sisters of Mercy exerted their influence to create a great new colony, only to see it eventually pass into British hands.



**A** TINY bell which visitors may ring in the Chapel of St. Croix at Tadousac was, by legend, the gift of Louis XIV of France. The present chapel, facing the St. Lawrence at the mouth of the "sad Saguenay," was commenced in 1747 and completed in 1750, after it had been roofed through the generosity of the notorious Intendant Bigot, whose corruption largely caused the loss of New France. Through the centuries, the village of Tadousac has risen and fallen. First a far-reaching fur mart, it gave way to Quebec and agricultural regions to the west.



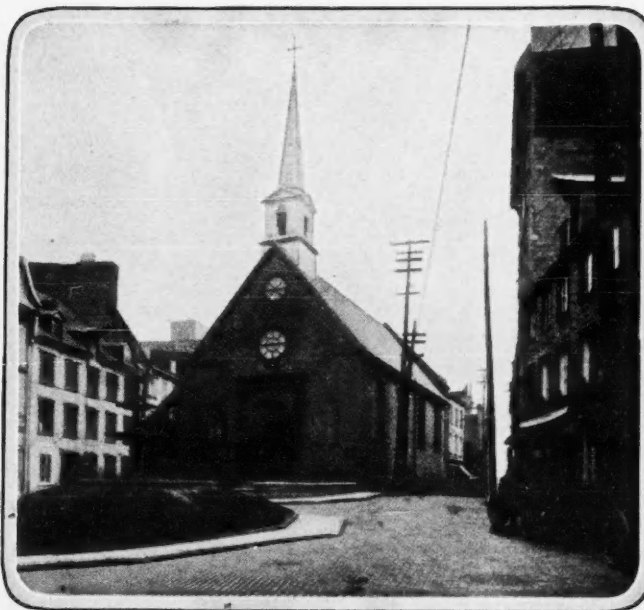
**T**HE patient traveller who ascends the valley of the St. Maurice, nine miles from Three Rivers, will come upon a few ruins of buildings, and down the hill by the river will find the tall chimney pictured above. It is a relic of the St. Maurice Forges, where industrial life in Canada was born. Here was the first blast furnace in America, established in 1730, the first foundry in Canada, and the chief industry of New France. Bog iron ore provided the metal. The plant operated until 1880.

## The SETTLING of CANADA

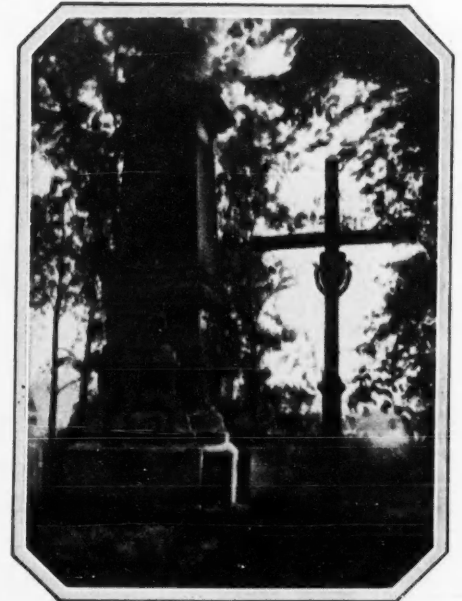
Landmarks in Canadian History -:- No. 3. Quebec

By M. O. HAMMOND

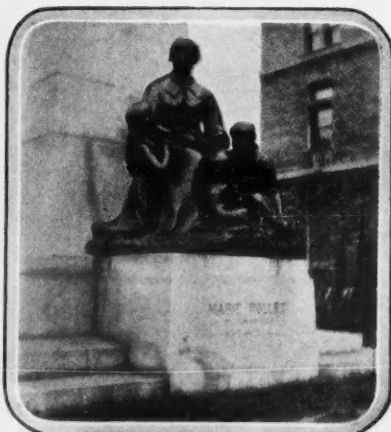
Author of "Canadian Footprints" and "Confederation and its Leaders"



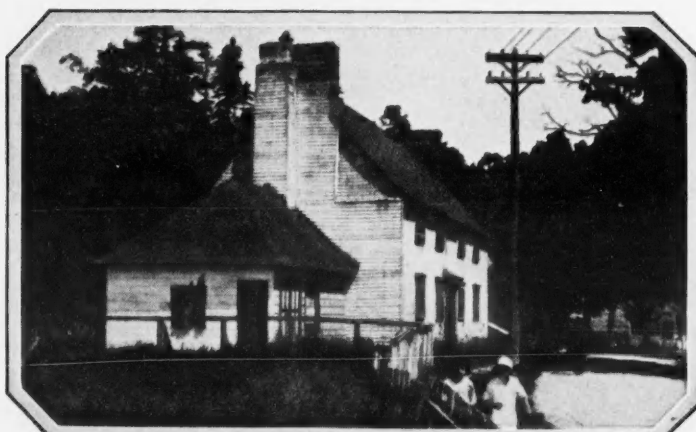
**I**N THE heart of Lower Town, Quebec, hemmed in by ancient commercial buildings, stands the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, erected in 1688, the oldest Church in Canada. Hard by is the site of the "Habitation," built by Champlain in 1608.



**S**URROUNDED by factories in Limoilou, a suburb of Quebec, the memorials shown above record the fact that here, by the River St. Charles, Jacques Cartier, discoverer of Canada, spent the winter of 1535-6. On May 3, 1536, Cartier erected a wooden cross, 35 feet high, claiming the land for Francis I. Then he sailed home to tell his King. The modern memorials were dedicated in June, 1889, and young Wilfrid Laurier was one of the orators of the day.



**L**OUIS HEBERT was the first farmer in Canada, coming from France to Quebec in 1617. Marie Rollett, his intrepid wife is the central figure of the sculptured group here shown.



**T**HE sturdy walls of the Jesuit Mission House, a mile up the St. Lawrence from Sillery, have resisted Time's ravages since 1637, making it the oldest house in Canada. It is now a possession of the province, and is properly esteemed and guarded. Through its doors passed Jesuit leaders, whose martyrdom is a religious heritage to many.

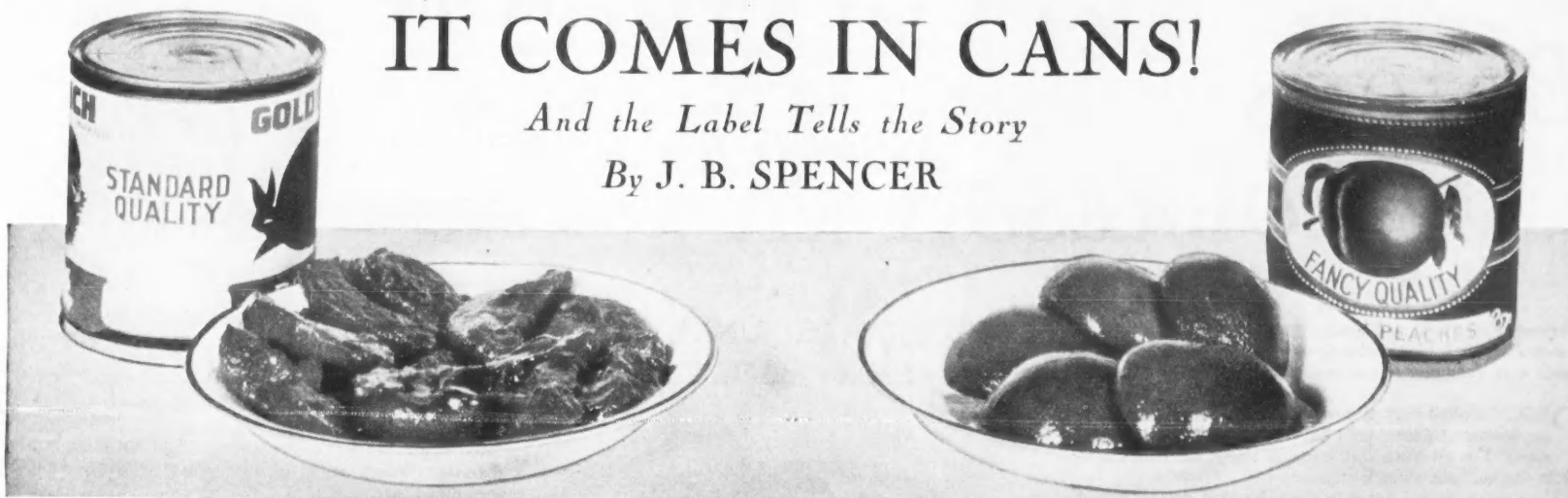


**M**ADELEINE DE VERCHERES is a heroine beloved by all Canadian school children. Her memorial at Vercheres, is the work of a great Canadian sculptor, Philippe Hebert.

# IT COMES IN CANS!

And the Label Tells the Story

By J. B. SPENCER



Above, "Standard Quality," or third grade peaches, are packed from sound clean peaches, reasonably free from blemishes and fairly uniform in size.

"Fancy Quality," or first grade peaches, must be free from all blemish, uniform in size, of extra good color and so cut as not to leave ragged edges.

THE time is rapidly passing when the term "canned" as applied to foods carries a suggestion of inferiority. Not only has competition for trade in canned fruit and vegetables led processing firms to improve their goods, but by government regulation they are compelled to truthfully reveal the quality of the contents of their cans upon the labels they bear. The changing social habits of housing from homes with gardens and cellars to the more general occupation of apartments with refrigerators, has brought with it a tremendous increase in the use of canned foods of all descriptions. This in turn has led to the building up of a huge canning industry representing millions of capital, the employment of thousands of workers, and an outlet for acres of fruits and vegetables.

The conditions that in the early days gave canned goods a doubtful reputation, have happily passed. It is no longer profitable to put up over-ripe, under-sized, or damaged produce because the container label is an open book to the purchaser of the goods.

The canning establishments that are now operating in most of the provinces of Canada, are not only constructed, equipped, and operated in accordance with modern sanitary conceptions, but they are compelled to live up to the re-

quirements of the federal law governing canned foods. Indeed these institutions not only require a permit or license to operate, but they have to open their doors at frequent intervals for inspectors of the Meat and Canned Foods Division of the Health of Animals Branch of the Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, who take note of the plant, its operation and the character of the foods being processed for the market. Besides this, samples of canned and preserved goods taken from shipments are constantly being subjected to official examination. These inspections and examinations ensure the purity and cleanliness of the canned goods, and require that the label shall truly represent the contents of the cans.

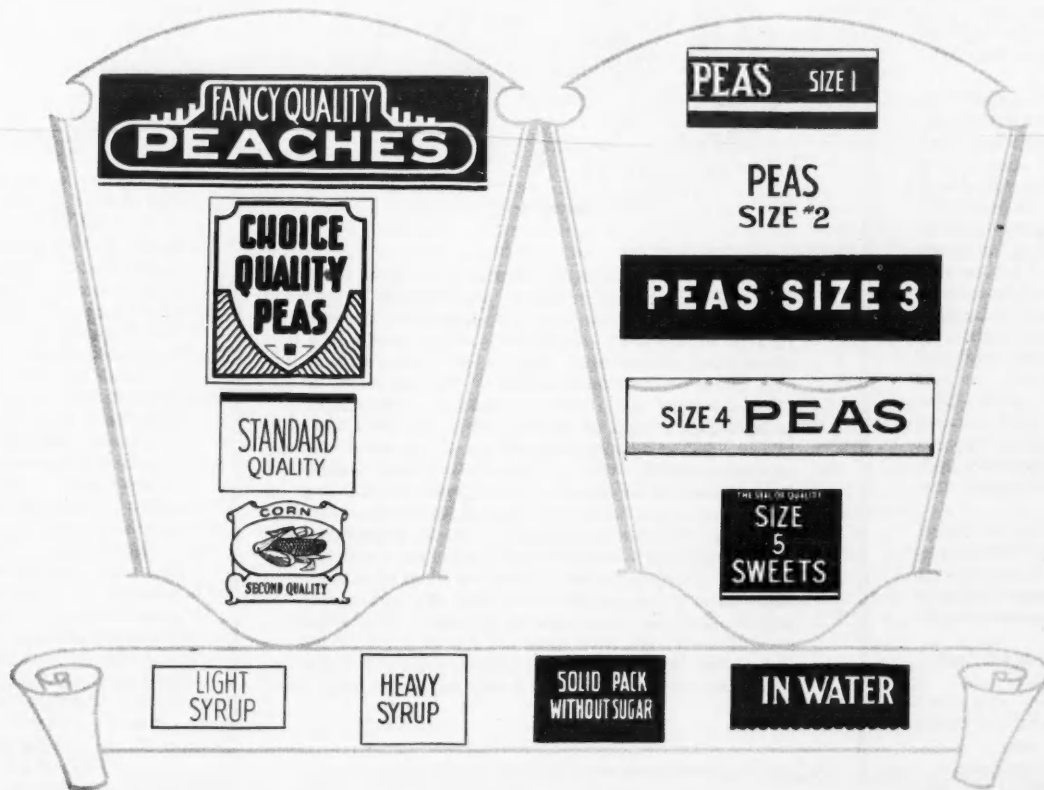
Many housewives who buy canned foods have much to learn in order to make the most of their purchases. Grocers,

principal part of the label in plain letters not less than three-eighths of an inch in height." It is required also that the labels shall show the strength of the syrup, in the case of fruits; and the size, in the case of peas. That is to say, canned fruits and vegetables are recognized in the four grades represented by the terms, fancy, choice, standard, and seconds. Fruits are further subdivided into classes of heavy and light syrup, and without sugar; and peas into Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5.

The various qualities provided for in the Act are carefully defined in the regulations. The different fruits such as peaches, strawberries, cherries, pears, etc., are treated separately according to the characteristics of the fruit.

These are the requirements for peaches:

"Fancy Quality Peaches shall (Continued on page 60)



Regulation containers may be of tin or glass, designated as No. 1, No. 1 Tall, 2, 2½, 3 and 10, each having a prescribed diameter and height. Containers not of standard size are permitted, but must plainly show the net weight of the contents.



selfish, disgusting old toad!" she said. "Oh! if only I could tell you what I *really* think of you!"

"Well, you're not doing so badly, are you?" replied Uncle Ebenezer. He pushed back his chair, rose to his feet, walked across to the electric bell, pressed it.

"When you've found your senses," he added, "you can come back!"

Marjorie's head went up in the air, and she surveyed him as if he were some new species of noisome animal.

"And when they're selling skates in hades," she answered slowly and distinctly, "I *will* come back!"

TWENTY miles out of London, on one of the main arteries, lies a little village which, up to now, has held no particular claim either to fame or popularity. It has no railway station nearer than two miles, it possesses no picture house or football team, and no murder has ever been committed within its precincts. Latterly, it is true, the motor busses which pass through it six times a day have condescended to stop at the Duck and Dewdrop—the only hostelry in the village—in case the car drivers should require to lubricate either their own or their employers' engines. But this in the village has been deemed more in the nature of a gracious concession on the part of the company, than an indication that Huntsleigh is ever likely to become a popular residential resort.

James Norton, garage proprietor however, had been a gambler from birth. Nothing else, so said the inhabitants—and they ought to know—could have so satisfactorily accounted for his opening a garage hard by the Duck and Dewdrop. No one but a fool gambler, they agreed, would ever have dreamed of doing such a thing in such a spot.

Yet, had they but known it, the fault lay somewhat earlier in history than in James Norton himself. For James Norton's *père* had been a gambler also. Left a widower, soon after James Norton junior's appearance, and eking out a scanty living from the training of young men for the army—the parents of said young men always being profuse in their thanks and invariably forgetful in the payment of their bills—James Norton senior had scraped and starved to find sufficient money to send his son to Eton and Cambridge, under the popular but erroneous idea that the principal English seats of learning can furnish a boy with something that may possibly be of use to him in later life. But just about the time that James Norton junior's education was finished, and he had emerged from college properly unfitted for all practical purposes—save that of driving a high-powered car which he couldn't afford to keep up—fate took a hand in the game. For it was just about then that the Kaiser lost his head . . .

Young James Norton, of course, jumped eagerly into the business. Providing always that he didn't stop a bullet, it seemed to promise things. Though whether he'd accept a Field-Marshal's job at the finish or merely run the War Office, he wasn't quite sure . . .

Four years later he found himself starting life over again, his ideas having undergone a slight process of reconstruction. He had given the best of his life to his country and was now minus an arm, and a large part of his health. In exchange, he had acquired the privilege of tacking Captain in front of his name, and M.C. after it. Also, a princely pension of thirty shillings a week, which on occasions struck him as slightly inadequate.

During the three ensuing years he found, somewhat to his surprise, that the government's idea of "a land fit for heroes to live in" and his own, were somewhat at variance. Then it was that he finally decided to take the plunge with the four hundred pounds that his now deceased father had left him. And the result was the garage close to the Duck and Dewdrop. For, as he told himself, it was on the main road, and busses and other vehicles stopped there. The eternal optimism of youth added that perhaps one day, before he qualified for his old age pension, the village might increase and multiply.

So now witness James Norton straightening himself up from the car on which he was working and disclosing himself to be a fairly nice-looking, clean-shaven young fellow with frank eyes and a wholesomely pleasant smile. While outside, Marjorie, who had pulled up her little two-seater car, swung her legs over the side, and getting out advanced toward him.

"Come and have a look at my engine for me, will you?" she exclaimed as James Norton raised his cap. "It started throwin' fits half way up the hill, and I'm nearly twenty miles from home. Like most girls, you know," with her disarming smile, "my knowledge of cars goes no further than steerin' 'em!"

He came out, lifted the bonnet, peered in. Then: "Fraid it will take an hour at least," he said.

"Drat!" murmured Marjorie softly under her breath.

He went on to explain. "We're on two special jobs—both sworn for four o'clock. We can't possibly leave them. D'you mind waiting?"

"Can't help it, can I?" she queried. "I've got a book, though, so I'll just sit in the car and carry on till you're ready."

"I don't keep a big staff, worse luck," he apologized. "I wish to Heavens I could afford to, as I'm turning work away, but—" He stopped, for Marjorie climbing into the car had stopped too.

"D'you want a couple of extra hands?" she demanded abruptly.

"Badly—only they'd want wages, and unfortunately my capital won't run to it."

But Marjorie continued to stare straight in front of her. She seemed as if she had suddenly hit up against some new world-revolutionizing discovery.

"How long have you been here?" she asked.

James Norton looked a little surprised. "Two years and a bit."

"Doin' well?"

"Mustn't grumble!" smiling as one smiles at anyone whom one has decided to humor.

"And you think you could do better if you had a bigger staff?" she persisted.

"Well, I might," still amused. "One never knows, though."

In the pause that followed, Marjorie, still staring in front of her with knitted brows, took out a gold cigarette case . . . and offered it to James Norton.

"Cigarette?" laconically.

"Thank you."

He lighted it and stood waiting for her to continue. At length she spoke.

"I've got an idea in my head," she said very slowly. "And when you hear it you'll probably think I'm quite mad. But I'm not—at least I don't think I am."

"May I hear it?" smiling.

"Sure! If I were to put, say a thousand pounds," slowly and deliberately, "into this business of yours . . . on condition that you took on two new hands—friends of mine—would you entertain the idea?"

If she had asked him to elope with her on the spot there couldn't have been more sheer, unadulterated, helpless, utter amazement in his face than showed now. "Would you—would you—mind saying that again?" he managed to stammer out. "It's—it's one of my—deaf days." At his really comical bewilderment, the dimples crept out round the corners of Marjorie's pretty mouth.

"I'm serious," she nodded, "dead serious!"

He ran his hands through his curly hair helplessly. "I suppose I *am* awake?" he said. "Forgive me but—but—well, these things don't happen, you know, outside film plots and novels!"

"Got an office?" queried Marjorie, ever practical. "We'll soon see if they happen or not!"

He led her to it . . . closed the door. It wasn't more than six feet square, with a deal table, a couple of chairs, a ledger or two on the shelves, an assortment of miscellaneous iron and a strong smell of oil. But to Marjorie, standing now on the brink of Dreams-Come-True, it was Heaven with the gates left open. "Now, Mr. Norton," she said as she sat down, "just in case you think I've escaped from the nearest lunatic asylum—"

But he didn't think so in a minute. Long before she was well into her story, he realized that the seven wonders of the world had now become eight. He realized, too, that little angels *did* really walk about this dull earth clad in short skirts and small cloche hats. And even though the knowledge of it was momentarily dulled—for even the very nicest young men are human after all—by the discovery that even little angels sometimes wear wedding rings, yet such momentary dulling was soon swallowed up in whole-hearted admiration. Long before Marjorie was half-way through her story he knew well enough that she was not for him, knew too that at the other end of this thousand pounds lay a marriage certificate, and that the name on it was Montague Barrett. But no Knight of King Arthur's could have leaped forward more eagerly than did James Norton. Before the appeal of these soft blue eyes and sweetly pleading lips he would have been prepared to take on half the unemployed of the United Kingdom. He was her slave from that moment.

"But I must make one stipulation," he said when she had come to an end, "and that is that, before you finally decide, you must get some responsible man whom you can trust to come down here and look into my books and things."

"What for?"

Again he smiled.

"I may be swindling you."

"I'm not afraid of that."

"But I'd like you to do it—for my own satisfaction if you like."

She nodded, her eyes fixed on his.

"All right then."

"And if he O.K.'s me and you are still of the same mind," he went on, "then I'll accept your offer gladly. Then, of course, as the head of the firm you'll have a right to pat in where you please."

Marjorie rounded her eyes.

"Me the head of the firm?" she queried with a beautiful disregard for English Grammar.

"Naturally! We shall have to draw up a deed of partnership and by (Continued on page 32)



"Sure! If I were to put, say a thousand pounds," slowly and deliberately, "into this business of yours—on condition that you took on two new hands—friends of mine—wouldn't you entertain the idea?"



Sun baths are as important as his feeding and regular tubbings

# Let Your Baby Go Bathing in the Sun

By STELLA E. PINES, R.N.

Illustrated by ELSIE DEANE

FRESH air and exercise are as necessary to the proper daily development and health of the human young, as they are to plants and the animal kingdom in general. Now, more than ever, medical men are realizing what a wonderful natural weapon nature has put into our hands to combat the ravages of disease. "Where the sun does not go, the doctor does," is a saying as true in fact as the proverbial apple-a-day principle, for it is now definitely known that sunlight retards the growth of germs. To take as an example the result of scientific investigation, the direct rays can kill so deadly a germ as typhoid in one and a half hours.

The action of the sun's rays on the green coloring matter, chlorophyll, in plants, vegetables and fruits, produces certain vitamins in them, which are relayed to animals by natural ingestion, so that it is through the direct influence of the sun's rays that the human, who, in turn, consumes vegetables, fruits, meats, milk and eggs, gets his vitamin supply.

Again, sunlight provides the body with the power to use these foods and also helps in the normal growth of bone. It is nature's gift, and, despite the substitutes which men have of necessity invented to take its place in certain cases or when weather is inclement, there is nothing that can quite equal it in value, either in a bottle, package, glass or any other form.

Sun cure is actually as old as humanity itself. Unconsciously, primitive man benefited by it. Through continual exertion and exposure to the sun's rays, he was immune to such diseases as tuberculosis, and was as healthy a specimen as ever trod the earth. Later, in 431 B.C., Herodotus discovered the medicinal properties of the sun bath, and recommended it for restoring muscular tone, advising, however, the covering of the head during treatment. The ancient Greeks used the sun bath to excess, and the solarium was considered as much a part of a Roman home as it is today.

Although Newton discovered the spectrum in 1666 and Ritter the ultra violet rays in 1801, present technique claims Rollier as its father. He is recorded as saying, "The close relationship between sunshine and happiness is obvious." How many of us know this to be true! It is not so long ago that the sick were allowed to languish behind closed blinds, shut in with their own melancholy. Little wonder, that their convalescences were often so long. Sunlight is life, happiness and vitality!

Nowhere is the action of the sun's rays more strikingly seen than in the treatment of rickets, a disease which owes its presence quite as much to deficient sunlight as to the absence of vitamins. A baby deprived of the sun's rays has muscles that are flabby, bones which are ill developed, skin that is pale; he is fretful, peevish, does not sleep well, has poor appetite, poor digestion, and many other disabilities.

But although sunlight is used for

babies, under doctors' directions, as a remedy for a variety of disabilities and diseases besides rickets, such as debility, constipation, marasmus, fretfulness, lack of muscular tone, scalded buttocks and tuberculosis, it is as a promoter of health, a prophylactic measure or as a preventive of disease, that we urge its wider use.

The priceless combination of sun's rays, rest and air, of which the sun bath consists, increases the resisting power of the subject and maintains health and vigor. Fresh moving air in the summer is beneficial to the body, but care must be taken to screen it from cold breezes. Children, of walking age, of course, if healthy, will run about and thus keep warm, even if the breeze is a little chilly, but the baby is not able to do this.

The value of the sun's rays in the baby's life begins in prenatal days, so that, both for her own sake and for the sake of the life she bears, it is necessary for the expectant mother to have all the sunshine she can. This will help her also to be well and happy at the time of her confinement.

As a preventive measure, begin sun treatments early in the infant's life. A child can run out into the sunshine, but a little baby before he creeps is in the hands of his parents, and they create his environment.

Sun baths are now given under the direction of the attendant doctor or public health nurse, but for the guidance of those mothers who are out of reach of either, the following general rules and remarks may be applied to the

case of a healthy baby and child. A definite routine cannot, of course, be laid down as to the extent of surface to expose, or the time to allow. These will vary with the age and condition of the particular baby, the sensitiveness of his skin to radiation, former habits, physical condition, time of day and year, intensity of the sun's rays, humidity and altitude. The safest measure is to go slowly.

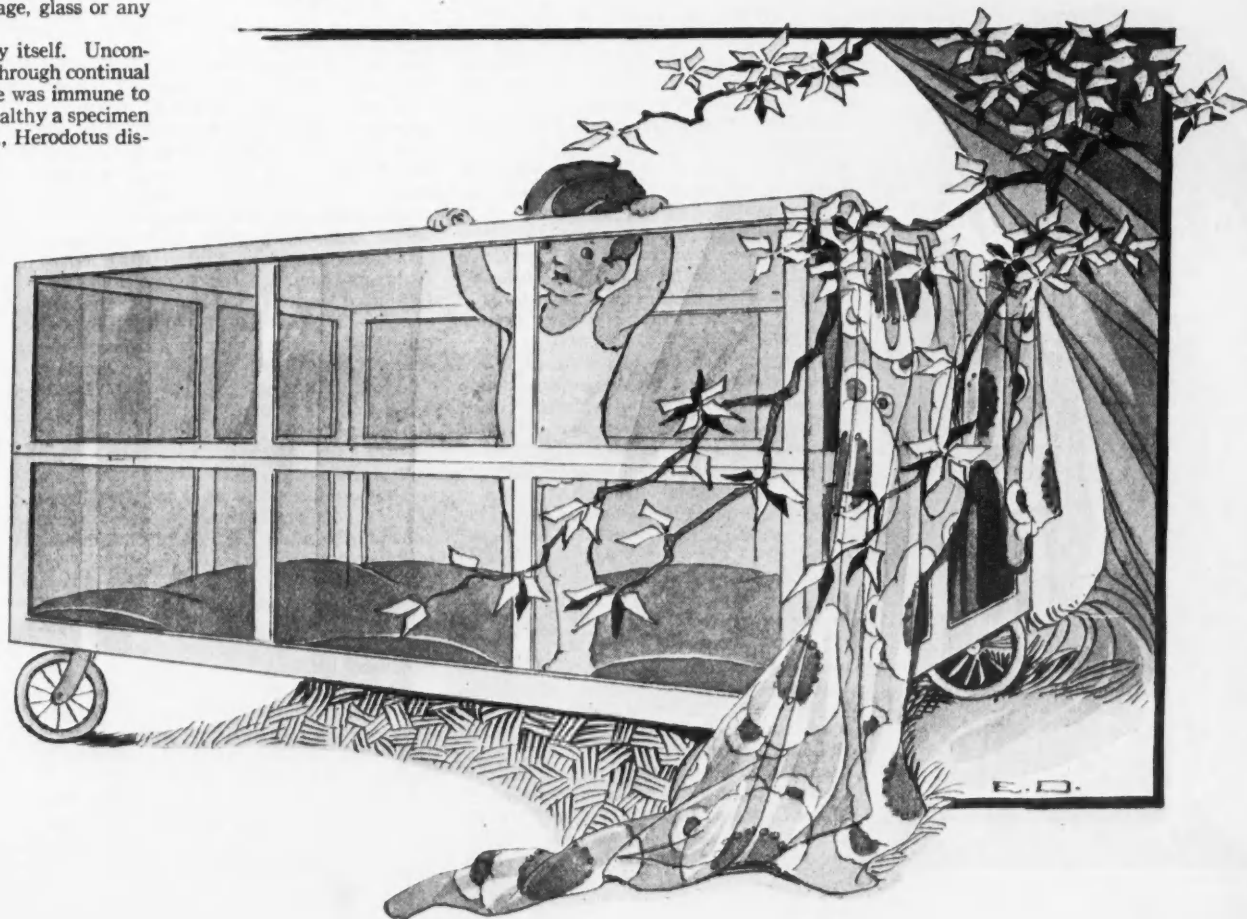
From the end of the first month onwards, the baby in the summer, spring and early fall should be gradually habituated to increasing play and the direct rays of the sun on the skin, starting with momentary exposures of feet and legs, hands and arms, and extending in due course to the rest of the body.

It must be remembered that the ultra violet rays cannot penetrate the hood of the carriage or clothes of the baby, although the heat waves do. They must reach the exposed skin direct, and only when the skin begins to tan can any benefit be expected. A slight reddening of the skin each day will bring about tanning, although care must be taken that the baby's delicate skin does not burn. According to the fairness and texture of the skin, of course, must the length of exposure be regulated.

One authority gives the sensitiveness of the skin in various parts of the body, as follows:

1. Most sensitive—chest, abdomen, back and groin.
2. Front of arms.
3. Palms of hands.
4. Soles of feet (these are the least sensitive).

If the best results are wanted, (Continued on page 42)





# BRIDE'S PROGRESS



## Peggy Learns to Make Simple Desserts and Cookies

By RUTH DAVISON REID

(Chapters I and II have given instruction to Peggy, a bride to be, in the art of cooking. Already she has learned about fruits, cereals, eggs, cream soups and meat.)

PEGGY looked very thoughtful as she began her cooking lesson. "Please let's have something easy to-day, Ann. I'm all worn out learning about rib chops and sirloin steaks," she sighed.

"How about simple desserts, then, for this lesson? They are easy to make and easy to learn about—and easy to eat, too! And so you'll have something ready when guests arrive unexpectedly—and I'm sure there will be plenty of guests in your new home—we'll include some cookies in this lesson.

"Custards, if properly made, are a delicious dessert; they are quickly and easily prepared and lend themselves to a variety of flavorings and additions.

"The foundation recipe is: 1 cupful milk, 1 egg or 2 yolks, 1½ tablespoonfuls sugar, ¼ teaspoonful salt, flavoring. For large amounts, use 3 eggs to 1 pint of milk. Varieties of flavoring: ¼ teaspoonful of vanilla or nutmeg gratings, or 1 tablespoonful coffee scalded with milk or ¼ ounce chocolate melted over hot water or 1 tablespoonful caramel or substitute maple or brown sugar for white.

"Beat the eggs until blended, add the sugar and salt, and slowly add the hot milk. Strain into custard cups. Steam over gently boiling water until firm (about twenty to twenty-five minutes for individual amounts). To bake, place the cups in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (325 deg. Fah.) until firm (twenty to twenty-five minutes).

"It is the correct temperature which is the secret of successful custards. A high temperature causes the milk and egg mixture to curdle. Steaming over gently boiling water or baking in a pan of water in a moderate oven, will keep the temperature sufficiently low."

"How can one tell when the custards are done?" Peggy enquired.

"A very simple test will show you. If a silver knife is put in the centre of the custard and comes out clean, the custard is cooked. Any further cooking will make it curdle, and it should be removed from the pan of water at once. When it is cold, it may be unmoulded and served with jelly or fruit.

"Sometimes we make what is known as a white custard. In this case three egg whites are used instead of the whole egg. The rest of the recipe is the same.

"In making chocolate custard, the chocolate is melted over hot water and the sugar and egg added to it.

"In coffee custard, the scalded milk must be strained through cotton, after the coffee has been added.

"Then we have another type of custard—soft custard or custard sauce; it is the foundation for floating island, and for fruit custards. With light puddings, it is often served instead of cream.

**Custard Sauce**—1 cupful milk, 2 egg yolks, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, ¼ teaspoonful salt, ¼ teaspoonful vanilla.

"The hot milk is added to the beaten yolks, sugar and salt, and the mixture cooked over boiling water. It must be stirred constantly to avoid curdling. When cooked, it is thick enough to coat a cold silver spoon. It is then strained, cooled and the flavoring added."

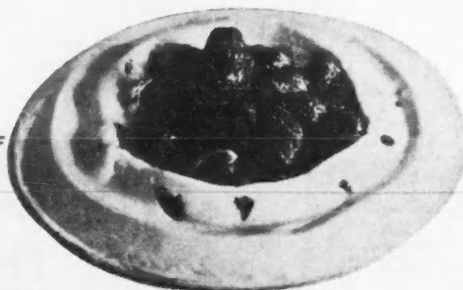
"Why do you add the vanilla after cooking. Why not before?" the pupil questioned Ann.

"The vanilla extract contains alcohol. If it is heated a good share of it is evaporated and wasted. If added after the product is cold, the full value of the flavoring is obtained.

"Custard sauce, if poured into a serving dish and topped with large spoonfuls of meringue is called "Floating Island." One egg-white beaten until stiff, with 1½ tablespoonfuls fruit sugar, and flavoring added, makes the meringue. If the sauce is poured over sliced oranges or bananas, it makes fruit custards.

"Stale cake with custard sauce, fruit or jam and a few nuts, topped with whipped cream is that old favorite called "Trifle." I think you'll find the stale cake needs a good bit of disguising before the 'man of the house' will enjoy it!

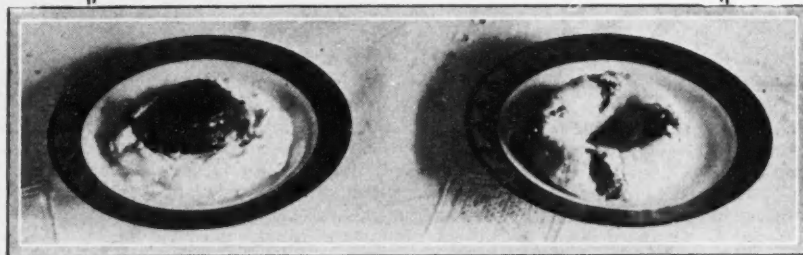
### CUSTARDS, JUNKETS, CREAMS and JELLIES



**T**HIS article represents number three in a series which is, month by month, shaping into a very thorough course in cookery and household science.

That the author is an experienced teacher of home economics, and is constantly abreast of every new development in that field, is an insurance of "the last word" in efficient method and scientific exactitude. The recipes given in these articles, as in others which bear The Chatelaine's stamp of approval, are tested and re-tested in our laboratory kitchen. No experiment for flavor, texture or appearance is too minute or too exacting. The desserts here described have been tested in various proportions and their final formulae are the results of careful comparison.

The Chatelaine's kitchens are working to evolve the most practical as well as the most appetizing forms of cookery. These sweet dishes are the type of delicious and simple dessert which we have come to associate with menus planned under the supervision of a dietitian. In the smart lunch rooms they are the "something different" that makes one want to go out for a meal "just for a change."



**O**NE of the simplest desserts is junket. It is merely milk sweetened, flavored and then set with rennet. If well chilled before serving, it is delicious; jelly or fruit add considerably to the flavor of this dessert. Often people who will not take milk as a beverage will enjoy a dish of junket.

**Foundation Recipe for Junket**—2 cupfuls milk, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, ½ tablespoonful rennet.

"For variations in flavoring use vanilla, nutmeg, 2 tablespoonfuls caramel syrup, a few nuts, fresh berries, or sliced banana. For chocolate flavoring, mix 1 tablespoonful sugar with 1 tablespoonful cocoa and 2 tablespoonfuls boiling water. Cook to a smooth paste over direct heat. No additional sugar is necessary when this paste is used.

"The method of making Junket is to heat milk until lukewarm (100 deg. Fah.) not hot. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Add flavoring and liquid rennet, pour into sherbet glasses or serving dish and leave undisturbed in a warm room until it is set. This will be about one half hour. Then chill and serve with whipped cream or fruit.

"The liquid rennet is prepared by dissolving one rennet tablet in 1 tablespoonful cold water; this will set 4 cupfuls of milk. The setting properties of rennet are destroyed, however, by high temperatures; the milk must, therefore, not be more than lukewarm. While not destroyed by cold, rennet will only set at a warm temperature, so the junket is kept in a warm place until set, then chilled before serving.

"Junket Custard contains egg, which gives additional nourishment—a feature to be considered if these desserts are used for invalids.

**Junket Custard**—2 cupfuls milk, 1 egg or 2 yolks, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, ⅓ tablespoonful liquid rennet, salt, flavoring.

"Add sugar and salt to beaten egg. Add hot milk, strain and flavor. When cooled to a lukewarm temperature add rennet and finish as junket."

"I'm sure these custards and junkets are nourishing and attractive, but couldn't I learn about some more elaborate desserts—those wonderful Charlotte Russes and Bavarian creams always fascinate me," Peggy remarked.

"Those are simple enough," answered Ann, "they are made with a gelatine base so we can discuss gelatine desserts right now. There is nothing more attractive than the different varieties of gelatine dishes whether served plain, with fruit, or with eggs and cream added. The only secret in making them is to know the proportions of gelatine to liquid—1 tablespoonful gelatine stiffens 2 cupfuls liquid, and the sugar is included in the measurement of liquid. However, if the weather is warm and the ice supply inadequate, or if the jelly must be stiffened quickly, the quantity of liquid should be reduced to 1½ cupfuls or the amount of gelatine increased to 3 tablespoonfuls, whichever you prefer. The gelatine should first be soaked in cold liquid, then dissolved in hot.

"Lemon, Orange and Coffee Jelly are three standard recipes.

**Lemon Jelly**—1 tablespoonful gelatine, ¼ cupful cold water, 1 cupful boiling water, ½ cupful sugar, thin shaving of lemon rind, ¼ cupful lemon juice.

The gelatine is softened in cold water and the lemon rind, sugar and boiling water boiled five minutes. The gelatine is dissolved in this hot syrup, lemon juice added and the mixture strained into a moistened mould.

**Orange Jelly**—1 tablespoonful gelatine, ¼ cupful cold water, ½ cupful boiling water, ½ cupful sugar, ¼ cupful orange juice, 1½ tablespoonfuls lemon juice.

**Coffee Jelly**—1 tablespoonful gelatine, ¼ cupful cold water, ¼ cupful boiling water, ½ cupful sugar, 1 cupful clear coffee, 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice.

**Coffee Cream**—1 tablespoonful gelatine, ¼ cupful cold water, ½ cupful strong coffee, ¼ cupful sugar, 1 cupful rich milk or cream.

**Fruit Jelly**—"Any fresh fruits (except pineapple) or cooked fruits, may be added to the lemon or orange jelly base. It is best to add the fruit after the jelly begins to thicken. Pineapple must first be cooked in order to check a principle contained in it, which will digest gelatine.

**Snow Pudding**—"This is one half the recipe for lemon or orange jelly with two egg whites added. The jelly is allowed to stiffen until the consistency of thick cream, then it is beaten until foamy and the stiffly beaten egg whites added. It is beaten until it begins to stiffen, then moulded, and when set it is served with custard sauce. If the jelly is allowed to harden too much before adding the whites, it will be lumpy; if not set enough the jelly and white will separate.

"To make a richer pudding, one-third cupful cream, whipped, may be substituted for one egg white.

"These recipes contain milk and egg as the base instead of fruit juices.

**Spanish Cream**—1 tablespoonful gelatine, ¼ cupful cold water, 2 egg yolks, ½ cupful sugar, 1 cupful milk, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, 2 egg whites.

**Bavarian Cream with Eggs**—1½ tablespoonfuls gelatine, ¼ cupful cold water, 2 egg yolks, ½ cupful sugar, 1½ cupful milk, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, 2 egg whites, 1 cupful cream, whipped.

"The gelatine is softened in cold water, the milk and egg yolks cooked as custard sauce, the gelatine dissolved in this mixture and strained and cooled. Then it is finished as Snow Pudding. Both these puddings are improved with fresh fruit or jelly; one attractive way of serving them is to mould them in a ring, filling the (Continued on page 38)



"The Golden Turban" hangs in a notable private collection

Go, fashion me with jewell'd gold,  
With coral pink and ivory white  
And delicate as the tints that hold  
Lily and rose by pale moonlight,—  
Go, fashion me with loving care  
And all the skill that art can bring  
A figure of my Lady fair,—  
A gossamer and dainty thing.

—from a poem  
dedicated to Lady Lavery

# LADY LAVERY

## Subject of Celebrated Paintings

### The greatest beauty since Lady Hamilton

**R**ED-GOLD Titian hair crowning a lovely Grecian head, like a torrent of sunshine enveloping some exquisite flower; great amber eyes; ivory skin, "... delicate as the tints that hold lily and rose by pale moonlight,"—this is the wondrous beauty of Lady Lavery. Beauty which vividly attests that life has its masterpieces just as music has, or sculpture, or painting.

The wife of Sir John Lavery, the internationally known British painter, Lady Lavery is the inspiration of many of his portraits which hang in the famous galleries of Europe.

Such beauty as Lady Lavery's gives so much to the world. To the artist—inspiration; to life—color and romance. And nothing contributes to this precious quality more delicately—more elusively than the exquisite beauty of her lovely skin.

Knowing well the irresistible charm of her "lily and rose" complexion, Lady Lavery has considered—perhaps more than most women—the art of cultivating a beautiful skin.

**A**BOVE everything—she believes in a simple method of care. "For, after all," she told us with knowing conviction, "the secret of a lovely skin lies in keeping it clean. My formula is a simple one. I always use Pond's! The Cold Cream, the fine silky cleansing Tissues, a dash of the Skin Freshener, then the Vanishing Cream—that is all."

To achieve the same wonderful results which cause Lady Lavery to prefer the Pond's method of care to all others—use the four products daily. Use them together, as she uses them, in the new Pond's way.

**FIRST**—as always, apply Pond's light and fragrant Cold Cream. Its purifying oils penetrate deep down into the pores, lifting out every particle of dirt.

**THEN**—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues wipe away gently and completely every trace of oil and dust.

**NEXT**—tone and firm the skin with Pond's Freshener. It closes the pores, leaves your skin refreshed and fine without a trace of oiliness.

**LAST**—for a final touch of loveliness apply the merest breath of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

**JUST** one treatment—and your mirror will reflect a new, enchanting loveliness. Daily treatment—and you will see in your own skin that glorious opalescence of youth—that smooth, soft texture you have so often envied in others.



This portrait hangs in the Guildhall Gallery, London



"Hazel in Mauve and Rose," by Sir John Lavery



Utterly enchanting is Lady Lavery's Dressing Table. Its priceless Venetian glass mirror of that wonderfully subtle gray-blue tone hangs above tremulous ruffles of palest pink—like a moonbeam hovering over a rose. On its crystal top stand jade green jars of Pond's Two Creams and the Tonic Skin Freshener



MAIL COUPON WITH 10c—for a week's supply of all four preparations

POND'S EXTRACT Co., Dept. H,  
167 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont.

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Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

MADE IN CANADA

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Pond's Extract Company





## For Vacations and After

*The wardrobe which will still be useful  
when holidays are past*

By EILEEN WEDD



**T**HERE are vacations of the frivolous, vacations of the serious-minded, but the majority of us are interested in vacations of the sensible—something grave, something gay, and a deal of smartness. So, at least part of our holiday wardrobe should be chosen with an eye to future usefulness and though the occasional really summery frock is a luxury most of us allow ourselves, our cleverness will be reflected in the number of things that will be wearable later in the season, that are tucked away in our luggage on our annual flight from a work-a-day world.

As every journey requires a coat, let us commence with these indispensables. Tweeds seem to be at the top of the mode, patterned, striped or in mixtures, from the lightest, to the heaviest weight imaginable. Of the former variety is a beige flecked with brown. Pockets and long scarf are trimmed with reptile tweed, and there are shiny buttons and deep, strapped cuffs. (Lower left, J. & G. Garment Manufacturing Co., Ltd.) A beige felt hat is blocked in a new and quite definite shape, bound with narrow bias folds of brown satin and stitched in the same contrasting shade. (From G. Goulding & Son.)

A brown striped tweed has a huge collar of blue wolf; the border used to trim the front, cuffs, pockets and centre back is red; while the odd buttons and clasp of an intermediate shade, red-brown, bridge the two. (Second from left, lower group. R. J. Miller Company Limited.) The hat, a tiny affair in felt and finely worked grosgrain ribbon, comes to us from Paris. Its small-

ness and blackness are in proper contrast to the collar beneath. (Debenham's Limited.)

It seems necessary to search in another language to find a term to describe the coat of novelty tweed that hardly appears to be a tweed at all. Yes, "chic" is really the only word that adequately expresses an ultra-smart wrap with black design woven on white, with scarf collar of lovely gray caracul and gray satin lining. (R. J. Miller Company Limited. Top, second from left.) Fashioned entirely of black felt, the hat matches in smartness, flared sharply and caught at the right side by a band of the felt. (From John D. Ivey Company Limited.)

Again black, white, and tweed, but this time striped and much heavier in weight, is used to form a topcoat with a distinct flare both for smartness and for comfort. There are raglan sleeves, unusual in cut, large pockets, and an upstanding gray lamb collar. Altogether it is an excellent example of the coat for town or country wear. (Top right, R. J. Miller Company Limited.) A black quilted taffeta hat, the brim slit and crossed upward and over the left eye, completes the costume. (From John D. Ivey Company Limited.)

Reports from Paris tell us that the dress or ensemble with matching coat is supreme. We found two at least that are made here, and when one discards the coat (which, though good-looking in itself, will not be as wearable as the season advances) the dress beneath will prove both useful and charming. The first is of flat crêpe, and the finely

(Continued on page 44)



# "Our entire office will THANK YOU" wrote one of the girls:

—a new girl had to be told she  
was not personally irreproachable

By Ruth Miller

**S**HE looks so smart, well dressed and charming—yet you find she is not completely irreproachable in her toilette—and you wonder why some one doesn't tell her.

Underarm perspiration is such an uncertain thing if you don't know how to deal with it, offending others when you yourself are unaware of it.

Yet it is so easy to avoid all embarrassment when you keep the underarm always dry and fresh. At sports, dancing, in spite of snug fitting sleeves, you know a trace of moisture on the underarm is impossible—there can be no hint of odor, no stains on frocks.

No guesswork, no fretting, or worry over your appearance. But a blessed sureness, and the gracious confidence of being always exactly right.

To enjoy this complete security you simply apply Odorono a few times a week after the bath. Now the underarm stays perfectly dry day in, day out. No slightest

possibility of humiliating underarm odor or stained frocks can mar the pleasure of your gayest evening, your most strenuous activities.

Women who insist upon complete personal irreproachableness use Odorono religiously year in, year out. Odorono is so accepted a part of the regular toilette that fastidious women would no more neglect it than they would bathing. Over six million bottles are used every year.

\* \* \*

Odorono was made by a physician eighteen years ago for his own use while operating, as a safe way to prevent annoyance from perspiration.

If you will ask your own physician he will tell you that checking perspiration in small areas of the skin does not interfere with health in any way. Pat it on the clean underarm and as soon as it is completely absorbed you are securely protected from perspiration annoyance for two or three days.

There are two strengths of Odorono. Regular Odorono (ruby colored) used twice a week gives complete protection from perspiration annoyances. Odorono No. 3 reduced in strength especially for sensitive skins, must be used more often. At toilet goods counters 35c, 60c.

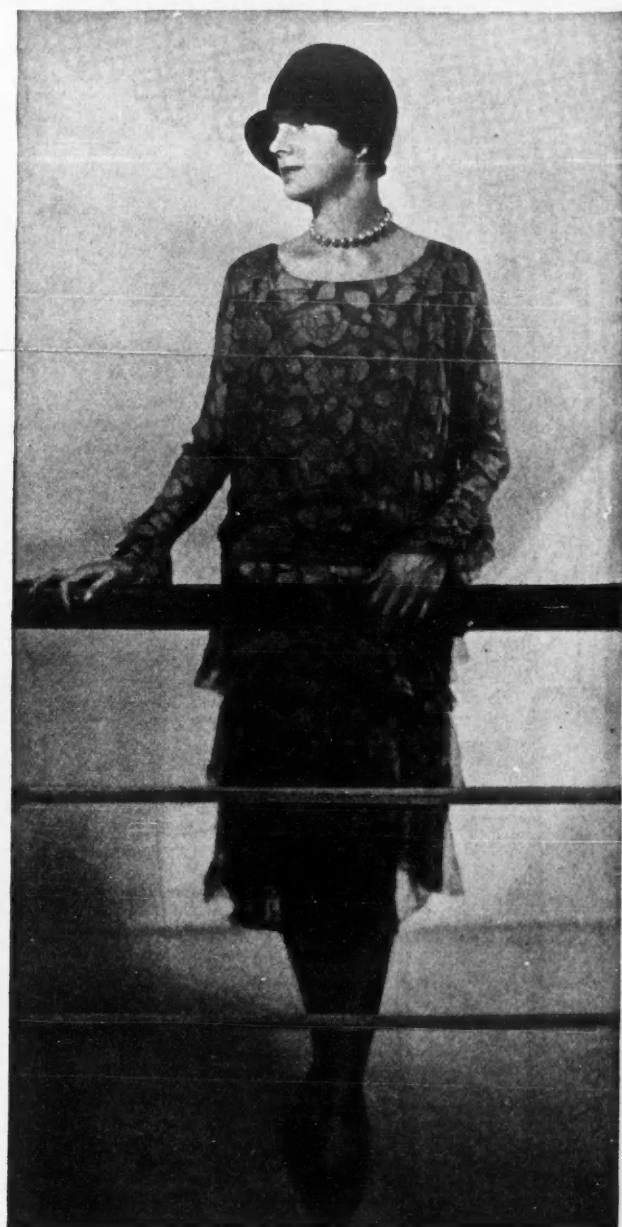
The new Odorono Cream Depilatory 50c. This underarm toilette gives such blessed security of complete cleanliness; send 10c and the coupon for the kit of 4 samples.



Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (ruby colored) used twice a week gives complete protection. Odorono No. 3, reduced in strength especially for sensitive skins, must be used more often



Made in Canada



## An Actual Letter to Ruth Miller

"Recently a new girl came to the office where I am employed. It's evident she is troubled with perspiration. The manager asked me to tell her she must do something about it. Will you send her one of your booklets? I am sure our entire office will thank you as well as the girl herself after she has used Odorono."

**NEW 10¢ OFFER: Samples of Odorono, Odorono No. 3, Odorono Cream Depilatory and Deodorant Powder.**

THE ODORONO COMPANY, Ltd., Dept. E-8,  
468 King St., West, Toronto, Ont.

I enclose 10c for 4 samples.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

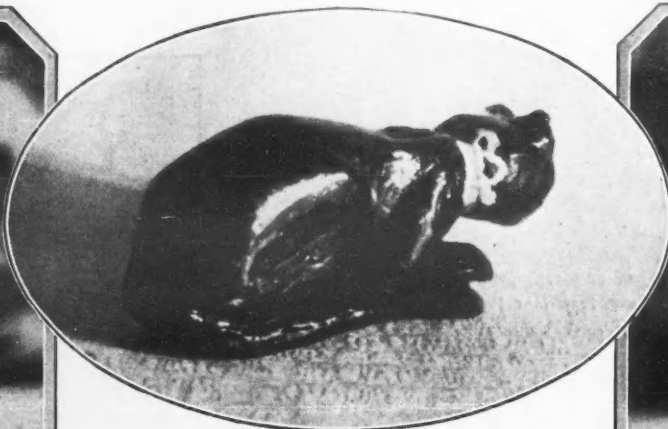
City \_\_\_\_\_

(Print name and address plainly)





*Primitive but colorful, a miniature totem pole is a decorative thing, and our west-coast Indians furnish many inspirations for its design.*



## The New Art - of - Soap Sculpture

By JOAN DEE

*A simple and creative art for  
"children and grown-ups too"*



*Don't try too elaborate a piece for your first attempt. This square-built, little Indian figure is just about right for a beginning.*

I HAVE always been inclined to the opinion that most people would have to admit to a long-cherished desire to try their hands at sculpture, if they were questioned on the point. The instinct to create things with our hands is deep-bedded within most of us, but it is usually suppressed by firm and determined mothers at about the time it reaches the mud-pie stage, which may be a very good thing for our clothes, but is very bad for our souls, according to many clever psychologists. In our later years, though the instinct survives, it is but seldom that it finds expression.

A French wit once said that sculpture was the simplest of the arts: "You have only to buy a block of marble and then knock off the bits that you don't want." But marble is a somewhat refractory material to knock bits off, and it is expensive, too. Softer materials are unfortunately impermanent and so, for most of us, the difficulties hedging about the expression of the creative instinct have proved too strong.

Recently, somebody, with the simplicity of true genius, has pointed out a substitute which we have all had under our very noses for years—soap. It is cheap, it is always available, it cuts easily and sharply, it is of uniform texture all through, the chips and shavings may still be used for their original purpose, and if you should chance to spoil a block, you may humble its pride by leaving it in the bathroom to await a less noble fate.

The use of soap seems an ideal solution of the problem, except for one difficulty. The finished sculpture would be impermanent, because the unavoidable evaporation of the moisture in the soap causes cracking and warping, with a resultant deformation of the carving. Now this difficulty has, in its turn, been overcome, and we are on the verge, I believe, of a great increase in the popularity of sculpture as an amateur's pursuit. It has the advantage of requiring very few tools, and of making no "mess"; it is something that you can drop at a moment's notice to answer the telephone; your finished carving can be made permanent if you desire, and you can have duplicates made in any number by means of a mould and plaster casts. Such a hobby should appeal to many.

First of all, let us consider the tools. You need an ordinary pen-knife, or a paring knife; an orange stick, such as the manicurist uses, and which you can get at the drug store; a wooden meat skewer; a wire hairpin of fairly heavy make; and a couple of feet of light wire. The orange stick should have a point at one end and a diagonal blade at the other. The meat skewer is armed with the hairpin which has been bent to the same shape as the diagonal end of the wooden tool, but projecting about a quarter of an inch beyond the blunt end of the wood. It is filed sharp on one side to give a cutting edge, and lashed firmly to the skewer with the length

of wire; it must be quite firm, for an unsteady wire tool is worse than useless.

Before starting on the actual carving, it is well to prepare the sealing wax paint which prevents the drying and warping of the soap. Procure sealing wax of as many colors as you need; the three primaries, red, yellow and blue are all that are really essential. Break the wax up into very small pieces and put it in screw-top jars. Cover the broken wax with a very little denatured alcohol (methylated spirits) and let it stand for twenty-four hours or until all the wax is dissolved. The wax paint should be of the consistency of a thick cream. If it is too thin, leave the top off the jar and allow some of the alcohol to evaporate, but don't put it on the stove to hasten things as it might start a very dangerous fire. If it is too thick, add one or two drops of the alcohol to thin it down. When your paint is ready to use, it may be mixed to produce different shades just like any other paint.

Now, we are ready for the actual work. Lay a cake of any kind of laundry soap of suitable size, on its broadest side in a large shallow cardboard tray. Draw the outline of the figure on the soap with the point of your wooden tool. Cut away the waste soap with your pen-knife, leaving about a quarter of an inch too much all around. Then start with the wire tool, and shave the soap gradually away. Don't work too long on one part, but keep turning and twisting the block of soap in your hands and try to reduce it evenly in all parts. Be careful not to cut too deeply for, unlike wax or plasticene, it cannot be added to if too much is removed.

Now here is a point which, if you keep it firmly in mind, will save you many disappointments and fruitless efforts. It is this: try always to see the finished model in the block of soap; visualize it clearly all the time, not as a flat drawing, but as a solid body in all three dimensions of length, breadth and height; carve down to this mental boundary between the waste soap and the finished figure, between the "bits you don't want," and the final result you most decidedly do want. This is just as important as keeping your mind and your eye on the ball in tennis, and the advice is based on a very similar principle.

Don't try too elaborate a piece for your first attempt at soap sculpture. The little square-looking Indian figure which I did for the illustration is just about right for a beginning and, being a conventional one, any deviations from its actual measurements would not be conspicuous. For children, simple figures like the flat toys

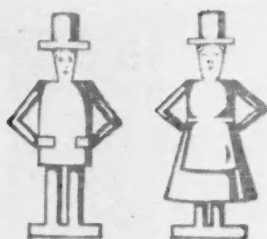
carved out of half-inch slabs of wood are very good to practise on; and they should be persuaded to try these easy forms first, to avoid discouragement.

When you have got the form as you want it, fine details can be modelled in with the point of the wooden tool. Make these fairly definite to avoid the risk of obliterating them with the sealing wax paint later. Avoid the temptation which may assail you to smooth any roughness with a little water. The work should be kept quite dry throughout. If it is necessary to make any surface very smooth, it may be done with the side of the wooden tool or with a firm finger tip. Lastly, make sure that the base is true and firm, so that the figure will stand on an even keel.

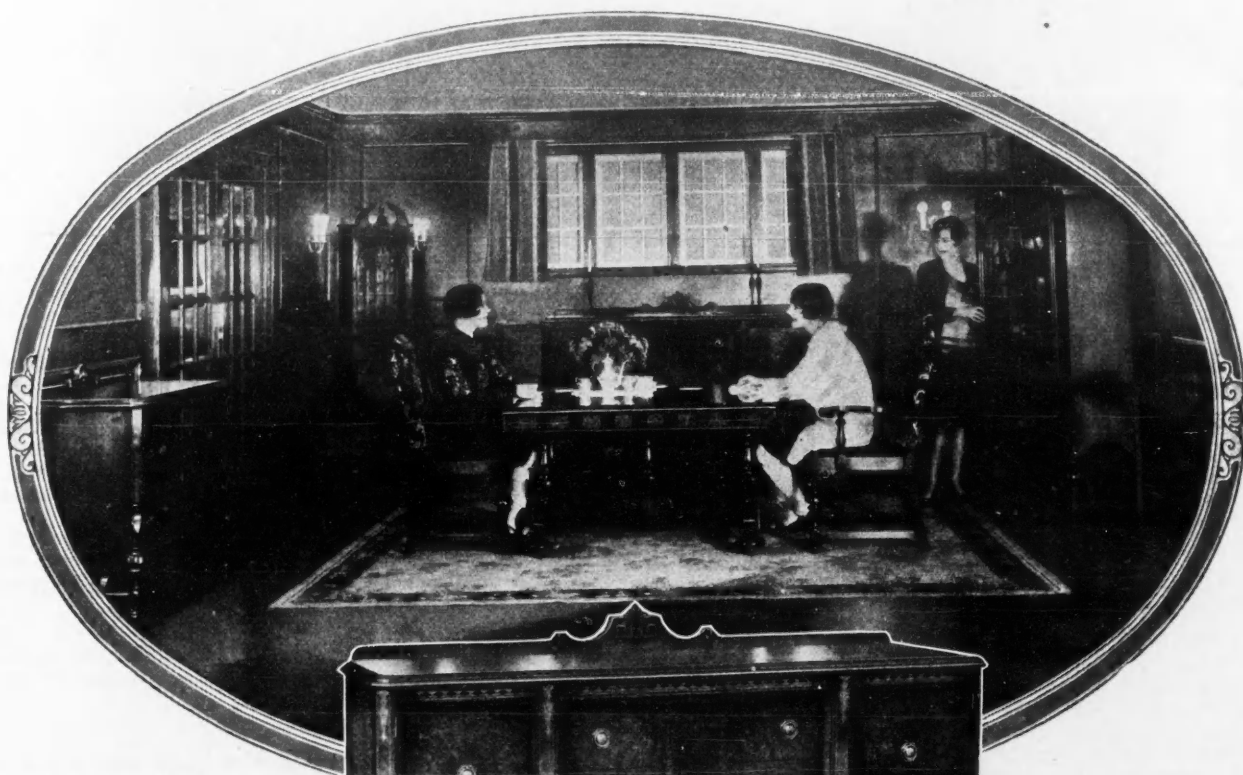
Now, we are ready to paint with the wax. If an actual model is being made, it is well to keep to the natural coloring; if not, let fancy take its course. The essential point is to make sure that the entire figure, top, back, base and all, is completely covered with an air-tight coating of the wax. If your paint is too thin, you may have to put on two or more coats; it can hardly be too thick, if your brush will carry it at all. If it should be necessary to use two coats, make sure the first one is perfectly dry before you put on the second, otherwise the first coat is merely disturbed, partly redissolved, and no improvement is made. Let it stand untouched over night at least, and then inspect it carefully for any minute leaks, especially in corners, where little bubbles may have formed and then broken.

There are many uses to which these figures may be put. As favors for parties they are delightful, because they can be made to express the personality of the hostess, or to celebrate some special occasion. Soap carving makes an ideal competition for parties, too, or for socials or other gatherings. A knife, an extemporized wooden tool and a block of soap are handed to each contestant, a time limit is set and a prize offered. The enthusiasm which develops is really astonishing, especially if you can show one or two finished examples. For the school teacher, the new hobby is of

genuine importance. It gives the children something to do with their hands, while stimulating the expression of a very important and much neglected instinct, and it will, in the course of a short time, supply the school with a valuable series of brilliantly colored and quite inexpensive models which are of great assistance in teaching such subjects as history and geography. The models are also available for use in drawing lessons. I read recently of a school in the United States which had made a complete Eskimo village in soap, and another which had constructed a model of the Roman forum by the same method. Moreover, pupils soon become proud of the school's growing collection of models.



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A one-piece crêpe with bell of same material, with diagonal stripe trimming in black, yellow and green. A Golflex frock. Gould Samuel and Company, Montreal

## Forethought for the Picnic



**B**AKE the cake loaf shape; it can then be packed in a shoe box and does not become mashed. It can be sliced at home, wrapped in waxed paper and packed snugly.

For the little children pack individual lunches in berry boxes lined with paper-napkins. You can put in just what you want them to have and they do not pull over all the other food and beg for what their elders are eating.

Take along some stiff biscuit dough pulled into a long rope. Twine this around a green, pointed stick, wet the end of the dough and twist and mash ends together so they won't come off. Hold over the camp fire to bake, turning frequently to prevent burning. Break off pieces when done, spread with butter and jelly while hot.

Pack salad in individual paper drinking-cups. Cover with paper lids or waxed paper held on by rubber bands. It is better to carry lemonade, tea or other drinks in glass jars and the ice, broken into lumps, in the thermos bottle. Have fruit juices concentrated, water can be added at the last moment. Hot foods as well as cold can be packed in thermos jugs. Fried chicken is better so carried. Rolls, baked potatoes and other things are appetizing hot after a swim.

Dates, raisins and nuts run through a meat-grinder together and pressed into a loaf make a fine wholesome sweet; slices can be cut off when desired and you need not worry about after effects.

## How to Keep Wild Flowers Fresh

**A**T THIS season of the year there are so many lovely flowers growing along the roadside that it is hard to resist the invitation they seem to give us to pick them. By flowers I do not mean the products of the florist shop, but the ordinary so-called weeds. Did you ever think how lovely a bunch of clover, or buttercups or wild asters and Queen Anne's lace really is? Try it some day and see how much it will cheer you up.

Here is the way I keep them fresh until I can get them home to their waiting vases, though you may laugh at it. My rubber apron and a wet towel do the trick, and it is no trouble to tuck them away in the car when we start off on an outing. When I pick the flowers I lay them on the wet towel, roll the bundle up, and put the rubber apron around the wet package. Result—not a bunch of wilted flowers that oftentimes finds its way to the garbage can, but flowers fresh as when they grew in the field. Try it!



## A Unique Twine Holder

**A**NY useful novelty is always in popular demand, and when we can add to its usefulness the fact that it is also an unusual ornament, it should be a "best seller" indeed. Every housewife is always on the lookout for handy articles for use in the home, and if they are novel so much the better. To all who are interested in making money in spare moments I am going to offer this suggestion. Take an ordinary coconut and saw it in two in the middle between the ends, being careful not to chip or break the shell when the coconut food is removed. Remove the three soft plugs in the pointed end, and, with a drawing pencil or some water colors, make the eyes and mouth to represent a tiny monkey face. Put a ball of twine in the coconut shell, leaving the loose end hanging out of the little round mouth, and then tape the two halves together. Make unique caps or hoods of various bright colors to suit different tastes, and fix a string to hang the monkey head in some handy corner. To replace a ball of string simply remove the tape temporarily. This handy twine holder should find a ready sale wherever it is offered to industrious homemakers.

## How to Paint a Rug

**W**HEN we took over an old farmhouse for use as a hunting and fishing lodge, we took over, too, the problem of furnishing it economically. Rugs and carpets were out of the question, and yet the place looked barren and cold without floor coverings.

The problem was solved by the simple expedient of painting rugs where we wanted them. It began with the stairway—an old-fashioned affair, obviously accustomed to the orthodox stair carpet. Down the treads and risers we painted a stripe of black lacquer, about twenty-four inches wide, just as we would lay a stair carpet. To finish the edges, we painted a narrow stripe of green lacquer, and then covered the whole stairway with a protective coat of clear varnish.

The effect was startling. So, encouraged by our success, we carried the experiment further. The landing, too, had been finished in expectation of a rug. Carefully marking off with chalk a rectangle about three by five feet, we filled in with putty all the cracks in the floor within the rectangle. After the putty had dried, we applied a coat of green lacquer over the entire space.

When this had dried (in about one hour) we again marked with chalk a band two inches wide, and three inches from the outside of the rectangle, which we painted with orange lacquer. Then, around the outside of the rectangle, and bordering both sides of the orange band, we drew a thin pencil stripe of black, which at once set off the pattern, and covered up the irregularities of our painting. The entire surface, after drying, was again covered with a coat of clear varnish, and, to further increase its wearing qualities, was waxed with a good floor wax. The effect was the same as that of a linoleum rug.

Thus we found we were able to cover all the floors of our hall-ways, and even some of the smaller rooms, with really attractive rugs, at an extremely small cost. The patterns and colorings we copied from those shown in the stores, or in advertisements. The designs were necessarily simple, but colorful and attractive, and they have the advantage of being easily cleaned; we just sweep them as we sweep the floor. We found that varnishing and then waxing either lacquer or enamel gives it a hard, glossy finish that withstands wear for a surprisingly long time.

The passing of the years but adds to the joy of possessing these beautiful designs.



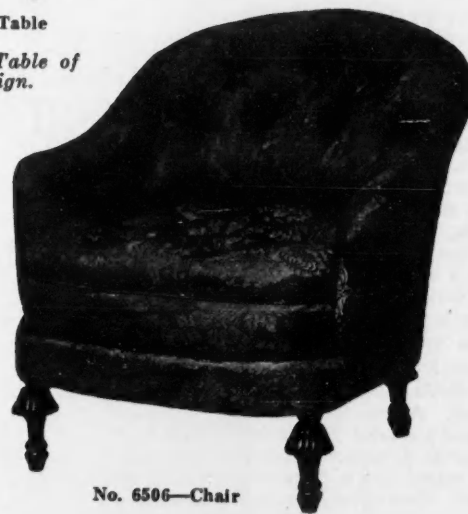
No. 6482—End Table

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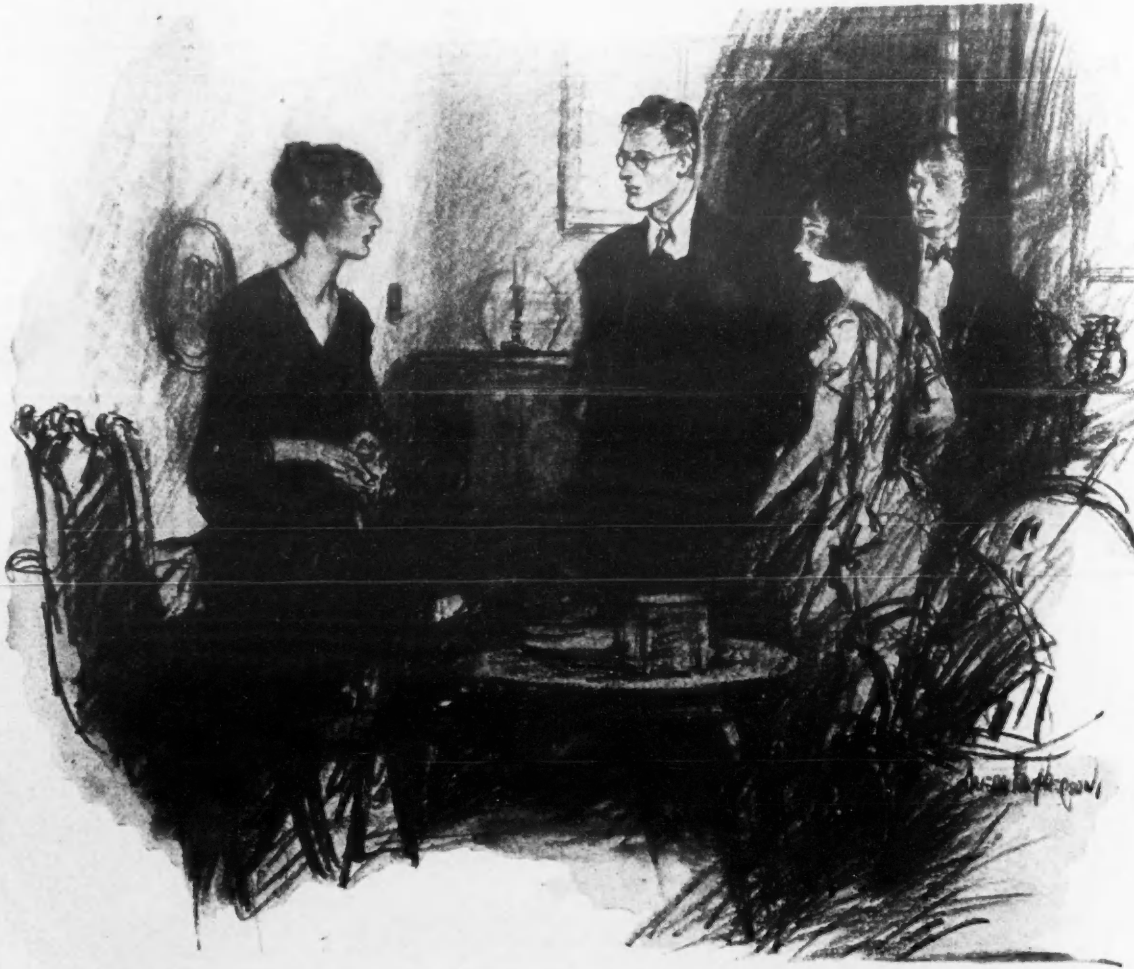


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"Say, Judith, it was kind of a mean trick to keep you in the dark about this party, but you've been a darn good sport about it."

Indignation boiled up within her. "Thank you, Allen," said she coldly.

## "You're You!"

Continued from page 5

left his door, she carried the key to it.

What would Mary have done about this? Tell Richard? Cry herself to sleep? What did mothers do when boys got drunk? Probably—they prayed. She thought that out, and this Judith Baldwin, mother-like, concluded to do. Silently, secretly, there in her own room in the dark, she knelt down and asked God—not to help her to go on emulating Mary, as her frequent prayer had been, but to help her—to be herself, her real self as He had made her, to Mary's very, very real children. Strengthened by the mere expression of this subconscious desire, she arose with a feeling of emancipation. She almost stamped her foot.

"Horrid little scapegrace! I'll teach him to get drunk and smash into Richard's garage door, driving the car like an idiot! And I'll teach that insufferable Allen to look at me, and not over my head; the absurd, overgrown, impossible thing! Yes, and I'll teach Cecilia to say where she's going and who with, and when she's coming back. She smokes now, I know she does! And I'll teach Richard Baldwin to pay attention to his knitting, when he's sitting around here evenings. He can join a club and stay at it, or he can snap out of his somnambulistic state and help make this house a home with some one to boss it, instead of a place to perpetuate the theories of somebody who's dead. Oh, Mary dear, forgive me! You know what I mean—you were lovely when you were here, but you did your part in your own way and can't you see, darling, that's how I'll have to do mine?" God and Mary had never seemed so near.

NOTHING much more happened that night. Except in fiction, life moves along at a fairly deliberate rate most of the time. Cecilia crept softly upstairs about one-thirty and Allen marched independently and noisily up, somewhat later, ostentatiously switching out lights as he went. Then Judith went to sleep. She had made up her mind what she meant to do, and she awoke bright and early to set about it, as she used to do when she succeeded in business.

She bathed and dressed herself and then unlocked

Randall's door, and tip-toed in and laid a card on his bedside table. She went to the kitchen and outlined a good breakfast to Olga, to be served promptly at eight o'clock. She cut a few dewy tulips from Richard's sacred walk border for a table centre, and retired the resurrection plant which was an institution. Then she returned to the second story and commenced rapping on bedroom doors.

"Richard, we're eating at eight, dear. You'll have to get up." Not, "You'd better get up."—"You'll have to get up!"

"Allen, breakfast is about ready. You must come down." Not—"Won't you come down?"—"You must come down!"

"Cecilia, I know you're sleepy but it's breakfast time. Are you awake?"

"Randall, no matter what you feel like, get your clothes on. Breakfast is nearly ready." She heard something resembling a groan, but she stood her ground. "I unlocked your door and put that card for you to sign before you come out, on your bedside table, by your Bible. Yes, you probably do feel awful, but that doesn't make any difference. Get up."

The Baldwins breakfasted at eight and everybody was present. Their innate good breeding prevented any one of the four original Baldwins from comment when the most lately acquired Baldwin made the following announcements, like a head nurse, issuing morning orders.

"I have decided," said she, firmly, "to have breakfast hereafter at eight o'clock, luncheon at one and dinner at six-thirty. You'll have to arrange your affairs to eat then or take your chances, because I've told Olga to put everything away and not be bothered serving you at odd times. She's been down-trodden long enough, and, besides, her feet hurt her dreadfully. And I told her, Cecilia, that you'd do up the bedrooms mornings before you go to your lectures. And, Allen, you, I said, would look after the fires for her, ashes and so on.

more. He said he could get twice as much work as he could manage this time of year, and you need exercise. Your job is to look after the yard, and I want it done right. Oh, yes, Allen, besides the fires, you'll attend to the car, wash it and polish it, and I want it kept cleaner than that garage man has been doing it. I hate riding in a dirty car!" A long speech and uninterrupted.

There was nothing more to eat. A shocked silence descended over the breakfast party, but Judith overlooked it. She rose gracefully from her seat behind the percolator, and smiled as affably as a determined book agent who has just secured your unwilling order and filled in the blank. It had not been so terribly hard after all, though Richard, the dumb, stupid dear, looked absolutely at sea as he dutifully kissed her good-bye.

"Do I begin doing the rooms this morning?" queried Cecilia, with a fine show of sarcastic docility.

"Yes, you'll have plenty of time if you don't spend too long on your nails," replied Mrs. Baldwin. "I had Olga open the windows, so the beds are aired."

Cecilia was too well-mannered to flounce, but she went upstairs with a stately deliberation quite as obvious.

A sound of disgust something like a grunt, left Olga's lips, and her voice which carried well, floated into the living room to the ear of her mistress: "Yust leave dem ashes where dey be, Mister Allen, and git quick up the back stairs before she sees you. Who wants mens in the kitch in the morning?"

The clatter of small iron wheels on cement, followed by the monotonous buzzing of a lawn mower came in at the open window. Randall, dejectedly pushing upon the handle, walked doggedly back and forth in the fresh spring morning, across a velvet lawn which certainly did not need cutting for a day or two. As Judith watched from the corner of her eye, he paused close to the house and whistled shrilly on two fingers. From somewhere above her, she heard a

Randall, I'm going to tell old Mr. Barnes not to come any

funny giggle and a hoarse muffled laugh.

With an amused but determined air, she went over to the luxuriant aspidistra which stood in a huge jardiniere in front of the sunniest window, keeping out a lot of light.

She touched one long, glossy leaf with a contemptuous finger.

"I'm going to give you to the hospital. They can put you in a big ward where you won't look so glum. I'll order that pink azalea to-day, and have it stand here instead. And I'll pack away some of these etchings and have something more colorful, more vivid." Then, humbly, memory spoke somewhere in the back of her mind, "Forgive me, Mary, dear, but I'm modern Judith, and you—were you!"

They all came home on time to lunch, Allen from the bank, Randall from Preparatory, Cecilia from her Household Ec. Lab., Richard from the office. At one-thirty everybody was gone again. As promptly, they returned for six-thirty dinner.

Conversation proceeded much as usual, the polite, inconsequential kind of conversation in which persons under any sort of restraint always engage; the kind of conversation the Baldwins of Judith's regime were accustomed to have at table, the kind of conversation which was to a person of her temperament, depressing and wearisome. Weather—Oh, a great deal about that; a little mild local gossip; comments upon the food! There was nothing spontaneous, no sudden laughter, no friendly teasing—politeness and courtesy, more politeness, more courtesy. Judith, by the time dessert appeared, knew she couldn't make it any less interesting, but she could and would end it. She waited until the discussion of pie was well away, then boldly, she flung down the glove.

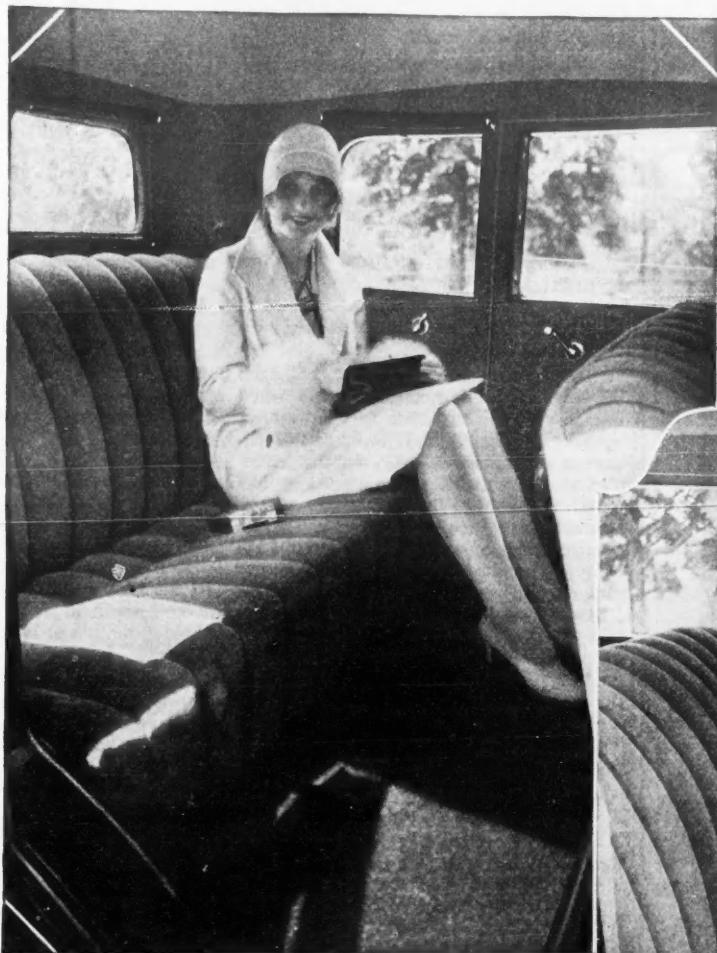
"Dad and I have tickets for 'The Student Prince' to-night. What are you people doing? We want to know before we leave." Nobody picked it up. Allen mumbled something about a lot of reading to do.

Randall shrugged his shoulders "Bed for mine, I guess!"

Cecilia looked superior and said nothing.

(Continued on page 39)

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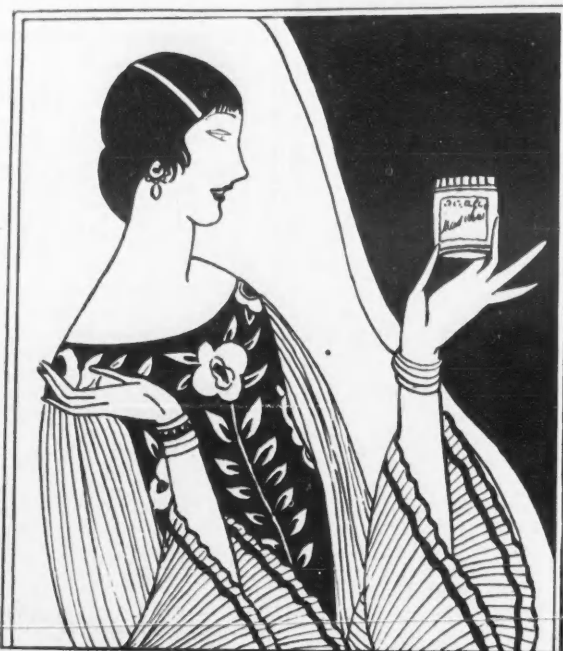
## ORIENTAL PLUSH

*Its Beauty Lasts*



THOSE of us who have lived in some part of the Victorian era have a vivid memory of copy-book maxims with which we were regaled at every turn of our youth. I had an elderly relative who seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of these, the majority of which were directed against vanity and enjoyment. She had no particular claims to beauty personally, and perhaps this fact sharpened her memory in regard to the "dark sayings" which deprecated the possession of good looks. Three of these have lingered in my memory because they were so often repeated: "Good Looks buy nothing in the Market;" "Beauty and Folly are Sisters;" and "Handsome is as Handsome Does." I feel sure that the first two must have been written by a mean-spirited Puritan Father who was jilted by some sweet young thing who found him dull, and they are therefore not worth considering. The last one may possibly have been wrongly interpreted; it may mean that if we deal handsomely by our good looks they will respond in kind.

In the good old summer time, many of us do not deal handsomely with our faces. It is so wonderful to be out of doors playing golf or tennis or lying on the beach (especially if we have only a prescribed fortnight or month as a holiday time) that we forget that the sun is a most powerful X-ray machine which burns as well as stimulates. The result of undue exposure to its rays is usually unbecoming and often very painful. There is healing for the mind and the body in the sun and the wind, but few skins can withstand their direct contact without unpleasant results, and this brings to mind another maxim: "An ounce of Prevention is worth a pound of Cure." It is really a very simple matter to fool King Sol by taking thought before sallying forth to play on land and water, and covering the skin with a coating that will be both protective and becoming. I was a guest at a house party in the country recently, and was very much interested in watching one of the women guests prepare her skin to withstand the effects of the sun's rays during a tennis match. As her skin was rather oily, she applied a special coating on her face, neck and arms, of vanishing cream into which she had mixed a few drops of an astringent lotion. Over the skin so treated she applied powder carefully, and then announced that she was ready for the fray. She told me that she always used this preparation before



Some of the new vanishing creams are wonderful. They protect the skin and also make it exquisitely soft.

## THE PROMISE OF BEAUTY

By MAB

exercising in the open, and that as a consequence her skin never showed the unpleasant effects of wind or sun-burn. Normal or dry skin does not need the astringent added to the vanishing cream, but otherwise this same practice should be followed. If the tendency is to be very dry, it is advisable to massage cold cream into the skin first and then apply vanishing cream and powder. Some of the new vanishing creams are wonderful. They protect the skin and also make it exquisitely soft.

The fad this year for the sleeveless dress has turned attention to the protection of the skin of the arms. For those who do not care for such a wholesale use of vanishing

cream as suggested, there is a very new kind of liquid powder that is excellent for this purpose, and is not at all like its prototype which used to give the effect of whitewash and was drying to the skin. This new liquid protects the skin, leaves it soft and smooth and can be obtained in the varying flesh tints.

Do not forget your hands when applying creams or powders, for hands, unless they are well-cared for, (the skin as well as the nails) advertise neglect and proclaim age as does no other part of the body. Not long ago I went to hear a music hall artist from overseas who was giving some very amusing impersonations. Although she was past

middle age, her impersonations were for the most part of young people. She was very slim and agile and her clever make-up gave the illusion of youth. My companion directed my attention to the hands of this artist, in which age was manifest and gave the lie to her otherwise perfect production. They were thin and scrawny and had evidently not been considered in the *tout ensemble*. There is no barometer of age like hands, and yet this need not be so if they are properly cared for. Outdoor work or play is hard on them unless they are protected by gloves or saved from exposure by liquid powder or vanishing cream. Sun-burn and freckles are just as difficult to remove from the hands as from the face, and are quite as unpleasant to the eye.

Prevention is undoubtedly better than cure, but if the mischief has been done already by allowing the sun and wind to play havoc with your skin, do not despair. For science has come to the rescue with marvellous bleaching preparations that will repair the damage. Great care must be taken, however, in the selection and application of these restoratives, so that the disfiguring skin may be removed without unpleasant after effects. The first point to be observed is that a bleach should never be applied on an irritated skin. If there is the slightest indication of fever in the sun-burn, apply a clay pack to make assurance doubly sure, before attempting to bleach. It is hardly necessary to add that the bleach you use should contain neither lead nor mercury. I have recently come across an excellent one that contains no harmful ingredients and does most effective work. Time was when a chemist would evolve a single preparation for bleaching which would be excellent for one skin and probably disastrous to another which was tender and over-sensitive. But all that is changed now, and bleaches are obtainable in different degrees of strength. It is advisable, in any case, to try out a little of the bleach on the arm or hand before using it on the face, to follow the directions carefully, and to use cold cream generously between applications. I always try anything of this kind on my hands first, and in this way I have bleached out some rather unsightly freckles that I thought were my portion forever.

All enquiries regarding beauty culture will be answered personally when a stamped envelope is enclosed to MAB, c/o The Chatelaine. Answers cannot be sent when return postage is not enclosed.

## One Good Turn

Continued from page 20

virtue of your thousand pounds—all my capital is only about six hundred—you'll be the senior partner."

"But I can't be! It's absurd! I don't know one end of a car from the other!"

"We manage to adjust more difficult things than that here," with a smile.

"Oh, well, have it your own way!" though not at all displeased.

"But there is one other thing . . . and that's rather important." The pink crept sweetly into her cheeks. "I don't wish my name to appear . . . at least not at present! You had better know me as—" Marjorie dug hurriedly into her brain for something really original in nomenclature. Then added: "Er—Miss Jones."

Outside in the garage a perspiring mechanic turned to his brother sufferer.

"I thought you told me," he said with a touch of scorn in his voice, "that the gov'nor was goin' to 'elp us in this job and nothin' weren't goin' to stop 'im?"

The other removed a remnant of cigarette from his mouth, gazed at it, decided that its days were over and tossed it away.

"See what he took into his office just now?" he asked laconically.

"I did!"

The other laughed contemptuously.

"I can see you wastin' your time on a

blinkin' lorry," he retorted, "when you've got a blinkin' super-sports model such as 'e's got inside there, that's askin' to be over-auled . . . I don't think!"

Even our most disinterested actions are liable on occasion to misinterpretation.

MONTY climbed the stairs to his attic slowly and laboriously. Cuthbert, because his canine instincts told him that all good dogs, whatever their inclinations might be, should tune in to their masters', followed him equally slowly. Yet there the comparison ended. About Cuthbert's progress there was nothing laborious. His vitality was still very much there, but it was kept slightly in the background. Which to Cuthbert was a little puzzling. His life, during the last few weeks seemed to have undergone a process of reconstruction, and he couldn't quite understand it. In the early days of Monty's service, his horizon had been unshadowed by a single cloud. He had had a care-free master, the freedom of the larder, and a liberty of thought and action such as even a New York policeman might have envied.

Now all that had vanished. His life seemed to have become one long vista of monotonous walks on hard pavements where fool people continually fell over him

or called him hard-sounding names. Even his food rations were irregular and altogether inadequate for a growing dog. In the matter of games, life was a waste, a howling wilderness. From all of which he augured that something was seriously wrong.

And at this particular moment as he cast wistful eyes at Monty's slightly bowed shoulders the world seemed even harder than usual. They were amazingly tempting those shoulders . . . replete with suggestions of a game he had dearly loved in the days of the long ago. But now there lingered in his mind unhappy memories of that particular game, and this caused him to view it with a certain amount of suspicion. He had still a very vivid and very unpleasant recollection of the last time he had played it. It had been in company with a certain white-bearded old gentleman who had somehow—Cuthbert could never discover why—failed to play it in accordance with his, Cuthbert's, preconceived ideas. True that he could only recall broken and confused snatches of what had actually taken place, but those broken and confused snatches had left a very vivid impression on his memory and other parts of him. For the game as he had known it up to that moment, had never included fire-irons, inkstands, and miscellaneous furniture. And so

precipitately had all these descended upon him, and so great had been his bewilderment that even the power of retaliation had deserted him then . . .

Cripps, busily laying the tablecloth—and smoothing out that portion that contained the day's racing news—looked up as Monty came in.

"Any luck to-day, sir?"

Monty fetched up a smile as he took off his overcoat and tossed it on the bed.

"Not so bad, Cripps," he said. "Not so bad! Six firms have taken my name, address, and the clergyman who confirmed me. Four more have offered to bear me in mind in case they should have a vacancy during the next ten years. Three others hope I'll look 'em up again about Christmas time. Two assured me that they could have fixed me up if only I'd been ten years younger, and one kind, old sportsman confided in me that I'd have a far better chance if I gave up my eyeglass and took to spectacles. Thoughtful folk these employers of labor!"

"Well, sir," answered the valet as he turned the three herrings that were sizzling in the frying pan, "I think you're a bit ahead of me. None of the people I've called on have held out any hopes at all."

Monty sat down on the bed a little wearily.

(Continued on page 34)

there was a hush over the room that could have been cut.

"Cripps!" whispered Monty, and the note in his voice suggested that the end of the world had at last come. "Am I—am I—seein' things?"

"I'm—I'm seeing them, too, sir," hesitating.

The "things" were a small bundle of treasury notes that lay staring at them from the floor. As Monty had swung up his overcoat, they had slid out and now rested on the oil-cloth.

"You—you—pick 'em up," murmured Monty tremulously; "I—I daren't. I—I believe there must be a string attached to them . . . and we can't see it."

"If you wish it, sir—" began the valet.

"Run round the other side first," whispered Monty, "then they can't get away!"

MONTY was strangely quiet that evening. They had supped like bloated plutocrats, as he put it, off beef and ham from the neighboring cook shop, new bread and butter and a bottle of beer. Now two packets of cigarettes lay on the table between them. As Monty remarked, "we will go into this question of cigarette-smoking later on, Cripps. After all, every argument has two sides. We mustn't get narrow-minded."

But all the same his usual cheerfulness seemed to have gone. A kind of quiet sadness, strangely unusual for him, seemed to have settled over him. And every now and again—far more often than usual, too—Cripps noticed that his glance would rest on that silver-framed photo that stood on the mantelpiece, when he would shake his head sadly and sorrowfully.

"I'd like to know where those notes came from, sir," ventured Cripps for the umpteenth time. "Treasury notes, sir, as we know, don't grow on trees." His eyes were on Monty. "Neither do they get into coat pockets—"

"I know, Cripps!" quietly.

"You do, sir?" with surprise in his face that was really creditable, considering that he had already guessed what was coming.

"At least—I think I do." There was some thing like a hush in Monty's voice. "Everythin' points that way. You know I met . . . Mrs. Barrett . . . a few days ago, and lunched with her."

"You told me so, sir. You told me, too, how bright and cheerful she seemed to be."

Monty seemed to swallow a lump in his throat. "I know. I thought so . . . because I thought—oh, I don't know! There were moments when I didn't think she was really as cheerful as she was trying to make out . . . I remember them all now. There were times when I almost fancied I saw . . . tears in her eyes!" He got up from his chair and paced the room restlessly. Then almost fiercely he swung round and faced his valet. "She *knew* I was lyin'. Cripps! Of course, she knew! Women always know! They've always known everything ever since the world began! And she wouldn't tell me! She thought it would only hurt me, so she pretended to believe me. I remember seein' her write somethin' and give it to the butler. Five minutes afterwards he came in and said she was wanted on the 'phone. That was her way of doin' it . . . to give herself a chance of slippin' these notes into my pocket. She saw I was down and out . . . saw the cracks in my boots and the nap off my hat. She *knew* that if she offered me money I wouldn't take it. And so she chose that way . . . and then—then," his voice broke badly, "we damned fools say there aren't such things as angels!"

He came over to the mantelpiece and stood gazing at Marjorie's photo. "And I tried to kid myself," he said bitterly, "that I was doin' you a good turn when I married you, you little wonder person! 'Stead of which, all I've done is to saddle you with a good-for-nothin' husband you can't even get rid of . . . on whom you've got to waste all your money and sympathy!"

Cripps stood watching him mournfully.

He was searching his twenty years' experience as a gentleman's gentleman, but could find nothing in it that could cope with a situation of this sort.

"Montague Charles Anstruther Barrett," went on Monty dreamily, "the biggest, damned, selfish failure that the world has ever known!"

"And yet, sir," ventured the valet after a slight pause, "I believe there was a gentleman of the name of Tennyson, who I understand," this in a tone of a man who is not prepared to commit himself entirely, "laid it down that young men can rise on stepping stones—"

"I wonder!"

"Alternatively may I suggest, sir, that—assuming Mrs. Barrett is responsible—er—for this generous gift, your prospects are materially brightened?"

"Optimist!" sarcastically.

"Well, sir," there was firmness in the valet's tones now, "my limited experience of the sex teaches me to believe that—angels or no angels—their energies and money are seldom expended except on what they're definitely interested in."

"In other words, I suppose you want me to believe that Mrs. Barrett is really fond of me, eh?"

"I would suggest, sir, that such a thing is not unlikely. I believe there have been ladies, sir, who have been known to be quite—er—interested in their own husbands . . . even in the best circles, sir."

"What's that got to do with it?" moodily.

"If I may venture to suggest, sir, it should have a very strong bearing on your future!"

There was a pause. When Monty spoke again his voice was very quiet. "And what do you suggest I should do, Cripps?" he asked.

"With all due respect sir, I should cease to regard myself in the light of a failure. I should bring to bear upon the situation that same cheerful philosophy which has, during the time I have been in your service, been your chief characteristic. I should impress upon yourself, sir," warning to his work, "that, as Mrs. Barrett is very obviously interested in your welfare, you *must* have an added interest in it yourself! In racing parlance, sir, I should let Mrs. Barrett see that she has not backed a loser."

Monty's hands clenched involuntarily, and his head went up. When he spoke there was a new note in his voice. "Cripps!" he exclaimed, "you don't happen to travel a prayer book do you?"

"I'm sorry to say I don't, sir."

"That's a pity," answered Monty. "If you did," he straightened himself up, "we'd have read the burial service over one damned fool Montague Charles Anstruther Barrett—as you have hitherto known him! And when we'd dug the blighter well in, beyond all hope of recovery, we'd have turned to the baptism of infants and ushered into the world a new—"

He stopped abruptly. Heavy footsteps were heard ascending the staircase accompanied by a labored wheezing sound, as of an asthmatic porpoise.

"That's Mrs. Bates, Cripps!" said Monty with a puzzled air. "It must be something extra to bring her up here!"

A knock on the door.

"Come in!" sang out Monty.

An old woman appeared, an old woman of ample proportions in a shabby black dress. "Ere's a letter for you, Mr. Barrett," she said in a voice that sounded as if she had been playing some strenuous wind instrument for a week, without leaving off.

"Confound that Court circular," exclaimed Monty cheerfully. "I told them not to put my address in. Sit down a minute Mrs. Bates, and have a rest. Try the sofa," waving her toward the bed, "we're none of us as young as we used to be, are we?"

"Thank you, sir," subsiding on the bed which groaned sympathetically. "Them stairs do try one." (Continued on page 37)



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"Cripps, old chap," he exclaimed, "why don't you give it up?"

"If you will permit me, sir," replied the other with a touch of reproof in his voice, "I have never asked *you* the same question."

"Of course you haven't, you old idiot," cheerfully, "because I've got to stick it or starve. But you haven't."

"No, sir," almost severely. "If you will be good enough to tell me where I can find employment—"

"Why, leave me to paddle my own canoe and get back to your old line of business," interrupted Monty. "Half a dozen of my friends would jump at you without a second's hesitation, and you know that as well as I do."

A pause. Cripps arranged the three herrings on three plates. When he spoke his voice had the note of a man who is forced, reluctantly, into presenting a painful ultimatum.

"I don't wish in any way, sir," he said, "to seem to appear dictatorial, but I would beg of you not to allude to that subject again. I have lately been forced to the conclusion, sir, that service with wealthy gentlemen is not suitable to constitutions like mine. My health, I find, has improved considerably in recent times. My digestion has benefited enormously also. Of course, I am willing to admit, sir, that should you at any time elect to return to your former position I should consider it my duty to accompany you—if you wished it. But failing that, sir, I find that this—er—Bohemian life is remarkably pleasant and—er—highly beneficial to a temperament like mine! Dinner is served, sir!"

Monty got up from the bed. He was smiling now . . . but it was a very wonderful smile.

"You dear, old liar!" he said softly. "Cripps, if ever we do come to a halo-and-harp time they'll fit you up with out-sizes in both, I reckon. Yet, after all," seeing the valet about to protest, "I don't really like it, Cripps! Because I've made a hash of *my* life, I'm darned if I can see why you should make a hash of yours."

"That, sir, if I may say so," there was a stubborn note in the valet's voice, "is merely a question of opinion. Again, sir, if I may say so, I think I have reached a time of life when I may be allowed to choose my own occupation."

"Personally, Cripps," grinned Monty, "I don't think *either* of us are allowed to choose our own occupations. They seem to be chosen for us—always assuming that having nothing to do is an occupation!"

He pushed away his plate and rested his elbows on the table.

"I used to have an idea, Cripps, that unemployed and unemployable were synonymous, but with a lot of my other ideas, that's got to go overboard. I don't want to relinquish my cheery outlook, old thing, but I'm afraid we're nearin' a crisis."

No one knew it better than Cripps so he nodded sympathetically.

"My second uncle I regret to say—and so does he, I fancy, because he's been doin' quite nicely out of us—has followed the example of the first and put the bar up on us. Even Wemmick—unless you know your Dickens you'll miss the idea—couldn't find much portable property here now. It's all gone, Cripps . . . and the tickets in our possession aren't exactly return tickets."

His eyes came to rest on Marjorie's photo in its silver frame. It looked strangely, beautifully, incongruous in that bare, cheerless room. A wistful smile came over Monty's face.

"If I wasn't such a selfish pig, Cripps," he said, "I'd let that go to Uncle, but—well, I just can't, and I reckon you know why! I don't really mean to be selfish, but—"

"If you were to do that, sir," interrupted the valet quickly, "I should be forced to part company with you, sir. I say it respectfully, sir, but I wish you to understand it once and for all."

"Couldn't do it, Cripps, old thing! I'll take the shillin', support the workhouse,

or prop up the embankment, but—no, not that! However," with his old cheerfulness, "now we've settled that, let's go into committee. First of all we'll clear the table, Cripps, and then we'll have a directors' meetin'."

It was just like the old Monty Barrett, this Monty Barrett who, a few minutes later drew up his chair to the table, a stub of pencil in his hand and an old envelope in front of him. Cripps sat facing him, solemn and impassive, Cuthbert, on his inverted soap-box, on his right. Monty shot his cuffs, adjusted his eyeglass, cleared his throat.

"Er—gentlemen! The minutes of the last meetin' havin' unfortunately been used for lightin' cigarettes owin' to a regrettable shortage in the match industry, I ask you to take them as read. All in favor of same—"

He grinned cheerfully at Cripps and patted Cuthbert on the head. "The Treasurer's report is as follows:

"Liabilities—Mrs. Bates' rent for five weeks . . . £1. 0. 0. Considerin' the difficult state of the money market at the present moment, gentlemen, I think we may congratulate ourselves on the smallness of our liabilities."

"Hear, hear!" murmured Cripps gravely. "We will overlook the fact," went on Monty, "that if any opportunities had been offered us for increasin' them it is possible that they might not have been so small. If my brother director at the other end doesn't smile in a minute I'll throw the blinkin' minutes at his head."

Cripps' face immediately relaxed and Monty went on. "The next important item on the minutes, gentlemen, is the assets. If my esteemed colleague on the right does not stop waggin' his tail I shall have to ask him to leave the room." With a severe air he turned over the envelope.

"Liquid assets of the company—one shilling and fourpence halfpenny. Unsecured assets as represented by numbered and dated slabs of printed cardboard, redeemable at various periods when anything comes along with which to redeem them . . . fourteen pounds seventeen shillings and fivepence. This, gentlemen, I fear, comes under the head of 'doubtful securities'—though why doubtful I'm hanged if I can see. Any doubt about them seems to have been settled long ago. Gentlemen, you may smoke."

Cripps got up from his chair, and going to the mantelpiece, took up a slightly attenuated packet of cigarettes and laid them at his master's side.

Monty gazed sorrowfully at both of them . . . seemed to ponder. Then: "Tobacco, gentlemen," he said, "in the form of cigarettes, is generally pronounced by the faculty to be one of the worst known vices. Really you know, there's a kind of healthy satisfaction in rememberin' that after to-night we shall have given up a habit that is detrimental to the nerves and injurious to the constitution. Here you are!" holding the other cigarette out to his valet. "Consume the devil and he will flee from you! After all, smoking is an overrated pastime, isn't it?"

"I don't think I care to smoke, sir, thank you!"

"None of your Ananias stuff here!" replied Monty sternly. "You smoke that cigarette at once and be a martyr, same as me!" grinning. "And to-morrow mornin', my Cripps, we will say 'Fancy fools wastin' their money on cigarettes. We wouldn't, would we?' And what's more it will be true, Cripps! No one but a fool would ever dream of wastin' money which he hasn't got, would he? Gentlemen, this meetin' is now closed. I beg you not to pass a vote of thanks to the chairman for his able conduct of the proceedin's, because his services are always at your disposal."

He got up from his chair and picked up his overcoat from the bed.

"After all, gentlemen," he went on gaily, "we have at least found the true philosophy. We have—at least one of us has—learned to wag our tails in the face of—"

The words faded from his lips, and he stood staring. Cripps was staring, too, and

"Yes, they do," murmured Monty abstractedly as he gazed at the letter. "I do hope this isn't an invitation to Buckingham Palace. I'd simply hate having to refuse George, but I'm so crowded up these days—"

He kept staring at the letter, almost as if afraid to open it. Then still holding it tightly, he looked up with a smile at the old woman.

"Now, Mrs. Bates, if you've recovered your second wind and are in a fit condition to stand a shock. I should like to tell you that I propose—I do indeed—payin' you the money I owe you. I know, of course, that it's the last thing in the world you'd ever expect of me, but you must try and bear up! I do these irregular things now and then—entirely regardless of consequences!"

The old woman beamed. "Well, Mr. Barrett, sir, I ain't denyin' that I can do with the money. It ain't too plentiful these days, as I sez to Mrs. Smith, I sez, only this very morning."

"And Mrs. Smith, I feel convinced, corroborated your statement," murmured Monty parenthetically.

"She did, sir. Mr. Barrett, sir, if this means that you've found a job o' work at last, I heartily congratulate yer. There's some wot don't deserve jobs o' work, and there's some wot does—and I always sez that you're one of them wot does."

"Now I wonder if you're right," mused Monty studying the letter once more. "I mean right in your estimates of my deserts? As regards your intuitions, I'm sorry to say you're wrong. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Bates, I've just had some money left me. Ever had any money left you? No? Well, I have. All my money's left me in recent times My cashier," waving his hand toward Cripps, "will just look into your account and send a cheque in—er—due course. In other words, Cripps, cough up, old son!"

The valet produced the bundle of notes and handed them to his master who smiled winningly at the old woman. "How will you have them madam?"

"Lor', Mr. Barrett," laughing, "what a case you are!"

"Cripps, you hear that! I'm a case! I always suspected it, and now I'm sure. Five weeks, Mrs. Bates, isn't it, at four bob a week? That's a quid, and here it is."

He took out a pound note and handed it to her. Then: "I only wish, you dear, old soul, that I was a bloated millionaire and could ask you to take the lot, but by the time I've paid off the national debt, stabilized the franc, and floated the new Chinese war loan, it's goin' to leave me a bit short."

Long after the old woman had gone Monty sat twirling the letter in his hand. "Cripps," he said, "I want to open this letter but I've had one shock to-night, and I really don't know that I'm in a condition to stand any more. Supposin' someone's forgotten himself and written to offer me a job! And we've got no brandy in the house, and my medical man's out of town! Will you be responsible, Cripps? If I were to drop down dead from heart-failure or hydrophobia, my uncle would never forgive himself—for not bein' there to see!"

"Risk it, sir!" suggested Cripps stolidly.

"Cripps," gravely, "I will! Merely remarking that if they gave V. C.'s in peace times, your name would come first on the list!"

He squared his shoulders, smoothed down his hair, shot his cuffs and adjusted his eyeglass. Then drawing a deep breath he slit open the letter.

Cripps admitted afterwards that Monty's face as he read that letter caused him considerable concern. He declared that a whole encyclopaedia of speculative theory passed through his, Cripps' mind, before Monty eventually gave tongue. During which time, he was undecided whether Marjorie had eloped with her chauffeur, or uncle Ebenezer had made a new will leaving his entire fortune to Cuthbert.

Then at last Monty spoke. "Cripps," he said in an awe-struck whisper, "we're—we're not the only madmen—in the world! Here's—here's—another one! And he's offerin' us—both of us—a job!"

AS THE bus pulled up outside the Duck and Dewdrop, Monty clutched Cripps fiercely by the arm and pointed. "Cripps?" he exclaimed hoarsely. "I—I can't believe—that—that—water will do it—but—but—is that really a garage? And is it really called the 'Oak Tree Garage'?"

"It is, sir," stolidly. "It's as plain as can be."

Monty sighed as a man sighs when his last hope has gone. "Of course, that's done it," he murmured. "We must both see a doctor now."

James Norton himself came forward to meet them as they entered the garage. From the expression of his eyes, he seemed to approve of them.

"Barrett and Cripps," said Monty with his disarming smile. "By special appointment—though frankly how you came to hear of us—"

"Ease up a minute," answered Norton, putting out his hand and shaking with both of them in turn. "We'll come to that presently. You know something about cars?"

"Frankly, not a devil of a lot!" replied Monty. "I've driven half a dozen busses, and been pinched about eight times. Cripps here is a devil at puttin' on spare wheels, and never moves a muscle if I take corners at eighty. That's the extent of our joint qualifications, I'm afraid. But if you're lookin' for chaps who'll work fourteen hours a day and don't study the hours when they open 'em, then I reckon we'll fit the bill all right!"

James Norton's smile expanded. "That's exactly what I do want," he said. "The wages aren't exactly princely, three pound a week between you—"

"Whisper that again, brother," murmured Monty faintly. "it hath a wonderfully soothing sound!"

"And I've got a little shanty at the back that I can rent you cheap—five bob a week. If that suits you—"

"My dear old godsend," interrupted Monty, "when may we start?"

"Why, whenever you like!"

Monty fetched up a deep breath as he gazed round the garage. "Where can I hang my coat?" he asked.

A smile rippled over Norton's face—the smile now of a man entirely reassured. "Good!" he replied. "What shall we say? Six months' trial—pay you weekly? Come inside my office and talk it over. Then I'll show you your quarters, and then I suggest you take a bus back to town and get your things; and to-morrow morning you can start right in. How's that?"

Inside the office Monty hesitated a moment. "I know it's dashed bad form to look dear old gift gee-gees in the back teeth," he murmured, "but if one's permitted to ask how you came to write to us—"

"Oh—er—certainly," replied Norton carelessly, proceeding to rummage among some papers on his desk. "Quite by accident, don't you know. The fact is I—er—happened to call in the other day at Duke Chambers—you know Duke Chambers, don't you?"

He never looked up as he threw out the question. He seemed entirely engrossed among his papers turning them over and over.

"I used to live there—once upon a time," answered Monty watching him. "By the grace of uncles!"

"Quite so, quite so." There was a curious nervous hesitancy about Norton now. "So the hall-porter told me. I got talking to him—decent chap, what? He spoke about you—said he fancied you were looking for a job—wasn't sure. Mentioned you drove cars and all that. I made a note of your address, and there we are."

"I see," replied Monty slowly. There was almost a tinge of disappointment in his face.

"So," went on the other, "you'll be willing to start right away?"

"You bet!"

"Excellent! Now come over and have a look at that little wooden hut I've got, and see if it would suit you!"

Continued on page 50

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A quicker method is to drop a small bit of dough on the baking sheet and flatten into shape with a cup. This does not give as uniform a shape but a saving of time is often better than perfection of shape."

"I've often heard the girls talking about ice-box cookies," said Peggy. "Whatever are they?"

"Ice-box cookies," answered Ann, "are my favorite 'short cut' in cooking. They are made from the foundation recipe for rolled out cookies. The dough is lightly kneaded into a roll about two inches in diameter and chilled until it is very stiff. This may take several hours in the ice-box; sometimes I leave it in over night. Then the dough can be sliced into very thin cookies and all the

tedious rolling is avoided. In slicing, I use a piece of oiled paper to protect the dough from the heat of my hand, and I always return the roll to the ice-box until I am ready to slice more cookies.

"The advantages of this method, are that it is quick and easy; also that all the cookies are rich and crisp, as no extra flour has to be added as is the case in the rolling out process. The only disadvantage is that the cookies are slightly irregular in shape—but that doesn't worry me, at any rate! I had one friend tell me that the dough crumbled when she tried to slice it. If enough flour is well-kneaded in, and the dough thoroughly chilled, there should be no trouble. I can slice the cookies as thin as paper."



## "You're You!"

Continued from page 30

THE senior Baldwins, coming home from the theatre in a car which had a new wind shield because one of the boys had "accidentally run into the garage door, having put out his lights too soon," according to Judith's report to her husband, saw people moving rhythmically about in their living room, and heard a saxophone wailing out a waltz to the accompaniment of a dutiful Victrola. They felt oddly out of place later, standing in their own hall, where rolled up rugs were tossed about at random and several couples were sitting out a dance.

It took Judith by surprise. It out-generated her.

Allen looked over her head as usual, and Randall, with a pretty girl in his arms, waved carelessly at her, as if she were an acquaintance passing in the street. Cecilia and Olga seemed very busy in the kitchen—very busy and very confidential and very aloof.

"Better you carry in and I pour out, Miss Cecilia. That's how we worked it when your ma had a party," Judith overheard.

"Come right in and don't be bashful, folks," invited Randall, at the end of the waltz. "It's an impromptu party, and the more the merrier."

Not only impromptu, almost improper! Boys and girls smoking, actually smoking. Ugh! Boys and girls openly petting; Ugh, again! A rough-and-tumble party, a heterogeneous party, not Mary's kind of a party, not hers, but, it suddenly occurred to Judith—the first party Eighteen, Sixteen, Fifteen had ever had since she came. Suppose—She'd think that out later.

She hurried up the front stairs, down the back. She slipped into the pass pantry and whispered something to Cecilia, which made her laugh out, not at all politely, just naturally:

"Oh, Judith, how I'd love it, and so would the boys!"

She sent Richard in the car, post haste, for three bricks of ambrosia and an angel cake. She brought out her own special Crown Derby plates and sterling silver ice cream forks—wedding presents. She told Olga to make heaps of sandwiches in an awful hurry. She whipped up cream for Cecilia's pot of plain chocolate. She opened bottles of olives, she poured out salted almonds with a lavish hand. Oh, she hadn't been a bachelor girl for all those years for nothing! She'd show them what real eats were! She showed them, and she showed them well. At midnight, those sophisticated boys and girls had displayed very youthful and unsophisticated appetites! The saxophones began to wail again, the Victrola labored on, the party finished itself. The Baldwins were alone.

Richard, after the last guest had gone, with the air of a determinedly conscientious though naturally lenient parent, prepared to spoil the evening by reading the law to Mary's children. "Whose doing was this?" he asked sternly.

Cecilia was not a thistle, she was a rose, as she answered promptly: "Why, Daddy,

Allen thought of it, but I 'phoned the girls and Ran the boys. Olga said she didn't mind and—and you folks were going out and everything. And, anyway, Daddy, it's really our house, too, you know, isn't it? And we've never had a party since Judith came! She's never mentioned it, and we owed everyone."

Allen was again standing in his favorite attitude, hands in pockets, jingling something, feet wide apart. "Yes, I thought of it, Dad, and I did it. So that's that. Further, I won't carry out ashes and tend the furnace and be ordered about to help Olga either. She doesn't like it, and besides I'm a very busy man. I'm planning to start my Med Course in September. I've saved up enough to begin. I've got a lot of cramming to get off those sups. Judith can go chase herself!"

He glared at the last person mentioned through dark-rimmed glasses, with indignant gray eyes, but he looked at her, not over her. Tally one!

She smiled at him in that adorably interested way which had made everybody like Judith Lane. "Why, how splendid, Allen! In that case, we'll make other arrangements. Come on, everybody, let's straighten up this house. There might be a fire in the night."

Richard looked stunned, but relieved. Energetically they straightened. Randall whistled the "Doll's Dance" between his teeth, and Cecilia giggled and confided.

"Really, he's an awfully nice boy, Judith, and good looking! He's going to be an explorer!"

"An explorer?"

"Yes, of Polar regions, like Amundsen and Steffanson and Greely and those," she bubbled over with her subject. "He hopes to discover another continent or some new Eskimos or something like that. If he does not go in for exploration, he'll be an inventor."

"Remarkable!" said Judith sincerely.

Allen and Randall, by this time had all the rugs down, and big pieces of furniture upon them.

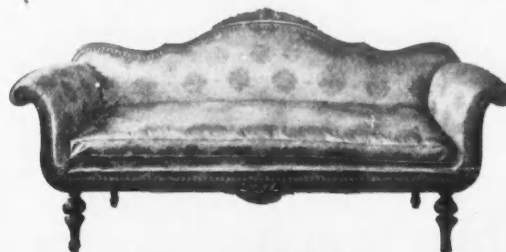
"This table goes here, and that little one over there, and this chair on the other side of it, so—and that one, by the grate. Gee! I'd like to mix 'em all up once for a change. They've stood like that all my young life," said Randall.

"Where's the old asbestos plant? Not that it doesn't look better without it, but we've always had it, and always will. I see it! Cheerio!" Allen deposited the large aspidistra in its huge jardiniere on the accustomed stand, with a vigor which threatened to demolish both.

"When I'm married," said Cecilia dreamily, "I'm going to have color in my rooms, plenty of color, and no etchings!"

Judith's surprised, pained ears took in these disrespectful remarks from the lips of Mary's own children.

"The heartless, forgetful wretches," thought she indignantly. "It's a good thing Mary's gone. This is no job for her. The conceit of them! No reverence for her things, no respect for her taste!"



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## Bride's Progress

Continued from page 22

centre with fresh fruit. These rings may be  
bought in both large and individual sizes.

"These recipes are made up largely of  
milk and whipped cream, and are conse-  
quently rather rich desserts.

**Bavarian Cream** (no eggs)—1 tablespoon-  
ful gelatine,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful cold water, 1 cupful  
rich milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful sugar,  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoonful  
salt, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, 1 cupful cream  
(whipped).

$\frac{1}{2}$  cupful strong coffee may be substituted  
for  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful milk or sugar may be omitted  
and milk reduced to  $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful and  $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful  
maple syrup added.

**Charlotte Russe**—1 tablespoonful gelatine,  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful cold water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$   
cupful fruit sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful vanilla,  
2 cupfuls cream (whipped), 6 lady fingers or  
slices of sponge cake to line the mould.

**Fruit Charlotte**—1 tablespoonful gelatine,  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful cold water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful sugar, 1  
tablespoonful lemon juice, 1 cupful fruit  
juice and pulp, 1 cup cream (whipped).

Oranges, canned pineapple, fresh straw-  
berries or peaches may be used, the amount  
of sugar and lemon depending on the kind of  
fruit. Line the mould with fruit sections.

"In all these recipes, the softened gelatine  
is dissolved in the hot liquid; when partially  
set it is beaten until foamy and the whipped  
cream beaten in."

IT IS a splendid idea to have a jar or tin  
box of cookies on hand, especially when  
catering for a family of two. To make a  
large loaf or layer cake as an accompani-  
ment to fruits and simple puddings for  
dessert, is often a disappointment—only a  
few pieces are eaten and the remainder  
grows stale before it can be used. I think  
you'll find, Peggy, that it is better to make  
large cakes when you are expecting to enter-  
tain; the cookies which keep fresh for a long  
time may be used for luncheon and dinner  
desserts for Bob and yourself; and then you  
are always prepared when guests arrive  
unexpectedly, too.

"There are dozens, perhaps hundreds, of  
good recipes for cookies. Your relatives and  
friends will be constantly giving you new  
ones, but these I am going to teach you,  
Peggy, are simple and I have proved them  
to be successful from years of testing.

"These three are drop cookies, that is they  
are dropped from a spoon on to a baking  
sheet; they require very little time to pre-  
pare and no tedious "rolling out" is neces-  
sary.

**Oatmeal Macaroons**— $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful shortening,  
1 cupful white sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon-  
ful vanilla, 1 cupful flour, 3 teaspoonful  
baking powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful salt,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  to  
 $2\frac{3}{4}$  cupfuls Rolled Oats.

**Nut Cookies**— $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful shortening, 1  
cupful white sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls  
cream, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$   
teaspoonful salt, 2 to  $2\frac{1}{4}$  cupfuls flour, 1  
cupful nutmeats.

**Date and Nut Jumbles**— $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful short-  
ening, 1 cupful white sugar, 1 egg, 3 table-  
spoonfuls sour cream, 1 teaspoonful soda,  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful salt, 2 to  $2\frac{1}{4}$  cupfuls flour,  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful nuts, 1 cupful chopped dates.

(Strictly level measurements used. Imperial  
measure.)

"Batter should be soft. It is advisable to  
test one cookie before adding the full  
quantity of flour as different brands of flour  
vary.

Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. Fah.)  
10 to 15 minutes.

"These recipes make approximately 50  
cookies."

"Well, the recipes seem plain enough,  
Ann, but how are the ingredients mixed?"  
Peggy enquired.

"The method for the three is practically  
the same; measure the shortening by putting  
water in the measuring cup, then fill up with  
the fat. For example to measure one-half  
cupful of butter, fill measuring cup to the  
one-half mark with cold water, add butter  
until the water reaches the top of the cup.  
This gives an easy and accurate measure-  
ment and the cold water does not melt any  
of the fat.

"You will notice these recipes say shorten-  
ing, not butter. Most people prefer the  
flavor of butter, but for economy, a pure  
butter substitute may be used. It is not  
advisable to use lard or dripping in cookies  
unless there is a strong flavoring present,  
such as molasses or spices.

"The shortening is creamed, the sugar  
added gradually and thoroughly blended,  
then the well-beaten eggs. If fruit or nuts  
are in the recipe they are added next,  
followed by the flour sifted with the salt  
and baking powder or soda. The flour is  
measured after sifting once. One cookie is  
tested to see if the batter is sufficiently stiff.  
Personally, I use a soft batter so that the  
cookies are rather flat and crisp; others  
prefer the cookie to hold its shape, in which  
case the larger amount of flour in the recipe  
should be used. The cookies are dropped on  
a lightly greased baking sheet about two  
inches apart and baked ten to fifteen min-  
utes in a moderate oven. Very often the heat  
varies in different parts of the oven—then  
the baking sheet should be turned around  
once during baking. These little points can  
be learned from experience with one's own  
stove, however.

"Many consider that a 'cookie' doesn't  
deserve the name unless it is of the flat,  
rolled out variety. Here is a good founda-  
tion recipe for this type.

1 cupful shortening (butter or good butter  
substitute), 2 cupfuls brown sugar, 2 eggs,  
1 teaspoonful vanilla,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful salt,  
2 teaspoonful baking powder,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  to  $3\frac{3}{4}$   
cupfuls flour.

"Bake on greased baking sheet in moder-  
ate oven (350 deg. Fah.) for eight to ten  
minutes. The brown sugar browns quickly  
and care must be taken that the cookies do  
not burn.

"This recipe may be varied by using white  
sugar instead of brown (the latter gives a  
rich color and flavor); 1 teaspoonful mixed  
spices, or nutmeg or cinnamon may be  
added, or the grated rind of half a lemon, or  
one cupful chopped nuts.

"The dough should be kept as soft as  
possible and chilled before it is rolled. It is  
more difficult to roll when it is soft, but if  
too much flour is added the cookies become  
stiff and tough. A small piece is rolled on a  
lightly floured board and cut in shapes.

of juvenile delinquency, it was urged, must be along the same social and ameliorative principles as characterized our approach to any other child welfare problem. This point of view was strongly urged by Sir George Foster and Dr. Riddell, the Canadian representatives to the Assembly in 1926. The decision now that the Child Welfare Committee will continue this study and extend its scope to include the "social services" of the Juvenile Court, is a justification of the stand taken by Canada two years ago. Miss Julia Lathrop will be responsible for one part of this important study.

WITH considerable courage, the Committee has inaugurated an inquiry into the legislative provisions of the countries of the world for the care and protection of children born out of wedlock. Over thirty countries are already co-operating in this study, in which Canada must inevitably play an important part because of the excellence of the legislation dealing with this group of children in six of her provinces. In fact, the legislation in force in Prince Edward Island, Manitoba and Saskatchewan is in the forefront of the world's efforts in this field.

Perhaps the most important decision taken by the Committee at its recent session was the inauguration of a study in a group of selected countries, of the provisions and methods existing for the care of children, "exposed to moral or social danger." Five thousand dollars, given to the Committee by the American Social Hygiene Association will be utilized for this purpose. It is practically certain that Canada will be one of the six or seven countries, of the fifty-five in League membership, included in the inquiry. This will be greatly to the advantage of Canada, for some of the finest work being done in the world, in child care and protection is being carried on unostentatiously in the Dominion, unappreciated in its importance, by Canadians themselves. It is doubtful, if anywhere in the world, a finer demonstration in the private family care of infants in need of protection, and of unmarried mothers and their babies, especially, could be made than that of the Toronto Infants' Home. The Home of the Guardian Angel in Halifax, on the other hand, has been able to give marvellous results in the saving of infants' lives, in the application of scientific health services to the babies in their institution. Various children's aid societies, notably those of Toronto and Winnipeg are making social history, in the extension of varied services to children in their own homes, and in outside private family homes. The chapter could be lengthened to include many agencies, in many centres, who are contributing to Canada's proud record in this field.

The survey of child welfare work in British Columbia, made by the Canadian Council on Child Welfare in 1927, was the first Canadian inquiry in the nature of the present League study, made by Canadians in Canada. The same Council is now arranging to release its secretary for a somewhat similar inquiry in Manitoba for the Manitoba government, while arrangements have also been concluded for a like survey, during 1928, for the province of New Brunswick.

The first step was taken in what may eventually prove an extensive piece of work, in measures for retarded children. Dr. Simon, the noted French psychologist will be asked by the Committee to prepare a scientific classification of children feeble-minded or mentally retarded, on the basis of which the Committee will decide its future policy.

And so, on through the days of the Committee from early morning until late at night, the representatives of the nations sought to pool their knowledge and experience to the one end—that life should be safer, finer, fuller, richer for all the world's little children. And who knows but that, ultimately, following in that path, the nations of the world shall themselves find the richness of understanding and peace, in their effort on behalf of those, who cannot help themselves; and that of struggling, strife torn humanity, the prophecy shall be fulfilled, "a little child shall lead them?"



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Richard had finished his paper and gone upstairs to get what sleep he could before that eight o'clock breakfast. The two boys and one girl who were all that remained of the party, lingered about as if something was going to happen.

Judith sensed it. She wondered if her conduct had been perhaps a rather too high-handed proceeding. Her native good judgment began to sit up and reason with her. She was not, it told her, really one of them, and they were not altogether to be blamed for refusing to admit her to the spontaneous confidence which is motherhood's most priceless possession. They were not to be censured for withholding from one who had been merely their mother's friend, the right to fill that mother's place, no matter how much that person longed to do so.

However, abruptly, Allen began to speak to her: "Say, Judith, it was kind of a mean trick to keep you in the dark about this party, but you've been a darn good sport about it. Better than I thought you'd be after the way you've acted."

Indignation boiled up within her.

"Thank you, Allen," said she coldly.

"And about Randall. It was sure white of you not to tell Dad. It was sporting, that's what it was!" He took, then, a deep breath, as if for a dive into cold water. "But there's one thing you do we just won't stand for, and it's this. You keep trying to act like Mother, and we don't like it. You're all right if you'd be natural, Judith, but when you try that sweet stuff, you're, you're a scream! You see, we can remember you so well when we were kids, and we used to like you because you were so jolly. We were glad when Dad said he was bringing you, but you ought to know you can't be like her. Nobody could—not ever!" There were tears in Allen's eyes and there was adoration in his voice.

Randall took up his cue.

"You were dandy to-night, Judith, you certainly were, and all day for that matter."

Gosh! Why don't you act like that all the time instead of as if you're afraid Dad'll fire you if you change anything?" This from Randall, who was supposed to be ashamed of himself, who ought to hang his head and say something thankful about last night! Sheer amazement held Judith Baldwin's lips speechless.

Cecilia spoke for her, an authoritative Cecilia, the one like a thistle, the one who had been mother *pro tem*! "I think," said she, "that's about all from you boys. If you say another word, I'll call Dad. But, really, they don't mean it as bad as it sounds, Judith, dear. They just mean that Mother was Mother and you're—well, you're you! She—was—so dear! You'll never know until you lose your mother. We can't give you her place. She's in it."

Immortality, that mysterious intangible thing in which we all believe, but which none of us understand! Was this, then, a part of the wonder of it, to keep your place forever yours in the lives of your own?

Then, suddenly, as if a mist of sentiment which had partially obscured them had dissolved and drifted away, Judith Baldwin saw them, two boys and a girl, like three young trees, with roots in the earth, and a sky of hope as high as heaven above them. Two boys and a girl as ordinary as most boys and girls, as clear-sighted, as impatient of pretence, as unhampered, by precedent, as responsive to sincerity, to be fed in body and in mind; to be shielded just a little from their own untrained impulses; to be praised for honest effort and blamed for fault, not failure; to be made somehow, into the men and the woman that Mary meant them to be—to be *step-mothered*.

It looked like a good-sized job, but she rather thought she could do it now. It would be far easier than when she thought she had to play Mary.

If you're a crab apple, you're a crab apple; and if you're a peach, you're a peach; and you can't be anything else because—"You're You!"



## For the Children of the World

Continued from page 13

have not considered of sufficient importance, the relation of recreation and the use of spare time, to the social problems of both children and adults. Canada is still young enough, new enough, and "open" enough to provide, while she may, adequate and wholesome recreation facilities for all her people. The fact that Paris is now attempting to find space for the erection of forty public swimming baths indicates how great is the need for far-sighted policies in this field.

Then the Committee turned to the vast problems of selected groups of children needing special care. First were the pathetically appealing little blind children. One Committee member estimated the world's blind at 6,000,000. The Spanish delegate reported that his country has imposed a heavy tax on narcotic drugs and would devote the entire proceeds to the care of the blind. The British delegate reported that free radio licenses were being extended to all blind persons throughout the United Kingdom. The work of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind aroused considerable interest, especially the effort to provide care for young blind children in their own homes, and thus to avoid the development of a blind psychology. It is hoped that the Committee's study on this matter will lead to better methods in locating blind babies, at an early age, and to more adequate and courageous methods in combating the causes of blindness.

The world's "naughty" children were not spanked roundly, and put beyond the Committee's commiseration. The Committee visualized all the circumstances which might contribute to their misdeemeanors, and to rendering them "out of kilter" with the rhythm of our social conduct. Two most important and constructive advances were made at the meeting. It was first decided to push forward in collaboration with the League itself, a study already under way on the relation of alcoholism to child life, physically, mentally and morally, not only from the aspect of direct influence on the child alcoholic, but also indirectly, through alcoholism in parents. It will be a startling and tragic thought to Canadians that the experts working on this question estimated that possibly as high as 50 per cent. of the world's children in the older countries, are addicted to the use of alcoholic beverages.

Secondly, the Juvenile Courts study, undertaken by the Penological Commission will be carried on, now, in its social aspects by the Child Welfare Committee.

The Canadian point of view, as advanced at the time, was that the tendency to consider the misdeemeanors or offences of children from what might be called the penal or "prison approach," was repugnant to Canadian social principles and practices, as laid down in the Juvenile Delinquents Act, 1908, and the provincial laws implementing its operation. The approach to the problems



## QUILTED CUSHIONS



For securing patterns of cushions shown  
on page 49

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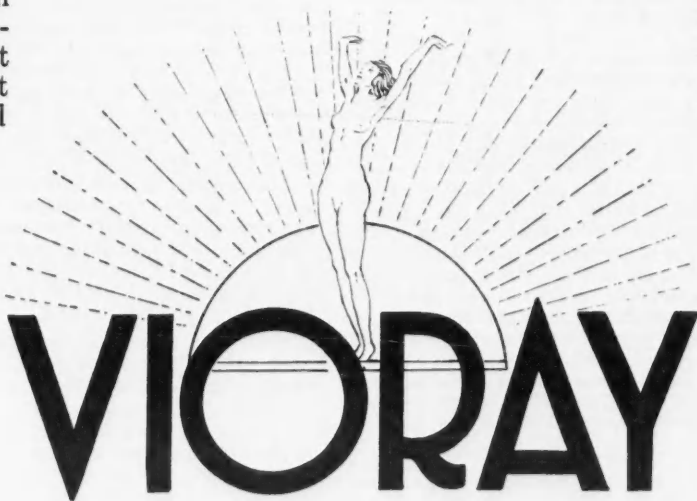
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## Let Your Baby Go Bathing in the Sun

Continued from page 23

avoid burning and go very cautiously.

Sunbaths can be given on verandahs, in gardens, on sun porches, roofs, beaches, and on the lawns. Clothing should be as scanty as possible, low in neck, short in legs, and without sleeves. Bathing suits, bathing trunks, sleeveless slips, cotton underwear—all are practical for wear until the skin is bared. A very suitable little garment is shown in the Vogue pattern illustrated.

Dependent on the weather and choice of location, the baby may be placed in his crib, carriage or on a thick blanket over a ground sheet. Screen the baby with a net to avoid insects and flies crawling on his body. If the weather is fairly still and yet a little cool, a couple of warm hot water bags may be placed under the mattress or blanket, taking care, however, that they do not come in direct contact with the baby.

There are several ways of habituating the baby to exposure. Sometimes it is directed for the mother to hold him on her knees and give gentle stroking of the arms and legs and passive exercise, commencing with the hands and feet and working toward the trunk. The majority of authorities advocate the shading of the head, eyes and nape of the neck.

A sunbath should not be given for at least an hour before, or two hours after, a meal. In the summer it is best given in the early morning and late afternoon, since the heat of the mid-day is depressing. Some authorities recommend rubbing with a good vegetable oil, after each treatment.

One form of sunbath is commenced with exposure of the legs and arms; then the dress is removed, and other clothes each day, down to the skin, until the baby is bared about the seventh to the ninth day. Another method is putting the baby into a dressing gown, and gradually exposing the limbs and body. Perhaps the method most extensively used, however, where constant attention can be given, is the gradual exposing of the body, commencing with the feet, as they are the least likely to produce ill effects from exposure; then the legs from ankles to knees, thighs, abdomen, chest and arms.

An easy way for a mother to remember these areas is for her to think of them as zones:

- Zone 1. Feet to ankles.
- Zone 2. Ankles to knees.
- Zone 3. Knees to hips.

Zone 4. Hips to chest.

Zone 5. Chest to chin.

On the first day, Zone 1 is exposed for five minutes; on the second, Zone 1 for ten minutes and Zone 2 for five minutes; on the third day, Zone 1 for fifteen minutes, Zone 2 for ten minutes and Zone 3 for five minutes, and so on until baby is having at the end of the second week, exposures at 8 to 9 a.m., 11 to 12 a.m., and 3 to 4 p.m., up to one and a half hours back and front. Do not miss a day and skip the turns.

After two weeks, two exposures should be given, at 8 to 9 a.m. and 3 to 4 p.m., the morning sun being used for the front and the afternoon for the back of the body. When the temperature of the day is 60 degrees Fahrenheit, a healthy baby properly reared, should, by the end of the second month, be bared once or twice daily.

THE dull days of winter present a problem which is difficult to cope with in the average home. Then is when the devices which have been perfected to substitute for the sun's rays, come into their own. Some of them are practical for home use. We must remember that even although visible rays no longer reach us, the ministry of the sun is still potent. Those invisible rays beyond the violet rays which we ourselves cannot see and which are called ultra-violet rays, still perform their miracles of good. The one drawback is that they cannot penetrate ordinary glass, or even smoke and impurities of the air. To meet this difficulty, there is now being made a certain type of glass through which the ultra violet rays will penetrate. A window of this specially prepared glass is useful in the house for dull days.

Babies who are given their daily doses of air and sunshine are much more likely to remain healthy throughout their lives; they do not catch cold easily, do not feel the changes in weather so acutely; their circulation is good; their feet glow with warmth as the light pierces the skin, and practically all the rays are absorbed by the blood. Mothers will feel amply repaid for the care and extra work the sunbaths may entail, for since sunshine is a mental as well as a physical stimulant, their babies will radiate happiness and contentment—a joy to themselves and to their parents. Make the best of every ray of sunshine, and so keep baby and the rest of the family happy and healthy.



## Setting the Stage in House or Apartment

Continued from page 9

never develop it to any particular extent by accentuating it. It is the wall either side which counts. How is your furniture placed with relation to your windows? Is it blocking their light, or is it missing it altogether? Are your lamps arranged with relation to their reading possibilities, so that when turned on they will cast their light over the left shoulder of the user? Have you noticed

whether they cast bad reflections in the glasses of pictures? Have you ever thought of augmenting your lighting by the use of mirrors which will reproduce the warm light of the lamp in another part of the room?

Do not be afraid to set your room as you would a stage. Let no effect be lost, for after all, the rooms in which you live and meet your friends, are your best life setting.

## Do Women Want Protection?—No!

Continued from page 6

time in that business. Night trade is far easier and much better paid. The result of the "protective" law is that women were protected out of the easier working period which was also the best paid, into the hardest working period at lower pay. Similar results are obtained everywhere when such laws go into effect.

The passage of this bill in New York was gamely fought by the women in the higher trades, such as the printing-trades, and the women in hotel work of all kinds. These classes demanded exemption from the proposed "protection." The women of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, to their lasting credit, supported these workers in their struggle for freedom, by endorsing the bill introduced in the N.Y. Legislature by Assemblyman Marguerite L. Smith. On May 3, 1921, Governor Miller signed that bill and it became law immediately. Women in these callings now have equal opportunities with men, and equal pay for equal work.

IT USED to be the fashion, and an unanswerable argument, to quote what "protective" laws had done for the women of Germany. We hear less of that now, because such laws have driven millions of German women out of good paying positions, and reduced more millions to living on three days' work a week.

A broader comprehension of world conditions has made the most enlightened organizations of women take more advanced positions. The International Woman Suffrage Alliance Congress in 1920 went on record as opposing discriminatory legislation based on sex. Following that lead, the Republican party in New York State, inserted a plank, prepared by a woman, in its party platform as follows: "We believe that legislation regarding hours and time of work should be based on a comparison of industrial strain, rather than put on the flat hour or sex basis. We are opposed to laws which discriminate against the right of women who seek to earn their living in competition with men."

That is the real secret of the difficulty. Women are competing against men, so they must be handicapped. Men have enormously improved their industrial position of recent years. How? By minimum wage laws and protective legislation? Not at all.

Men know that a minimum wage established by law is apt to become the maximum wage. They shout for it for women, but there is not a whisper of it as a means of helping men. Instead, men organize, and when they have settled among themselves what they think is a right wage, they bring pressure to bear upon employers until they get that rate.

When government says that a woman can live decently, almost comfortably on a given sum, generally just over the starvation line, why should employers bother to pay more? They do not. So what was intended to be the lowest wage anybody should offer, becomes the highest that employers do offer.

It is an insult to the intelligence of every right-thinking woman to be always harping on the morals of her sex. Morals are not confined to any one sex. Women are neither more immoral or unmoral than men, when they work out of the home. Like their brothers, that depends upon their mental attitude toward the advisability and desirability of a moral life. There are highly paid men and woman who lead immoral lives, and poorly paid men and women who lead highly moral lives. The reverse proposition is equally true.

If one is not the worker affected, it is easy enough to say "if better paying industries bar women because of these restrictions, let them enter them later." It is like Marie Antoinette's, "If they cannot have bread, why not give them cake?" There is no reason why a young woman should fret and chafe under restrictions based solely on her sex, any more than an older woman. She has a right to such financial success as she is able

to win. No one handicaps a young man that way, and he is no more likely to have dependents than she is. It is about as logical to bar a young woman from well paid opportunities to work until she is thirty or more, while a young man may hold such positions, as is the British suffrage, under which boys vote at twenty-one and women not until years later.

INDUSTRIAL conditions need to be improved. Nobody could or would deny that, and expect a hearing. But as *Equal Rights*, published in New York to maintain the fight for woman's freedom, well says: "Industry is to be made safe for men and women, not for women only; and industries can be regulated for the benefit of the workers, not for the purpose of discriminating against women, as is done at present." Mrs. Sidney Webb, internationally known economist, and a member of the British Government Committee on Women in Industry, says: "I see no justification for classifying all the workers of one sex and subjecting them all to a differential rate. It is admitted that some women are, in nearly all occupations, found to be superior in efficiency to the common run of men; and I can discover no ground for penalizing those exceptional women because of the industrial inferiority of the mass of their colleagues."

"I see no reason why in the interest of the community as a whole, the prescribed national minimum with regard to sanitation and amenity in the factory . . . and with regard to securing a due proportion of each twenty-four hours for rest and recreation should be any lower or any different for workers of one sex than for workers of the other. I think that the consolidation of the Factory Acts should be made the occasion for sweeping away all special provisions differentiating men from women."

"It may be urged that there are certain processes of industry, and even certain occupations, which are especially injurious or dangerous to persons of the female sex. I should hesitate before accepting this view."

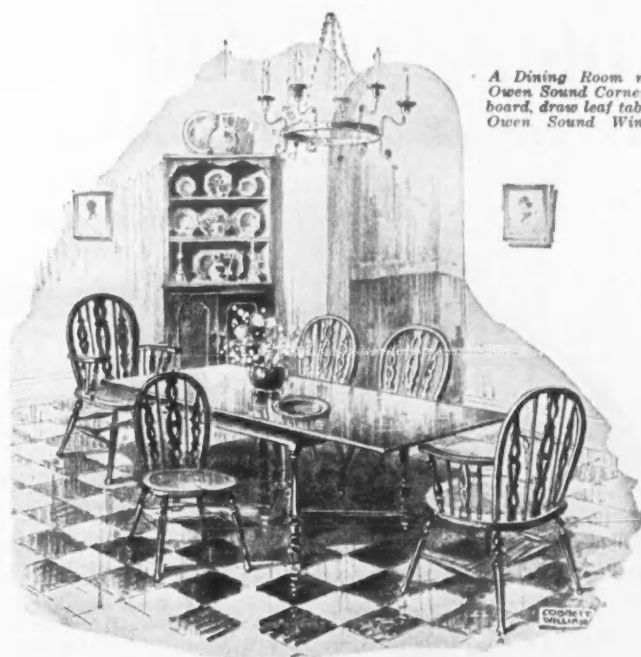
"What is called for is not the exclusion from work of all persons of one sex, or even the subjecting of them to special restrictions, but the minute, careful and persistent observation, by the medical officer of the factory, of the health of the individual, irrespective of sex, and the application of such special precautions, such restrictions and even such exclusions as may be called for by the proved susceptibility of the several individuals affected, whether they are men or women."

I have quoted Mrs. Webb at such length because she has expressed the consensus of opinion of thinking men and women who know whereof they speak. Equality before the law is immensely important for men and women, but economic equality is more vital still.

TO COME back to the first contention, all privilege smacks of injustice. So long as men and women seek privilege they cannot secure justice. There is, of course, no real economic liberty to-day for either sex. Nor can there be until all have free and equal access to natural opportunities.

But upon such economic opportunities as can come to men under present industrial conditions, women have an equal claim. It is the rankest injustice to exclude them, as a sex, from any opportunity open to the other sex to earn big pay for a regular job, or extra pay for overtime. The individual worker of either sex, as Mrs. Webb points out, may need restrictions or even exclusion, but no entire sex should be barred from any calling because of the inferior individual.

So far as Canada is concerned it is a regrettable thing that so little industrial and economic legislation has been initiated here. She has had the misfortune of being so close to the United States, and in such intimate touch with the mother country, that she has mainly filled the rôle of a "copy-cat."



A Dining Room nook—Owen Sound Corner cupboard, draw leaf table and Owen Sound Windsors.

SPARKLING conversation — scintillating wit — lively arguments on the topic of the moment—combined with food worthy of an epicure—have made the dinner party one of the most interesting and hospitable forms of entertainment.

But its success and charm depend not only upon the brilliancy of the guests or the flavor of the dishes, but also upon the beauty and comfort of the dining room furniture.

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Owen Sound Windsors Owen Sound Occasionals



That you may readily recognize Owen Sound Windsors and Owen Sound Occasionals—look for the now familiar tag attached to each chair.



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FOR HOME BAKING



A fall model recently launched by Ribeau.  
John D. Ivey, Toronto

## For Vacations and After

Continued from page 24

pleated skirt and simply made coat are in plain color, the blouse having dots of the color on white. The plain material is used as trimming bands on the blouse, and the dotted for flaps on the pockets, welding the two parts into a very attractive whole. It was seen in Copenhagen blue and white, but is to be had in various other shades. (From Livingston & Scott.) The hat boasts one of the new medium-sized brims that are a little less severe than the felts of other years. It is banded with corded ribbon and comes in many colors, including a rose-beige that is especially lovely. (Debenham's Limited.)

The second of these three-piece costumes has a fringed, rather long, coat of French basket weave woollen material, with narrow white kid belt marking the hip line. It partially conceals, and is in contrast to a perfectly delightful frock of O'Tay crêpe decorated with faggotting and pin tucks, and without a shadow of a sleeve. The simplest of the simple, it is quite the thing for the informal dance either now or later in the season. It comes in pastel green, light coral or peach, the latter two with gold or silver belts. (Dresses Limited.) Corded ribbon in tones of cerise, green, and gray are the sole but adequate trimming on the small pastel green felt hat, which tops this more than smart outfit. (Hat from G. Goulding & Son.)

NEXT come the sport frocks. Rose voile, flecked with white, fashions one. This wool voile is most satisfactory on several counts, as it tailors well, is summery without being too sheer, is firm, and lends itself admirably to the spoke-stitching that trims the model shown, which is also made in blue or sand. (Dresses Limited.) The beige felt hat owes its distinction to the novelty of its brim which is rolled under in front, though single at the sides and back, and to the use of ciré ribbon placed about the base of the crown in cameo tones of beige and brown. (John D. Ivey Company Limited.)

A jumper dress has a top of knitted wool, striped in two tones of beige with a metal

thread worked in; the skirt, pleated in front, is flat crêpe in the lighter shade of beige. Of this same light shade are the cuffs, binding on the "V" neck, belt, and removable scarf, making a very smart and practical whole. (Top second from right, from the Doherty Manufacturing Company.) Felt forms the rather broader brimmed hat, grosgrain ribbon binds the edge, and a design of autumn leaves is burnt on at the right side for decoration. (From Goulding & Son.)

Of another, but equally good-looking variety, is a pull-over in combination with a flat crêpe skirt in the gayest of citron yellows. A variation in weave forms the pattern on the jumper, which is knitted of the finest wool. Bands of white gray, and black outline the hem of the skirt and are woven into the ribbing at the bottom and neck of the jumper. This jumper, by the by, may be purchased as a separate entity, and of course in other colors, but who could resist describing it in such an entrancing shade? (Seated at right, from Livingston & Scott.) Plaid taffeta stitched with gold is used to band and bow the small felt model, as is the drooping brim. (From Debenham's Limited.)

Last, but not by any means least, is the dinner frock of lace,—for we must include one such "almost party" frock in the vacation wardrobe. It is made with sleeves, but these may be easily removed, enlarging the scope of its usefulness. With its wide girdle and bow of georgette, its sparkling brilliant ornament used in lieu of strap to hold this same bow in place, and worn with gold or fuchsia-toned satin shoes, it is fit to grace and be notable at any gathering, even dances of the more formal season. (Lower right, from the Doherty Manufacturing Company.) The naturalistic rose worn at the point of the "V" neckline does not come with the dress, but is an idea with which Paris is playing at the moment.

So here's to vacations! And here's to the two-in-one wardrobe, for its usefulness will remain long after the holiday is but a memory.



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## Lose Fat As She Did



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Women have found an easy, pleasant way to reduce. It is efficient—you can see that. Slender figures now prevail. Excess fat has been rapidly banished in the past decade.

Science has found a common cause of excess fat in a certain gland deficiency. In a gland which largely controls nutrition. It turns food into fuel and energy when it is active. Food goes to fat when it isn't.

By thousands of experiments research men found a way to combat that deficiency. Doctors the world over employ it in obesity.

The method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets, now used for 20 years. Millions of boxes have been employed in fat reduction. Users have told others, and the use has grown to very large proportions.

One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. No abnormal exercise or diet is required, though moderation helps.

The method is not secret. It is known to every modern doctor. The formula of Marmola appears in every box, also a booklet which explains results. You know what you are taking, and why.

Go try Marmola because of what it has done for so many, for so long. Nothing can hold the place which Marmola has held for 20 years without doing what you want done. Go start today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

**MARMOLA**  
Prescription Tablets  
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

that though "beneficial to female employees, wages tended to fall to the level of the minimum prescribed," which showed that Canada was having the same experience as the rest of the world. (Can. Annual Review 1925-6)

In 1924, the Canadian Federation of Women's Labor Leagues was formed, whose avowed aims are a marvellous mixture of wise and foolish education and legislation. Men won most of their liberties by organizing to fight for them, so naturally their first aim is to do the same. All their associated aims are logical enough, and praiseworthy, too, because they include housekeepers and every variety of woman worker.

But for women in industry, they demand contradictory things. First, they demand the "same rights as men, such as raising of wages, eight-hour day, equal pay for equal work, and compensation for injury." All of this is right and logical, but imagine mixing with it such things as "prohibiting night work for women" and "minimum wage law for all women wage-earners."

What is to become of newspaper women, printers, teachers in night schools, vocal teachers, nurses, doctors, waitresses, scrub-women and caretakers? Must they work only when the Canadian Federation of Women's Labor Leagues dictate, and thus be deprived of easier work and larger pay? What free and independent woman will

submit to that sort of dictation? Why is it less offensive than the dictation of the employer?

It seems incredible to me that there is no organized opposition to this sort of restrictive legislation, but if there is, I can find no record of it. In other countries this same sort of legislation is being thrust upon working women, but at least they are protesting against it. Canadian women should do no less. They should be seeking freedom, not restrictive legislation. Privilege is a thing of the past.

No effort is made to protect women in any industry where they do not compete with men, from the over-worked household drudge to the woman who scrubs office buildings after midnight. No man wants either job, so he does not suggest or support legislation to "protect" these women workers.

Let no woman be deceived as to the real purpose of all such legislation. Women must be free to work as they see fit. They have dependents as well as men, and nothing in the way of restrictive laws should prevent them earning as much as men earn to support such dependents.

Despite the ill-advised efforts of well-meaning women and of certain labor organizations, women workers will continue to fight for equal economic opportunities until they win them. And they will win them, just as they won suffrage.

## Do Women Want Protection?—Yes!

Continued from page 7

especially piece workers, is bound in too long a day, to take from the physique and mentality of the average woman.

AND just what protective measures as to hours have we in our different provinces? In the eastern part of Canada, from Nova Scotia to Port Arthur, there is still on our Statute books the old British law by which women and girls may be employed a ten hour day. The employer in each of these provinces may also, with the inspector's permission, lengthen the hours for the purpose of shortening some one day in the week, such as Saturday. In Ontario, he may also, if the exigencies of trade require, employ women workers twelve and-a-half hours a day for a total of thirty-six days in the year. In Quebec he may employ them for twelve hours in the day for six weeks of the year; in New Brunswick for thirteen and-a-half hours a day for thirty-six days of the year, and in Nova Scotia for twelve and a half hours a day during rush period.

If you linger and chat around such places as a Labor Temple you will hear that this exception for the exigencies of trade is often overstepped. Fortunately, and it speaks well for our Canadian manufacturers, by far the larger per cent. of our factories do not take advantage of the ten-hour day law. In Ontario about two-thirds of the women workers have an eight-hour day. It is perhaps as well for employers as for employees that this is so. Exhausted workers can hardly produce at the same speed rate as fresh ones. Blunders in work and accidents are stored up for the weary.

A member of the Manufacturers' Association states that there never was a time when there was better feeling between employers and employees than there is to-day; never a time when more was done for the comfort of the employees who produce.

Here is the story of the shorter day for women as it began in Ontario, very much as we heard it from the lips of the man who introduced it:

"When I took over the business," he said, "I found a good percentage of the women were being laid off because of colds all the time. This meant a steady loss to us. I began to study the prevention of these colds. It was in the days when women wore long skirts. I noticed they came in every day in the winter with their skirts wet from the slush and snow. I sat down and figured out that if they started work at 8.15 in the morning instead of 7.00, the sidewalks would

be cleaned by that time and there would be no danger of wet ankles. We tried it and found at the end of the year that the output of the same number of workers was greater than it had been on the ten hour day. We mend our factory roof when it leaks. We repair the office furniture. Yet these things produce nothing. Why not look also to keep the help who produce our wealth, physically and mentally fit?"

But if two-thirds of the women in a province like Ontario have an eight-hour day, "Why," says some one, "do the other third who have longer hours, not go and work in the eight-hour day factories?"

In a large number of instances these women who work the long day are in small towns. Often there might be but one or two industries in the town. They own their homes there, and to sell them is not easy. It's the old home town where all their relations are. It is better for family reasons that they should not leave. But the factory manager says, "Ten hours a day," and the law permits him. What are they to do about it? They work there or do no work.

IN WESTERN CANADA we find a distinct forward step in legislation. Every province from the Great Lakes to the Pacific has a Mothers' Pension Law. East of Port Arthur, Ontario, is the only one that has passed such legislation.

British Columbia has an eight-hour day for women, thanks largely to the good work of Mrs. Ralph Smith, M.P.P. In Alberta the Factory Act gives women forty-eight hours a week and, incidentally, Alberta has the oldest law on our Statute books in this regard, one passed in 1917.

Saskatchewan in 1919, through its Minimum Wage Board, prescribed forty-eight to fifty hours a week.

Manitoba put a nine-hour day on its Statute books, but took it off again. After this it prescribed through its Minimum Wage board a week of forty-eight hours. This fixing of hours, as in the last two provinces, named through a Minimum Wage Board, is not as permanent as an act of the Legislature. Minimum Wage Boards may change their rulings.

Dr. MacMillan, of the Ontario Board, is of the opinion that if there were concerted action on the part of the provincial parliaments in legislating an eight-hour day, that our manufacturers would not object to it.

The result of a questionnaire sent out by the Commission on Hours of Labor in Nova

"Come on with us—  
it will do  
you good"



HER husband and her sister are going to the country club dance. She would like to go... but hasn't the energy. She is "too tired"... as usual.

And, when they were first married, she was always the one who thought of interesting things to do. Now, so much of the time, she is listless, unhappy, bored.

These pathetic, "quiet tragedies" are very common, and so often they are caused because the wife is negligent about the delicate matter of personal hygiene—or perhaps because she does not understand the facts about it.

The makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant offer you, free, a booklet called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." It was written for women by a woman physician. It is

frank and explicit. It is written in simple language. The facts and directions it contains should be familiar to every woman. Tear off the coupon now, and send it to us. The booklet will reach you in a plain envelope.

In the meantime, do not take dangerous chances. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. Complete directions come with every bottle.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold at retail only in the brown bottle packed in the yellow carton.

LYSOL (CANADA) LIMITED, distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Toronto

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This coupon brings you  
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LYSOL (Canada) Limited  
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Literally hundreds of Canadian boys are "in the swim"—selling MacLean's Magazine and The Chatelaine to the men and women of Canada.



If you are a "reg'lar fella," with red blood in your veins, join the Young Canada Boosters' Club.

If you want to earn your own spending money, and win some dandy prizes, become a MacLean's Boy Salesman.

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The Chatelaine, MacLean's New National  
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Please tell me how I can join your organization  
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Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... Province ..... 71



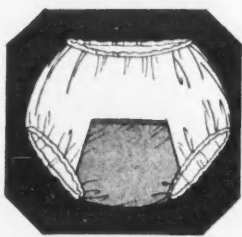
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## the ounce of protection

that sets your mind at ease



Bloomers and Step-ins  
cut to fit



With rubber back, and  
rubber panel in front

You'll like the trim slimness of these very modern Hickory protectors. The material is ample but the cut is shapely—no bulk whatever. Deep top and side portions of open mesh or fine voile. Extra grade rubber. The bloomers sketched, medium or large size, flesh color only, \$1. Others at 50c and up.



Above—A soft fabric Hickory Belt with elastic only at the sides and on the tabs. Side closing—easy to put on and take off. Flesh or white; waist sizes, 22 to 36. 50c up.



If you do not find Hickory Personal Necessities at your favorite store, write, mentioning name of the store. Address, Mrs. Laura Payne, 245 Carlaw Ave., Toronto

## The Belts that never bind

Be considerate of yourself in this matter of protective aids. And be particular about the ones you buy... they mean so much to your peace of mind and sense of security. You can make yourself completely comfortable, for instance, with a Hickory Sanitary Belt... so soft and light and easy-fitting... so absolutely safe!

Above—A favorite Hickory Belt in gentle, non-binding bandage elastic with elastic pendants. Made in easy slip-on style—no fastenings. In flesh or white; medium, large or extra-large; as low as 25c; satin trimmed, 50c.

Right—Comfortable shield portions of soft mesh. Elastic only at the sides. Front closing with pearl buttons. Easy to put on and take off. Flesh or white; medium, large or extra-large size. As low as 50c.

# HICKORY

## Personal Necessities

*The Ounce of Protection*

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CHICAGO NEW YORK **A. STEIN & COMPANY** LOS ANGELES TORONTO 82  
TORONTO

"Reforms," initiated in the United States have been taken up by groups of well-meaning women, of which we have many in Canada, and in a comparatively short time have been incorporated into law here.

It is an indisputable truth that it is much easier to get a thing enacted into law than to get it off the statute books. So Canada instituted minimum wage laws for women, too. The splendid growing West set the example, Ontario followed, and, finally, the Atlantic coast fell into line. The purpose was good. Those back of it pointed to the low rate of wages prevailing in Canada, especially among women, and praised the minimum wage law as the great fulcrum on which the rate would be lifted up.

Here, as in the United States and Great Britain, certain classes of labor organizations backed the plea of the women welfare workers. Public opinion was created, and legislators, sensitive to the chance for a return to power, enacted it.

No one gave any study to the question of why wages were low in Canada. There was no excuse for it. It was a young, rich, new country whose natural opportunities had not yet all been seized by the privileged few. Yet wages were low for both men and women. The only occupations where they approximated the wages "across the line" were the organized trades, and they did not secure high wages through the enactment of any minimum wage law.

I have never heard any explanation, but have worked one out for myself, that partly accounts for it, at least. Most of our people were of old country stock, where wages have always been on the low side. They were accustomed to have labor receive but a small share of the wealth it created.

Girls were employed in Canada at starvation wages because that rate would have been good pay in the old land. Unconsciously, we were all going on the principle voiced by the acting-premier of an eastern province.

When the woman suffrage movement was at its height in Canada, a delegation of women approached him suggesting a government bill giving the women of the province the franchise.

After hearing all the arguments quite patiently, he delivered himself thus: "I sympathize with your interest in this live question, but you will notice that Great Britain has not yet granted suffrage to women, and I think it would be very unbecoming for us to act before she does."

That was that. There was no more to be said, and be it noted, Great Britain did grant limited woman's suffrage before that province enfranchised its women. And that, in a less exaggerated form, has been Canada's attitude to things in general.

IT WAS not minimum wage laws that finally increased the rate of pay here, even admitting that in sporadic instances these laws had some effect. It was not until we had lost tens of thousands of our best boys and girls who went to the United States for higher pay, that we awoke to the necessity for higher wages in Canada. And they are none too high yet. The movement of population is much affected by the rewards of labor. Is it not that which draws European immigrants to our shores? Was it not the higher pay in the west that robbed Nova Scotia of many of her best teachers? Public sentiment finally compelled trustees and school commissioners to increase teachers' pay.

Canadian employers have been forced to raise wages, since they wished to retain intelligent workers. Yet, in factories and work shops where the minimum wage is in vogue, no one can deny that it tends to be the maximum wage. Canada is not different from the rest of the world, nor is she immune to cause and effect.

In New Zealand, where they made the experiment of minimum wage laws for both men and women, the same injustice cropped up, because the wage for women doing the same work was only 54 per cent. of the minimum wage for men. Naturally the New Zealand women made a vigorous protest, and are still trying to alter it.

It cannot be too often repeated that injustice and privilege never go hand in hand. Women have at last reached adulthood and should not be coddled as children. No matter what seeming good may flow from laws that fix the minimum wage and the maximum hours of labor, the principle is wrong. There is a fine old Book, a bit old-fashioned to-day, but none the less a safe guide, which leaves the impression on the mind that it is not well to do evil that good may come of it.

If Canada is not yet fully aroused to the wrong done women by surrounding them with such restrictions, she soon will be. Just as Great Britain is hearing from Mrs. Sydney Webb and others that all such laws should be swept away in that country; and just as groups of women workers in the United States are themselves demanding to be freed from them, the women of lusty young Canada are being shackled. Why?

That is the question to be answered and answered, too, with due regard to underlying facts. Look deep enough and you will find the same causes operating in Canada as led to such laws elsewhere. Well-meaning women, who do not work in factories or offices, get a sentimental slant on women who do work there. This feeling is strengthened by men in jobs where they fear the competition of women. Presto! Restrictive laws are promptly enacted.

Are school teachers, stenographers, secretaries, housewives, subject to such restrictions, or to minimum wage laws? If not, why not? The answer to that will be the larger part of the answer to why such laws are enacted for women in factories and work shops. Agitation for such laws does only one good thing—it focuses public attention upon hard and undesirable economic conditions.

So far, Canadian women have not organized to oppose restrictive laws which are being thrust upon them. They have not been alive to the danger, but in a sense that is more complimentary than reprehensible. The laws of Canada regarding industry have not markedly differentiated between men and women. Practically the same conditions exist for both, except, of course, that women receive lower wages for the same work. Except in special instances, and those comparatively recent, the eight hour day applies to men and women alike.

But it is well to be forewarned and forearmed. It is time that the women of Canada, those who work and those who do not, should realize that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. It will be much more difficult to get restrictive laws off the statute-books than to keep them off. Let the well-meaning women, and the men who fear the competition of women in the industrial world, keep hands off. If they devote their energies to discovering what is wrong with the economic conditions in a magnificent country like Canada, and help enact laws that will remedy that trouble, they will be doing a worthwhile piece of work.

It looks as if the working women of Canada will have to organize to save themselves from being strangled and deprived of their just freedom by the restrictive legislation their deluded women friends and their fearful male competitors are trying to fasten on them.

The actual conditions in Canada, according to Government returns are as follows:—Seven out of nine Provinces have Minimum Wage Laws for women, Nova Scotia, since 1920, but no Board appointed to implement it; Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. British Columbia has the distinction of having a Minimum Wage Law for men, also, which is more logical, but watch how it works out.

In Ontario, the minimum wage for experienced women workers is \$12.50; Alberta, \$10 for inexperienced, \$15 for experienced; British Columbia, \$12.75 to \$15 for women, with 40 cents an hour, or practically \$20 a week, for men. What is the matter with the women of British Columbia that they have not protested as the New Zealand women have? Sex discrimination as usual, under the guise of "protection" for women!

At the Saskatchewan Meeting of Municipalities as long ago as 1925, the report anent the effect of the Minimum Wage Law was,

Pillows in excellent quality rayon, effectively quilting stitched



Pastel and brilliant shades vie in the new small cushions.

## A-QUILTING LET US GO!

Some Effective Small Cushions and a Coverlet

By VIVIAN LEE



ONE of the most delightful pastimes now prevalent among modern women is the old fashioned quilting with new-fashioned ideas.

Quilting, which was used extensively in former years, is one of the easiest and quickest handicrafts that can be done, as well as one of the most attractive. It is especially adaptable to the excellent rayon materials now obtainable, and very beautiful effects can be secured with this method of needlework.

Quilting does not necessarily limit itself to the ordinary running stitch. In conjunction with this very simple stitch, designs are carried out in color and with several types of embroidery threads and stitches which give the article a much more interesting and artistic aspect than otherwise attainable.

The pillows illustrated here are exceptionally attractive. They are made of best quality rayon and furnish interesting color notes.

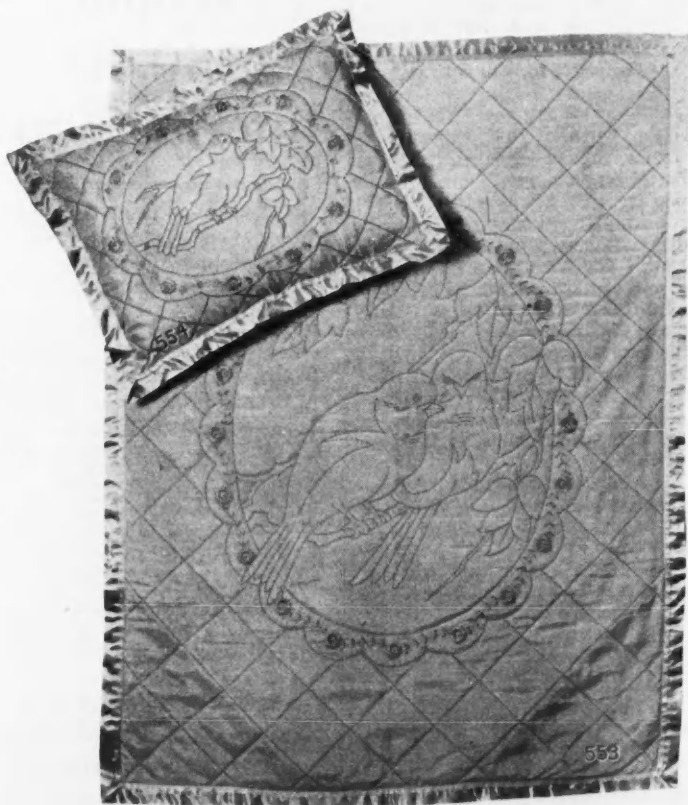
No. 588 is rose radiant rayon quilted and embroidered in self color of Boil-Fast threads. The cost of the stamped piece, padding and threads and instruction sheet to complete, is only \$1.75.

No. 589 is of black rayon, and the design is carried out in yellow, orange and green. This charming cushion is just the thing to help enhance the beauty of your living room and the colors will blend with almost any color scheme. This is also priced at \$1.75 complete.

And, of course, his majesty "Baby" must mark time with the grown-ups in his own particular style, and a quilted carriage set is very apropos.

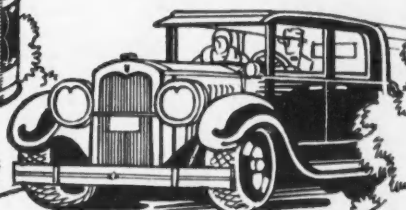
No. 553 may be had in either pale pink or blue radiant rayon, the quilting to be done in self color. The stamped cover, padding and Boil-Fast threads to complete are priced very low at \$1.25 and the pillow to match, No. 554, at only 75c.

Instruction sheets with each package.



For procedure in ordering see instructions on page 40

## SOMETHING EVERY WOMAN NEEDS to take in the Car



*Boncilla*  
Cleansing  
Cream

Next time you go motoring, take along a jar of *Boncilla Cleansing Cream*—just drop it in the side pocket of the car, and then at the end of your trip, apply it with your finger tips all over your face. After a moment, wipe off. You will be surprised how fresh and clean your face is. This new, wonderful cream does more than surface-clean—it searches the pores and brings out the hidden secretions of perspiration and dust, and makes the skin soft and fresh.

Every woman who values a good complexion needs this new Cleansing Cream—especially on a motor trip to combat the dust that fills the air.

SELLS AT ALL GOOD  
DRUGGISTS AND  
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LARGE JAR 75c.

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CANADIAN BONCILLA LABORATORIES, LIMITED  
77 PETER STREET, TORONTO  
I enclose 10c for which please send me generous trial  
size jar of the new Boncilla Cleansing Cream.  
Name.....  
Address.....  
"C"-Aug.

22

## Mother and the Boy

There is a boy in many Canadian families who can, with Mother's help and guidance, sell a lot of single copies of *The Chatelaine* in his home neighborhood.

Definite monthly earnings and a selection from a big 60-page catalogue of valuable prizes are offered to Canadian boys for this service, on behalf of the Canadian mothers and daughters of your neighborhood, who will desire to receive *The Chatelaine* regularly, at only 10c. per copy.

Mother can help by introducing over the telephone her bright young salesman to friends and neighbors.

WE WILL HELP YOU TOO

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I would like to join the Young Canada Boosters' Club and earn a regular income and prizes. Please send me a Free start in business and complete information and prize catalogue.

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Reserve Some of These Prizes for Me





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For your type, Bourjois has produced in Ashes of Roses Face Powder, the exact "nature tone" that will give your skin a soft, peach-bloom loveliness—the sweet freshness of youth.

It emphasizes the brightness of your eyes, the curves of your lips, the soft contours of your face. Its effect is enchanting—without a trace of artificiality.

Buy the exquisitely fragrant Face Powder at the better shops—in smooth leatherette boxes and dainty Parisian Compacts.

**ASHES OF ROSES**  
PERFUME      ROUGES  
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PALMERS LIMITED, MONTREAL

*New -  
from Paris*

Bourjois has created a ravishing new fragrance, exquisite beyond belief.

**MON PARFUM**

POWDERS - CREAMS - ROUGES - LIPSTICKS

Ask for them at exclusive shops.

## Something New!

*The Chatelaine is to be sold on a  
subscription basis by women.*

The publishers of The Chatelaine feel that a woman's magazine should be presented to our Canadian woman by members of her own sex who are familiar with the problems that confront her.

Following out this plan, the permanent direct sales staff will be composed entirely of women of the best type and who will be assured of a splendid welcome wherever they may call.

If you would be interested in joining our permanent staff, write to

The Salesmanager of

## The Chatelaine

Room 42

153 University Ave., Toronto

Scotia in 1920, lends some support to his theory. The questionnaire was sent to employers, asking what they thought of the eight-hour day.

12 were opposed.

21 were favorable.

7 favored it with qualifications.

9 did not reply.

With the passing of an Eight-Hour Act, the owner of the eight-hour factory would not then have to compete with the man running his factory ten hours. But in speaking to a member of the Manufacturers' Association on this subject, he shook his head dubiously, as he asked, "What about competing with Germany where they may work fourteen hours a day?"

Well, what about competing with American manufacturers in cities in China who employ women fourteen hours a day—5 a.m. to 7 p.m.? They also employ in the manufacture of silk, little children from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. They work with their hands in hot water all this time. Some of them work over machines, and little ones of seven and eight become so tired they have been known to fall into the machinery and be scalped or have their faces torn.

Similar conditions prevail in India and Japan. It all looks like a problem for those who deal with tariff conditions.

These hours show just what can be done even by our white race, when they get a chance to turn out floods of cheap goods in a land where women and children are not protected as to working hours.

But, says some one, what of the hours the married woman works at home—dawn until midnight sometimes?

Yes, but pointing out one evil is no reason for not applying remedies to others. Let us hope the day will come when the woman at home will not be considered a mere household chattel on whom all home cares may be deposited. Besides, protective legislation is a good object lesson for the man who works an eight-hour day and lets his wife work twelve to fifteen at home without lending a hand.

However, if two-thirds of the women workers in Ontario can enable their employers to hold their own on the eight-hour day, would the rest of the employers go to the wall if they, too, had a shorter day?

To come down to hard facts, Canada has really ratified the eight-hour day for everyone, at the League of Nations. We wonder if the provincial legislatures have not so far, treated the ratification as only "a scrap of paper."

**B**UT would the women workers themselves like their hours shortened by legislation? We asked Mr. Kirscher, head of the Cloak Workers' Union.

"Yes, surely," he said, looking with a smile at our ignorance.

"If the hours were shortened the work would stretch over a longer period." They work like mad during rush season, until nine or ten at night—then they are laid off. If hours were shortened, the manufacturer would have to begin earlier in the season to prepare for the rush.

"But we have heard it said that some girls protest against the hours being shortened."

"Oh, well, sometimes a sick child doesn't want to take medicine. But you love your child. You give him medicine. Sometimes girls don't see what is for their good. They see big pay for the longer hours and they don't see it means shorter season."

To be sure, we believe there are women for whom exceptions should be made as to hours; women, who, for some reason, are able to work longer hours and would rather work them. Why could not a factory inspector grant these exemptions just as exceptions are made to the Adolescent School Act, when parents cannot support a child.

Says Agnes MacPhail: "I think women workers should protect one another by having a legal length of day, and if they work over that time, they should be paid at a higher rate than for straight time, as men would be in a similar case. If any number of hours set by an employer is a day, women

who are willing to work longer hours for the same pay could be, and would be, used to exploit women workers. Women must learn to stand together, that each may be protected."

But not by any means the only important phase of our protective legislation for women is that dealing with the number of hours they work in a week. We have in all our provinces Protective Laws regarding sanitary conditions, safety measures, etc. We have our laws which protect the noon hour and which forbid the employment of women before seven a.m. or after 6.30 p.m., except Saturdays or before statutory holidays, or by special permission of the factory inspector to meet the exigencies of trade in a rush season. This latter does away with the night shift evil.

Just recently, it is said, we had to give an American firm a little education in this line. They were opening up a plant in Ontario and were about to employ women twenty-four hours a day in three shifts of eight hours each. But they found they had run up against our law, forbidding the employment of women and girls after six-thirty p.m., or after nine in emergencies. The outpouring of a lot of young girls on our streets at midnight and the incoming of a shift of fresh ones at that hour, was not according to our Canadian ideals.

Long continued concentration at night is not for the welfare of womanhood. Take for instance, our married women factory workers. If mamma works all night and goes home at dawn to sleep, she soon finds she is "mamma" still all day. We may, perhaps, query why it is that widowed mothers are paid pensions to stay home and take care of the children, while a mother with a big six foot husband goes out to work.

Nor is it too safe always to let a crowd of young girls come out in some factory districts and scatter down little quiet streets at midnight when few people are about. Our police protection may be good, but police are not everywhere. This is one protective measure we do well to keep, despite the "out for freedom" speeches of a Gail Laughton or a Josephine Casey.

Another great stride in protective legislation in the last decade, both for boys and for girls, has been the increasing of the age up to which children must be kept in school.

Little Anna Bella with whom we started, if she lives in Ontario, may no longer go to the box factory at fourteen. She stays at school until she is sixteen, unless her family can prove themselves too destitute to keep her. In Nova Scotia no child under sixteen is employed during school hours, unless said child has passed grade seven satisfactorily.

In Quebec, the law says no child under sixteen shall be employed during school hours who cannot read and write fluently.

Another good protective measure has been the repeal of the act permitting children of school age to work in canneries, an example of the far-reaching effect of which is worth giving here. A young teacher had worked faithfully all the term in a school with an average attendance of forty-five. One June morning she went in and found fifteen pupils (and those the wee ones) present. Enquiring the cause, they piped up: "Please, teacher, the factory wagon went through this morning."

She was eight miles from a big cannery and the strawberries were ripe. Every morning after that to the end of the term, the huge wagons gathered all her children and took them to town to hull berries. (It was a poor school district where everybody was glad of pennies.) But woe be unto examination lists, with a school stripped in June! In September it was apple peeling and in October it was apples and pumpkins. Then the school came back for the winter.

The Ontario Legislature, however, has repealed the law permitting canneries to employ children of school age during school hours. Since the repeal of 26, 8 Geo. V. c 44, S.9, Johnny, Jennie and Sammie are sitting at their desks on examination day in that school room now.

Continued on page 53



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—that brilliant, flaming tones of lip rouge are  
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PRICES—Tangee Lipstick \$1.25, Tangee Rouge Compact  
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# TANGEE



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Twenty cents brings you the miniature  
Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art  
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Sample of each free. Address  
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## One Good Turn

Continued from page 37

"THIS, Cripps," said Monty, gazing around him with complete and complacent satisfaction, "is rank luxury—resolution-wrecking, moral-sapping, depraved luxury! It's no good! There's a world-wide conspiracy against us both. Just as we really believe we're settling down to spots of spartanism and the dear old simple hardihood that stirs the blood and fills the unemployment bureau, luxury crashes in on us and sends us wallowin' into voluptuous ease and vicious self-indulgence. However, depravity or no depravity, I'll trouble you for another helpin' of tripe!"

He pushed his plate across the table and leaned back in his chair surveying the room exultingly. If it passed through his brain at the moment that, had not the South Eastern Railway discarded this particular railway carriage some two years previously, James Norton would never have come into possession of it, it certainly did not show in his face. From the satisfaction in his eyes as he gazed at the windows whereon hung cheap though scrupulously clean white curtains, as the stove in one corner of the room with the pipe that led up through the roof, at the improvised shelves in the corner, the two slightly-the-worse-for-wear deck chairs, and the vista beyond in the next compartment of a somewhat diminutive bedroom . . . this discarded railway carriage might have been the Home of Dreams to which he had at last come after weary wanderings of years. Yet all the same, something like a sigh escaped him as he pulled his replenished plate toward him . . . and Cripps, whose eyes had been on him just as persistently as the eyes of Cuthbert who sat by his master's side, could read that sigh by this time. He was well accustomed to it by now. It happened more frequently every day . . . and Cripps reckoned it would go on happening even more frequently as days went by. But Cripps understood it. He even sympathized with it. It called up a vision picture of a slender lovely little person in pale gray, and Cripps who, while at Duke Chambers, had had numerous opportunities for studying the species, was bound to admit at last that if ever such things were worth sighing for this one certainly was. At any rate, her silver-framed photo now stood on a small marble-topped table, flanked shrine-like on each side by a jam-jar of buttercups and daisies. Which, for Cripps, was a concession. For forty-five years, he had maintained a distinctly hostile attitude toward pretty lips and eloquent eyes. Roseleaf complexions and daintily upholstered figures had always filled him with a sense of distrust. Obvious and expensively clad silk legs accompanied by small high-heeled shoes, had been hitherto in the nature of a challenge to him. His protective sense had always been keenly on the alert before them.

But now as he lingered on that vision picture which his beloved master's sigh had called up, he knew that at last he was wavering . . . knew too that if he was prepared to make an exception, where he would begin to look for that exception. He thought of that little bundle of notes that had lain on the garret floor. Well, it would seem that perhaps there *was* one woman in the world who wasn't a gold-digger, and yet—!

"Don't you think, sir," he ventured, "that Mrs. Barrett might perhaps be pleased if she were to hear of the change in your fortunes?"

Monty smiled, but a little sorrowfully. "Pon my soul, Cripps, old thing," he answered, "it's a question that's never out of my mind. The more I think of it the more certain am I that it was she who sent us that money. And yet—oh, I don't know what to do!"

"Why not write and ask her, sir?" Monty shook his head. "Not yet," definitely, "but I shall very soon, though. As soon as ever I can scrape together ten pounds . . . I'll write to her. You see I don't want to write until I'm in a position to return it to her—supposin' she has done it, as we imagine!"

"But—mightn't she feel a little hurt, sir, if you returned it to her? Wives, sir," with the air of one propounding a somewhat surprising discovery, "have been known to give money to their husbands."

"I wish it were more usual, Cripps," with a sigh. "But supposin' we're wrong? Would it not look then as if I were tryin' to force myself on her—make a claim on her because of what I've done for her?"

"My experience of the female sex, sir," with a touch of reproof in his voice, "leads me to the belief that if they push out the olive branch, so to say—which after all is what Mrs. Barrett has done, assuming it's true—and you take no notice of it, they get distinctly angry. Whereas, if you catch hold of it with both hands, they just sort of sink gracefully into your arms as it were, sir."

"I'm a nice person to encourage the graceful sinking business on thirty bob a week, aren't I," grinned Monty.

But Cripps shook his head definitely. "The sex, sir, if you'll pardon me, are proverbial for their inconsistencies. There is far more genuine business done in the graceful sinking line, believe me, among the thirty shillings a weekers, than ever there is in the homes of Mayfair."

"Well—I think you're right there!" smiled Monty.

"Ladies' hearts, sir, invariably rule their heads," went on the valet, warming to his subject. "If it were not so, I don't know quite how one would account for the marriage rate maintaining its customary level."

Monty chuckled. "This is the first time, Cripps," he said, "that I have ever known you as an advocate of matrimony."

"Theoretically, sir, I am always in favor of it. Experience, however, has shown me that as a practice it is not always to be commended. But I still hold, sir, that young wives should live with their husbands. Mrs. Barrett, if I may say so, seems to show a certain readiness to cultivate your acquaintance. Do you consider, sir, that in refusing to encourage that readiness, you are altogether doing your duty to Mrs. Barrett? After all, if you were to find, sir, that it was impossible for you both to live together—"

"Cripps!" laughing outright. "You ought to have been a barrister. But you hold such a brief for me, you old scoundrel, that you can't even see the other side."

"Pardon me, sir! My brief is for Mrs. Barrett. I maintain, if I may venture to say so, sir, that you are not acting fairly by her."

"You know you don't mean that really, Cripps!" said Monty after a little pause.

"But I do, sir," urged his valet. "Mrs. Barrett has, it would appear, made three distinct overtures to you."

"Three?" queried Monty frowning.

"Three, sir! Photograph, lunch, and now—at least you are presuming so—er, financial support. It appears to me, sir, that it is now your turn."

"Shall I ask her down to lunch, Cripps?" with the suggestion of a smile. "We might borrow another knife and fork—and plate. I'd almost forgotten the plate—"

"Well, sir, I don't think that even our limitations in cutlery and crockery would prove an insuperable bar."

Monty got up from his chair. "I'll think it over, Cripps," he said. "I'll think it over!"

(To be concluded)

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3-26

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One wonders why a province like British Columbia, that has an eight-hour day for women, has not likewise repealed its act that allows the fruit packers and fish canneries to employ children of school age during busy seasons.

An interested worker says we women of Canada can largely control the hours which women are required to work by bringing it to the attention of our provincial representative. And a practical little reform for those of us who shop in the department stores of our larger cities is to resolve not to buy that "one thing more" after closing hour when the girl's day is done, or to do a week's shopping in groceries toward Saturday midnight.

An interesting development cropped up in the spring when it was proposed to amend the Minimum Wage Act so that the employer could pay the inexperienced girl less than the required living wage, for a few months while she learned the work.

Dr. MacMillan of the Minimum Wage Board, approved this because girls were writing in, saying they could not get work because employers did not want to pay the minimum wage to inexperienced hands.

It was strenuously fought by the workers themselves, however.

Mr Kirscher of the Garment Makers' Union, said:

"Dr. MacMillan is a nice kind man, but he doesn't understand—I'll show you."

What he proceeded to show us was somewhat as follows. The making of dresses, for example, is a seasonal trade.

The busy season begins the middle of February, and lasts until late in April. The workers are then mostly laid off until the middle-of-August-to-end-of-October stretch.

Under the proposed change, according to Mr. Kirscher, the manufacturer will engage

a crowd of inexperienced girls at four or five dollars a week. They work at, say, ripping out basting threads for the two months or so.

In August they apply to another manufacturer.

"What experience?" says the new employer.

"Worked ten weeks for Zuzinski, ripping out bastings."

"Ah, but that's no experience! I take you, learn you a trade."

The girl goes to work for him and he sets her sewing on buttons for ten or twelve weeks.

Next season she will still be "inexperienced" in other than the one operation, and some other employer will thus avoid the Minimum Wage Law. Work in many of these industries is so specialized, that one group of workers doing just one thing, requires but a very brief space to become experienced.

The legislation, however, was finally shelved owing to the fact that workers were as a mass opposed to it, and that employers were by no means united in its support.

Some of our largest employers of female labor preferred that every worker should have a decent living wage from the beginning and naturally did not care for the competition of the "Scrooge" who seeks cheap labor regardless of the laborer.

As one studies the dealings of our Wage Board with the employers of Canada "one is convinced of the truth of the old saying that the white sheep are more than the black. Yet for the protection of the former class of employers, as well as the workers themselves, all indications point to the fact that we need legislation preventing the ten-hour day, except in exigencies. The majority of employers and employed are of the same opinion.

## Mr. Squidgy-Squoozy

Continued from page 15

people walked in a crooked line, and the flowers smelt so sweet that they began to stop being afraid because they could think of nothing but how beautiful they were. Then one of the councillors knocked with the front door knocker, and almost before anybody knew it, they were looking into a cosy little room where a dear old lady with silver hair was sitting.

Who was she? Had anyone seen her before? She wore a lavender dress, and a snowy white cap on the top of her snowy hair, and her smile was so sweet that everybody felt warmed up inside just to look at her. So when she said:

"How do you do? Won't you come in?" nobody thought of saying no thank you, for they all wanted to know this dear old lady better.

After they all got in (and they had to crowd a bit as there were so many of them), the mayor remembered his manners and what they had come here for. Gathering his fine robe about him, he bowed to the dear old lady, and in his most polite and mayorish voice (which didn't sound a bit like his usual voice and made his children giggle), he said:

"Please excuse us, but could we see Mr. Squidgy Squoozy?"

Then from the top of a table came a tinkling laugh, and smiling and nodding, the old lady pointed and said:

"There he is."

"What!" cried all the people in amazement. For instead of the ugly old man they had expected to see, the jolliest little elf danced about as though he were so filled with happiness that he couldn't keep still.

"I am Mr. Squidgy Squoozy," he said, laughing, and his voice was sweet and musical, and not a bit of the croak was left in it.

"You see what happened to me was this," he told them. "I once teased an old man for being ugly until he cried, and the fairy queen was so angry that she made me an ugly old man myself. She made me the very ugliest old man that she could possibly make me,

and she told me that I must stay an old man until the whole village was filled with flowers, or until I did something especially kind. And now I am an elf again," he laughed, and danced on his toes.

"But we want to give you a medal for being brave," said the mayor, forgetting to talk in his mayor voice, and not knowing what to do now.

Then all the other people and the children who were so excited that it hurt to breathe, cried: "Yes, a medal! A medal for being brave!"

"Oh cheers!" cried the little elf, waving his two legs covered with bright green breeches. "This dear old lady whom you all like so much is the fairy queen." Then jumping from the table he bowed before her, and laughing and screwing up his eyes in mischief, he said:

"Won't you be proud of me, dear queen, if I get a medal for being good?"

"For being brave you mean," laughed the fairy queen, and then all the people laughed, and the children laughed, and Mr. Squidgy Squoozy stood upon the table with his chest stuck out for his medal, and everybody shouted, "Horray!"

In as much of his mayor voice as he could manage in his excitement, the mayor presented the medal. Then little Norma, who had been able to see as soon as the fairy queen arrived and said a magic charm over her, and who had known for a whole week that Mr. Squidgy Squoozy was an elf, pinned it on his bright green jacket.

Then jumping down he took her in his arms and kissed both dimpling cheeks. Then he took the fairy queen by the hand, and waving a cheery greeting to the people they jumped up on the window-sill, and in a twinkling both of them were gone.

And now Norma, who lives in the cottage with her mother and loves the flowers, often hears a tinkling sound at night. It is a teasing sound because she can never find it, but she knows that it is the little elf dancing about somewhere near, and the sound is his medal knocking against his buttons.



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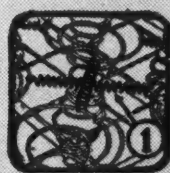
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## SEVEN GOOD ROOMS, PORCH AND SUNROOM

**A**LL the essentials for a charming home suggestive of English precedent are here combined. Plan is suitable for an inside or a corner lot of narrow frontage, and is designed for any exposure except the eastern, in which position the plan could be reversed.

The whole layout of the rooms creates an impression of unusual spaciousness. The front door, of Tudor treatment, opens into a good-sized vestibule. There is a cased opening leading from the main hall to the large living-room, which has a fireplace with built-in bookcases on each side, three casement windows on the right, and five casement windows overlooking the front garden. The dining-room is large

enough for a good-sized family, with light on two sides. A French door opens on to the garden porch at the rear which could be used as a dining-porch on sultry days. The kitchen is modern in every detail, with a double-action service door leading to the dining-room and another door leading to the economical service entrance.

The second floor is well arranged, with a practically square hall in the centre of the house. The sitting-room has a fireplace with built-in bookshelves on the right-hand side, and a clothes closet on the left in the event of its being used as a bedroom. A sunroom, or sleeping porch, opens off the rear bedroom.

### Outline of Specifications

**Foundation Walls**—Brick or stone.

**Cellar Floor**—Cement.

**Walls**—Dark red stock brick for first storey and stucco on hollow tile or brick for second storey.

**Roof**—Wood, (asphalt or tapered asphalt) shingles, with bell cast, Boston hips and shingle ridges.

**Trim**—As desired.

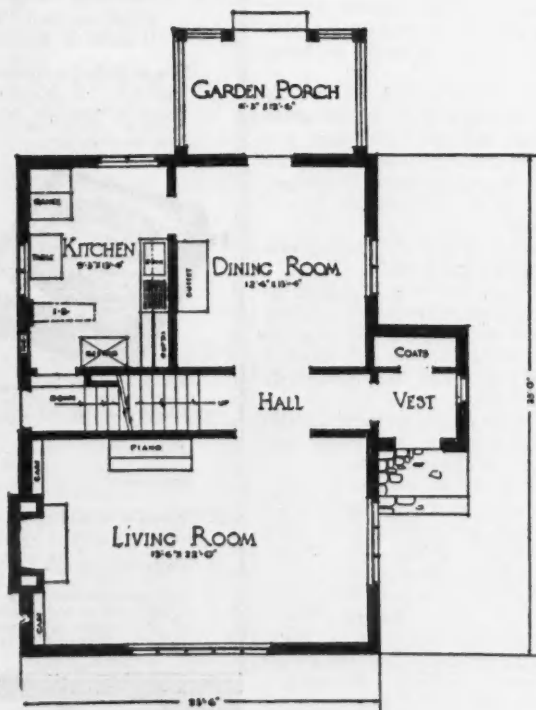
**Frames, Doors and Windows**—Stock frames, detailed door on main entrance, balance stock. Casement windows throughout, with battened shutters on second-storey windows.

**Color**—Dark red stock brick, with joints color of stucco; gray-white stucco above, shutters, front entrance and porch stained brown. Frames and sash painted ivory white. Gutters and conductors painted black. Roof stained reddish brown.

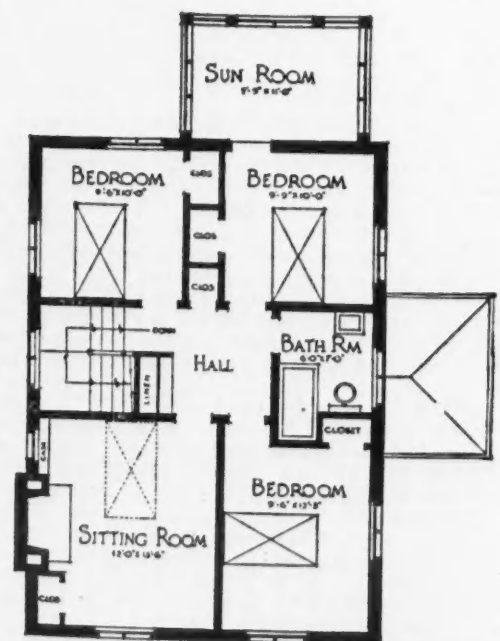
**Floors**—Oak or birch in grade desired.

**Inside Finish**—As desired.

**Heat**—Hot water or steam.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

This photograph is of a tiny model made to scale for The Chatelaine from the accompanying plans and specifications. Architect's complete floor plans and working drawings are obtainable by writing to The Home Service Bureau, c-o The Chatelaine, 143 University Avenue, Toronto. This is House-plan No. 4. Complete architectural drawings, \$35.00. Estimated cost to build, \$8,100.00 including hot water heating.

The girl once resumed her song, and made a gesture of resignation. Hubert roused himself, and plunged paddle once more. In truth his abstraction was partly due to his absorption in the charms of the girl herself. They were so engrossing that he noticed only now that she had made no refutation of his charges against her sex. She was not considering them at all, apparently.

"So this is Rome!" she murmured. But she waited until Hubert had got the craft under way again. He was strangely stimulated.

"So you have nothing to say in reply to my statements about the present generation of your sex," he began staidly.

"What's the use?" she asked him, so quickly that he wondered she could have heard what he said. "There's certainly no change in men in the last several hundred millennial ages. That should be consoling. They'll always be as stupid as they were at first."

"Feminine view of evolution."

UNTIL now there had been few canoes in evidence, and those, before or behind, nearly all going to the island toward which their craft was directed. But now a stern chase had developed, unknown to Hubert, but not for as long as he would have wished. For Audrey betrayed evidence of the keenest delight in this approach, or in the boat's occupants. She smiled, waved, and seemed scarcely able to wait until it should have approached nearly enough to be hailed. Hubert looked back over his shoulder, and saw the redoubtable Butch Kofold, facing toward Audrey and propelling another canoe swiftly. The front portion of this craft was lifted out of the water in a rakish manner, giving a further impression of driving speed—for all that held it down was the form of a very small girl.

"Hello, Loud-speaking Papa!" called Audrey.

"Don't hear that loud-speaking phonograph of mine," replied Butch with the evasive coyness proper to the male.

"Your phonograph nothing. Fair right of conquest."

"You're saying it." And Butch with more powerful sweeps of his paddle drove onward. The conversation, it occurred to Hubert, had included neither himself, nor the girl accompanying Butch. Furthermore, Audrey was looking after the only too obviously disappearing canoe. Hubert's paddle continued to plunge, now on the left hand, now on the right.

"If a fellow had two sets of hands now," he remarked, "it would be easy to get along."

Audrey agreed with him.

She seemed disposed now to be more amiable. She reflected curiously on the way she had informally argued with this youth on practically their first meeting. It was putting herself, "one of the keenest women on the campus," on a level with a freshman. That was mistake enough. Well—she roused herself, and reached behind her for the phonograph, sorting the half-dozen records which she had managed to inveigle from the boatman. Presently the strains of various fox-trots emanated on the evening air and out over the surface of the river.

The music, the graceful creature before him, somewhat softened Hubert, who had been more than a little vexed with his invidious position as oarsman and his conviction

of the wickedness of Audrey, even though it were merged in that of all her kind. The music on the waters gave a voice to and gathered together all that he felt concerning the evening, the spring landscape, the occasion—with astonishing completeness and a moving power.

They were only a few rods from the island, and Audrey was humming distractingly to the phonograph, which was running down. Save for a slow smile now and then she had been paying no heed to him. Or was that contemplative smile for him? Suddenly a canoe shot out from behind overhanging willow-branches. She had hailed it before Hubert recognized who was in it. It was Butch, alone. He must have delivered his friend on the island.

"Hey, Butch! Taxi! Give me a lift will you!"

"Sure!" Hubert could scarcely believe his eyes. Butch drove the craft nearer. "Think you can come aboard in mid-ocean? Perhaps if I steer up at right angles." This he was trying to do, but Hubert became roused to action.

"No; you're going to stay with me!" He wildly tried to steer away from the oncoming Butch. The latter, skilful as he was, could scarcely make the manoeuvre.

"Anyway," he said, with his amiable grin, "you wouldn't have a phonograph with me."

Audrey said nothing, but rose on her knees amidstships, waiting for him to approach. The bow of his canoe, heaved higher in the air than ever without weight, did come within a yard of the other once or twice, but no nearer. And once more—whereupon Audrey rose swiftly, and made a flying tackle.

With this motion she propelled the canoe in which she should have remained, away from her. The other, at the same instant, pivoted slightly and also away from her.

She had scarcely struck the water when Hubert dived. He could swim—the gymnasium pool had taken care of that—and the shore was only a few yards away. Thither he dragged the limp Audrey. Once arrived on shore, she began to struggle. This somehow angered Hubert.

"I've a good notion to take you over my knee and spank you," he spluttered. She jerked away from him, and he would have executed his inclination, had not an unusually large chuckle from Butch caused the oblivious two to look up. He had stood by during the rescue, and now seeing it effected, he went on his way to recover the deserted craft. He would have an immemorial joke of his own inalienable possession. Audrey stared after him with an inscrutable expression; but she was thinking fast.

Hubert made a grab for her; surprisingly he caught her, and more surprisingly his intention was changed. For Audrey half sobbed and half laughed against his soaked shoulder.

"We might have been drowned! You'll have to reform me, Hubie!" It sounded, muffled, waterily like "hubby."

"I'll do my best," he responded promptly and grimly. "If you ever try such a—I'll—I'll kiss you."

Audrey glanced at him, and drew away smiling, once more herself. "Don't tempt me," she started to say.

"I will anyway!" declared Hubert. But the force of his declaration was lessened somewhat by the fact that he kissed her before he made it. He repeated both.

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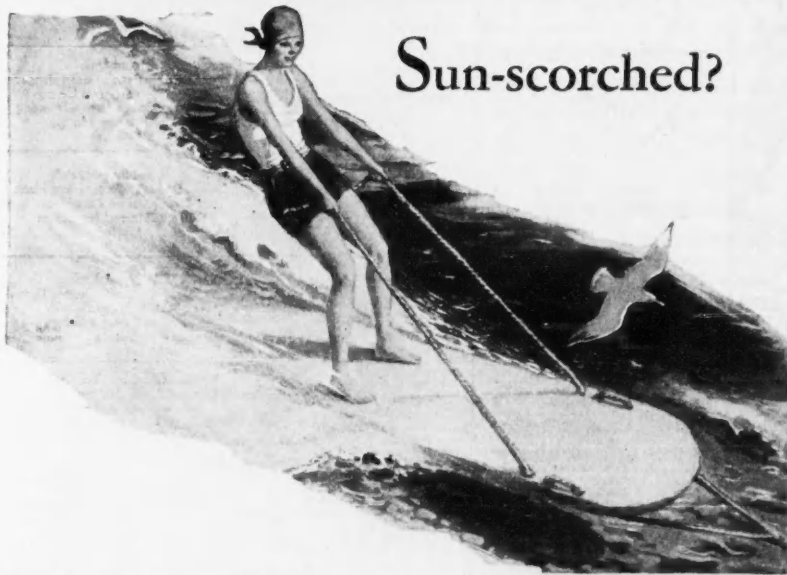
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## Try and Reform the Women

Continued from page 11

though you wanted to throw me overboard."  
"Oh," deplored Hubert with weak indignation, "I didn't want to throw you overboard."

"That's a relief, anyway. What did you want to do with me?"

Hubert smiled his slow smile, his sober-little-boy's smile with the lips of a man.

"I just wanted you to stop singing while those people passed," he confessed. "That was our minister and his daughter."

"Why, there was plenty of room, my voice wasn't even blowing in their direction," Audrey claimed obliviously.

This, finally, appeared to have reached the spot where Hubert kept his sense of humor. He laughed, even as he struggled with his paddle, and became idiomatic.

"You're a pill," he averred.

She was very demure, but it struck him with a sense of shock, that she was pleased by the denomination.

"Then you can't say you didn't have warning. *Beware!*" She scraped her finger at him joyously. Plainly she wished to enjoy the party.

"You're not to be taken so lightly, eh?"

"Not at all. Thank you, Hubert," she said rather soberly. It struck him that she was glad he was showing a little of what co-eds so conveniently have learned to call IT. She dipped her languid hand into the water which the walls of the gallant canoe separated from her, and watched the green of the river banks weave about her.

By this time, however, Hubert was learning something of the practised technique with which it is expedient that a canoe be guided and propelled toward any given point. Their progress was more even, and not so strenuously documented by the now less-perspiring Hubert. The waves of the river, he observed, had abated their violence somewhat, so that he was permitted hope to enjoy himself much as he had anticipated. If only Audrey did not insist on singing again.

"Have a chocolate bar."

"Oh, I'll try a few of those to improve my vocal rendition, after a while. Isn't the evening glorious?"

Hubert agreed, perspiring. There had been a rain in the afternoon, whereof the air in being cleared had also been cleared of manifold obnoxious presences, including undue heat and closeness. Now it was like clear water—with a dash, say, of unsweetened orangeade, to the simile-searching mind of Hubert. The trees themselves, where they passed beneath them, seemed to give off a rainy fresh odor, rejoicing in respite from long drought, and murmuring to the breeze which raked the river diagonally. Nothing was lacking to make the hour perfect.

Audrey mentioned this fact once more, with an increased demureness, and a far-away look in her eyes which caused Hubert to wonder whether she were the same girl who had alarmed him so profoundly hitherto. Why did she look so unimpeachably like an angel, and act the way she did? Something should be done about it.

"Why do girls try to be so wicked these days?"

"Don't know, grandpa. What makes you think we're wicked?"

"The things I see them do," Hubert returned literally and sadly.

"Never mind, papa, they'll settle down, and all's for the best in the best of all possible worlds." Audrey's smile was mocking and distraught.

"They'll have to settle down," Hubert returned with the grim tone in which he broached argument in the sessions of the World-Renovating Club held in various boardinghouse rooms of his acquaintance. "If they don't the race is going to end."

"Oh, surely it's not so bad as that?"

"We-ell, I guess! Do you think anybody's going to marry the flappers you see around this campus?" Hubert was roused now, and he was going to speak out his mind disinterestedly, with no respect for persons, even

if it did happen that he was talking to one of the most liberated women in evidence. Since the topic had been brought up, she would have to take it as best she might. At least she should be capable of intellectual conversation.

She replied gently, with a far-away look. "Surely I do. You'll see, it won't be five years either until all the girls around this place, or at least all the sorority girls, are married."

"Oh," Hubert intoned distantly, bereft of repartee. "So you have it all doped out." "It does happen. Half the girls in my house are engaged already."

"What does that mean?" Hubert was young enough to say. An idea had struck him.

"Yes, you have it all doped out," he continued, as though unconscious of interruption. "I wouldn't wonder it's all the plan of the sororities."

"Gracious, why do you look at me in that K.K.K. manner? What's the plan of the sororities?"

"This thing of posing as being so wicked," plunged Hubert, sure of his ground now. "All the girls have that idea. They smoke, they talk in an unladylike manner, they wear as little as the law will allow, they pet, they . . ."

"Yes?"

"They do everything, with the idea of getting the men interested in reforming them. That's their whole idea, to get the men wanting to reform them. Now, isn't it?" Hubert was very sure of himself now, in the heat of his big idea. "It's just another form of old-fashioned conversion. They've given up the idea of appealing to men with innate womanly charm, and like naughty little immature mischiefs, they think it's enough to pretend they are steeped in the wickedness of the world, and that men ought to want to rush up and save them, reform them."

"Well, they got the idea honestly," snapped Audrey, denying nothing, as though that were part of the whole program. "That's just the way the men used to do. They'd drink, and be wild, and the girls would think their mission was reforming drunkards." She was indignant, and turned to regard the passing bank.

"Yes, the flappers didn't even have originality enough to think up a plan of their own. They just took the notion to be as much like men in every way as they could, and they followed it out in clothes, and work and everything literally, even to this getting gay so that men would feel solicitude, and want to bring them back to the narrow path. But it's all a pose!" he declared suddenly and illogically.

"Oh, it's a pose? I guess everything's a pose to the half-baked." She turned an indignant and fair-contoured shoulder. Hubert held his paddle on the gunwales of the boat, lost for some time in his speculations. One fact, as the saying goes, finally emerged. She was concerned enough now with his charges to be piqued, at least. As well as she could she was turned away from him, looking into the high-treed bank which hid the sunset. Finally she looked over her shoulder and asked:

"Can't you go any farther?"

"Why, yes, we might go on to the island, if you wanted to."

"Not at all. It probably seems charming to you to hover in midstream and embark upon a Socratic dialogue, with generalities as old as that form of amusement itself, about things you know nothing of." Audrey held her head high. She evidently had meditated this cutting exordium for some minutes. Or so it appeared to Hubert, who was struck with admiration of the erudition and wit which it embodied. Perhaps after all, such girls were not so dumb, whatever their grades in classes might be. He was so struck, in fact, that for a minute or two he omitted to give the craft the impulsion to which that remark of Audrey's was calculated to stimulate it.

## How to Obtain Vogue Patterns

Vogue Patterns may now be obtained in all of the leading Canadian cities. They may be purchased in the shops listed below, where one may secure expert fashion advice about personal clothes problems, and see the colored sketches of all the new models.

**How to Order by Mail.** Vogue patterns may be ordered by mail from any of the distributors listed below, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

**In Ordering,** state the full pattern number of the pattern you select. When ordering skirts give both the waist and hip measure; when ordering misses' or children's designs state age.

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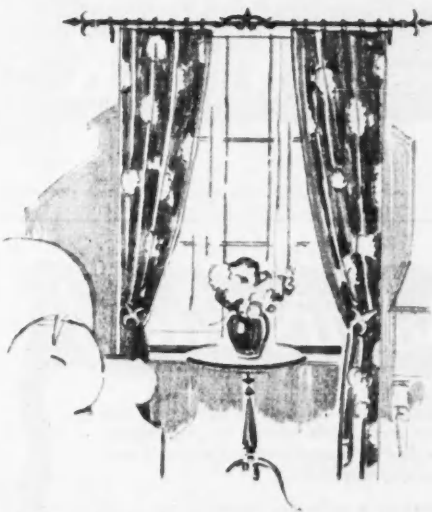
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## Kirsch

D R A P E R Y H A R D W A R E





# Meals of the Month

## Thirty-One Menus for August

Compiled by Margaret E. Read, B.A., M.Sc.

I BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER	17 BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
Diced Watermelon Bran Muffins Jam Tea Coffee Cocoa	Creamed Sweetbreads and Green Peppers on Toast Raspberries and Cream Tea or Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Green Peas Endive with French Dressing Grapenut Ice Cream Coffee	Watermelon Bran Muffins Tea Coffee Cocoa	Cheese Souffle Blackberries and Cream Tea or Cocoa	Pan Broiled Whitefish Boiled Potatoes with Chopped Parsley Grilled Tomatoes Carrot Salad Peach Shortcake Coffee
Bananas Toast Marmalade Tea Coffee Cocoa	Jellied Beef Bouillon Watercress, Cucumber and Cottage Cheese Salad Cherry Eclairs Tea or Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Boiled Potatoes, Creamed Cabbage Stuffed Green Pepper Salad Orange Bavarian Cream Coffee	Sliced Oranges Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Fish Mousse Light Cake, Maple Walnut Icing Tea or Cocoa	Boiled Tongue, Bearnaise Sauce Creamed Potatoes Buttered Cabbage String Bean Salad Banana Floating Island Coffee
Strawberries and Cream Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Pimiento and Green Pea Omelet Honeydew Melon Tea or Cocoa	Fillets of Sole, Sauce Tartare Creamed Potatoes, Buttered Beets Sliced Cucumbers Blueberry Shortcake Coffee	Peaches Prepared Cereal Ham and Eggs Graham Gems Tea Coffee Cocoa	Shrimp and Cucumber Salad Brown Bread and Butter Tea or Cocoa	Fried Chicken Mashed Potatoes Swiss Chard Perfection Salad Diced Watermelon, Whipped Cream Coffee
Raw Plums Griddle Cakes, Maple Syrup Tea Coffee Cocoa	Fish Salad with a Border of Mixed Vegetables Peaches and Cream Tea or Cocoa	Hamburg Steak French Fried Potatoes, Creamed Oyster Plant Cabbage, Onion and Raisin Salad Banana Whip Coffee	Fresh Plums Toast Marmalade Tea Coffee Cocoa	Banana, Celery and Nut Salad Coffee Jelly, Whipped Cream Tea or Cocoa	Veal Chops Lyonnaise Potatoes Creamed Carrots Cold Slaw Blackberry Parfait Coffee
Iced Cantaloupe Prepared Cereal Scrambled Eggs with Bacon Corn Muffins Tea Coffee Cocoa	Ice Cream Cake Tea or Cocoa	Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes with Chopped Scallions, Creamed Carrots Radish and Cucumber Salad Fruit Gelatine, Whipped Cream Coffee	Cantaloupe Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Salmon and Cucumber Salad Blueberries and Cream Tea or Cocoa	Country Style Sausages Boiled Potatoes White Turnips Pimiento and Watercress Salad Chocolate Cream Marshmallow Sauce Coffee
Blueberries and Cream Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Potato Salad in Green Pepper Cases Orange Custard Tea or Cocoa	Cold Sliced Corn Beef Duchess Potatoes, Horseradish Sauce Stuffed Tomato Salad Charlotte Russe Coffee	Blackberries Rolls Tea Coffee Cocoa	Spaghetti, Tomato and Green Pepper Salad Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Baked Filets of Bass French Fried Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Celery Stuffed with Cheese Spanish Cream Coffee
Raw Pears Muffins Marmalade Tea Coffee Cocoa	Club Sandwich Blackberries and Cream Tea or Cocoa	Salmon au Gratin Parsley Potatoes, String Beans Cucumber and Green Pepper Salad Blueberry Tarts Coffee	Bananas Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Cold Veal Loaf Caramel Custard Tea or Cocoa	Planked Steak Duchess Potatoes, Grilled Tomatoes Lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing Coffee
Orange Juice Bacon Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Cold Tongue String Bean Salad Diced Watermelon, Whipped Cream Tea or Cocoa	Sirloin Steak Fried Potatoes with Green Pepper and Pimiento, Swiss Chard Romaine Salad, Russian Dressing Caramel Blanc Manger Coffee	Grapes Toast Marmalade Tea Coffee Cocoa	Jellied Vegetable Salad Ginger Drop Cakes Tea or Cocoa	Boiled Haddock Mashed Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Stuffed Pimiento Salad Peach Melba Coffee
Honeydew Melon Raisin Bread Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Chicken Aspic Chocolate Marshmallow Cake Tea or Cocoa	Creamed Sweetbreads Boiled Potatoes, Sautéed Egg Plant Watercress and Scallions Coffee Almond Ice Cream Coffee	Honeydew Melon Bran Muffins Tea Coffee Cocoa	Corn on the Cob Blackberries and Cream Tea or Cocoa	Cold Sliced Ham Parsley Potatoes Lima Beans Apple and Celery Salad Jam Tarts with Marshmallow Coffee
Sliced Peaches Rolls Tea Coffee Cocoa	Combination Salad Blueberries and Cream Tea or Cocoa	Fried Lake Trout Mashed Potatoes String Beans Red Cabbage Salad Chilled Tapioca Cream Coffee	Macedoine of Fruit Prepared Cereal Sausages Waffles and Maple Syrup Tea Coffee Cocoa	Toasted Sardine and Onion Sandwiches Tea or Cocoa	Filet Mignon Creamed Potatoes Summer Squash Dressed Lettuce Fruit Salad Coffee
Fresh Grapes Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Beet and Parsley Timbales Cherries Stuffed with Filberts Tea or Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Flank Steak Francona Potatoes, Summer Squash Sliced Tomatoes on Lettuce Lemon Foam, Recipe for Lemon Pie filling with meringue beaten in; Coffee	Pears Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Raw Carrot Salad Chilled Melon Tea or Cocoa	Fried Sweetbreads Hashed Brown Potatoes, Succotash Green Pepper and Endive Salad Maple Walnut Junket Coffee
Blackberries Prepared Cereal Liver and Bacon Toast Marmalade Tea Coffee Cocoa	Brown Bread Sandwiches Cheese, Nut, Shredded Pineapple Filling Tea or Cocoa	Jellied Veal Loaf Stuffed Beet Salad, Mayonnaise Celery Cantaloupe Sundae Coffee	Blueberries Rolls Tea Coffee Cocoa	Broiled Liver and Mushrooms Fruit and Nut Gelatine Tea or Cocoa	Fresh Vegetable Dinner; Iced Tomato Bouillon Corn on the Cob Fried Egg Plant, Mashed White Turnips Banana Split Coffee
Sliced Bananas French Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Devilled Eggs Nested in Watercress Blueberries and Cream Tea or Cocoa	Ham and Eggs Hashed Brown Potatoes Stuffed Green Peppers Lettuce Rolls, Cheese, Mayonnaise Raisin and Chopped Nut Stuffing Peach Snow Coffee	Casaba Melon Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Waldorf Salad Sponge Cake Tea or Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets French Fried Potatoes Scalloped Oyster Plant Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers Peaches with Cream Coffee
Chilled Muskmelon Rolls Tea Coffee Cocoa	Lobster Patties Fruit Salad Tea or Cocoa	Lamb Chops French Fried Potatoes, Buttered Beets Cabbage, Carrot, Onion and Green Pepper Salad Molded Rice with Fruit Sauce Coffee	Blackberries Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Sweetbread Mousse Sliced Bananas and Oranges Tea or Cocoa	Lamb Chops Lyonnaise Potatoes, Lima Beans Cabbage, Celery and Green Pepper Salad Jellied Fruit Coffee
Blueberries and Cream Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Stuffed Tomato Salad Tea or Cocoa	Steamed Halibut, Egg Sauce Creamed Potatoes, Corn on the Cob Coffee Bavarian Cream Coffee	Peaches Muffins Tea Coffee Cocoa	Curried Eggs Sliced Melon Tea or Cocoa	Cold Cooked Mackerel, Mayonnaise Potato Balls, with Parsley and French Dressing Pear and Pimiento Salad Hot Fudge Sundae Coffee
Fresh Pears Toast Tea Coffee Cocoa	Cold Meat Cabbage Salad Gelatine and Cream Tea or Cocoa	Porterhouse Steak Lyonnaise Potatoes, Creamed Cauliflower Beet Salad Caramel Nut Ice Cream Coffee			

The Menus for this month are somewhat varied as to Sunday meals. A big late breakfast, a late dinner and an evening or night snack are the order of the day—a favorite summer routine for many families

million pounds of canned fruits and about thirteen and a half million pounds of canned vegetables worth \$3,180,323; exporting during the same period a little more than fifteen million pounds of these products valued at \$1,158,108.

With a better appreciation of the fine quality of canned garden and orchard crops, the seasonal absence of the freshly gathered

fruits and vegetables will be less and less felt. Particularly is this true of the better grades in which the fine quality of the fresh products is retained in all its appetizing and health-giving properties. These goods have the other advantages of easy storage, ready accessibility at all seasons of the year, and what is perhaps just as important, are usually cheaper to buy.



## Can We All Be Cooks?

Continued from page 3

surprised that they do not seem at all anxious to sample products that have so little conformed to tradition.

With the advent of chemistry into the kitchen, many old "bogies" have taken to the woods, but there are still too many hovering about and taking toll of the too credulous housewife. There are comparatively few cooks, even in this enlightened age, who are not convinced that it would be very near a heresy to try to make an angel cake with anything but absolutely new-laid eggs, and yet I know several very successful cooks whose cakes soar "sky-high," and who much prefer eggs preserved in water-glass to the strictly fresh product.

There was a time that cooks thought that compressed yeast must not have more than twenty-four hours to its credit to produce anything like satisfactory results, but since they have learned something of the temperament of the "rising generation," they realize that the silver squares may be kept for even a fortnight under certain conditions, without impairing their latent energy.

Boiled icing that used to be the bane of the cook, even though it was the delight of her employers, has become tractable and even-tempered since the introduction of the sugar thermometer or saccharometer. It no longer "acts up" when important guests are expected and runs when it should stand still, nor stands still when it should be amenable to reason. Thanks also to the candy or sugar thermometer, "Divinity Fudge" as well as all the other fudges and fondants can now always be soft and creamy rather than the "hard-boiled" variety that so often graced the candy tables at church fairs and bazaars.

Soggy doughnuts and croquettes reeking with fat have ceded their place to dainty fat-proof concoctions that leave no trace even on the napkin on which they are served, so accurately has the frying temperature been gauged by the hot fat thermometer which, like George Washington, "never lies."

Many among the conservative housewives look askance upon thermometers in the kitchen. They belong to the traditionalists who have nothing but scorn for new-fangled contraptions whose sole value seems to be to eat up the carefully hoarded money in one's pocket-book.

There is no gainsaying the fact, Pope was more than half-right when he wrote the lines: "Be not the first by whom the new is tried. Nor yet the last to leave the old aside."

To run after every new kitchen "improvement," without at first assuring one's self

of its practicability would be as foolish as to refuse some really helpful time-saver simply because one's great grandmother got along without it. The old Latin philosophers held that "Perfectio in medio stat," or that in all things human, extremes are to be avoided.

Not many months ago I was called upon to test out a new dishwashing device that had just appeared on the market. I found it so helpful, that I hastened to instal it in our domain. A few days later an agent expressed some surprise at my having adopted it, saying his wife would have none of it.

I asked him what fault she had to find with it, and he answered: "Well, to be perfectly candid with you, I think that not only she expected the device to wash and dry the dishes, but she thought it ought to put them back into the cupboard as well!"

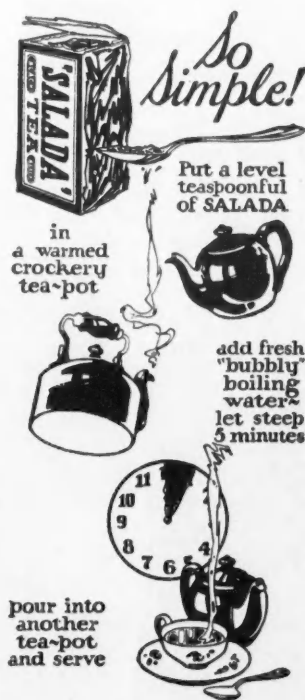
Very often a young housekeeper in buying a highly-recommended stove, thinks that all her troubles are now over; that anything she puts into the oven, under no matter what conditions, is bound to issue forth a culinary triumph. All too often she is like the farmer who went to an oculist saying that he needed glasses. The oculist was almost at the end of his wares and patience when he noticed that his patient had the card he was trying to read upside down. Instinctively the oculist exclaimed: "But, my good man, are you not able to read?"

Whereupon the patient, nothing daunted, answered: "Why should I want glasses if I did?"

An unusually dull student once said to me in rather a ruffled tone: "I am going to give up my cooking lessons. After ten lessons I am still unable to decorate a wedding cake." I felt like quoting the old Irish proverb: "You can bring a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink."

Neither Rachmaninoff nor Paderewski, with all their highly skilled technique could make a musician out of even the most highly talented individual without years of laborious practice. In cooking as in sculpture, art and music, long months of practice as well as natural ability are necessary if anyone wants to develop into something really worth while. Just as there are sporadic types of artists and musicians who "are born, not made," there are people who cook by instinct, but they are "few and far between," and to the average man or woman who would leave his or her name to posterity linked with the immortals, such as Savarin, Vatel and Escoffier, we would recommend the royal road of patience, attention and long practice.

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## It Comes in Cans!

Continued from page 21

A delightful  
Salad Dressing!**SALAD DRESSING**  
[uncooked]

2 eggs beaten until light  
1 teaspoonful salt  
1 tspn. mustard  
1 can Eagle Brand Condensed Milk  
1 cupful vinegar

Beat the first four ingredients vigorously for a few minutes, add the vinegar, stir well and set aside for a few hours to thicken.

This Dressing will keep for weeks.

If you've never used Eagle Brand for Salad Dressing you've a treat in store—it's so rich, smooth and creamy!

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**WOODWARD'S**  
"Gripe Water"  
KEEPS BABY WELL 12



be packed from sound, clean, ripe, firm peaches, free from blemishes and from which the skins and pits have been removed. The processed fruit must be of extra good color and ripe; the halves must be uniform in size, color, maturity; the fruit must be handled so as not to leave ragged edges, or centres; the syrup must be clear. No peaches less than two inches in diameter to be used in this grade.

"Choice Quality Peaches shall be packed from sound, clean, ripe peaches, free from blemishes and from which the skins and pits have been removed. The processed fruit shall be firm, smooth and fairly uniform in size, color and maturity; the syrup fairly clear.

"Standard Quality Peaches shall be packed from sound clean peaches, from which the skins and pits have been removed. The fruit must be of fairly good color, and reasonably free from blemishes; the halves must be fairly uniform in size, color and maturity; the syrup fairly clear.

"Second Quality Peaches shall be packed from sound, clean peaches from which the skins and pits have been removed. The processed fruit need not be uniform in size, color, or maturity, nor need the syrup be clear.

"Note — Standard Quality and Second Quality peaches may be packed without having skins or pits removed, but if so, this fact must be stated on the label in plain type thus: 'Standard Quality Unpitted Peaches' or 'Second Quality Unpeeled Peaches' in letters not less than three-eighths of an inch in height."

PEACHES and other fruits may be put up in heavy or light syrup or in water, but the label must tell the true story in this respect. Heavy syrup for peaches is defined as having not less than fifty-five per cent. of sugar, while light syrup must carry at least twenty-five per cent. Peaches, pears, cherries, and other fruits may be put up in water and are then known as "Pie Peaches," "Pie Pears," etc.

The regulations governing vegetables correspond in principle with those for fruit. Corn, for example, in the fancy and choice grades, must be packed from certain varieties of corn known to the trade as "Sweet Corn." The cobs for these grades must be picked from the stalk when young and tender; that is, when the kernels are in a creamy or milky state on the cob. The four grades of corn are defined for the guidance of the canner:

"Fancy Quality Corn shall be packed from selected stock of young and tender sweet or sugar corn. It shall be packed while still fresh and must have the distinctive flavor of young corn. It must be free from pieces of cob, silk, husks and specks. The color must be bright and the appearance creamy.

"Choice Quality Corn shall be young and tender, the color shall be bright. It must have the distinctive flavor of young corn and be practically free from pieces of cob, silk, husks or specks.

"Standard Quality Corn shall be fairly young and tender and free from any considerable portion of cob, silk, husks or specks. The color must be reasonably white with very little brown in it.

"Second Quality Corn shall be packed from sweet or sugar varieties of corn which, while still in the green state, is too matured to meet the requirements of any of the foregoing grades. The finished product shall be fairly free from pieces of cob, husk or silk and shall be fairly bright in color."

## Legal Standards

One buying regulation containers of processed fruit or vegetables need have no fear of short weight or quantity, according to the size of can offered. The regulation containers, which may be of tin or glass, are designated as No. 1, 1 Tall, 2, 2½, 3, and 10, each having a prescribed diameter and height. These sizes are required to be plainly shown

on the ends of box or case in which packed. Containers which are not of standard size are permitted, but must plainly show the net weight of the contents. In fruit the containers must be full of the fruit before the syrup or water is added, except when the fruit is kettled or boiled solid with the syrup or water. Cans of fruit thus processed, as well as vegetables such as corn, tomatoes, or beets, must be filled to capacity.

Peas for canning are required to be packed when fresh, green, young and tender, and must be clean, sound and free from thistle blossoms or other impurities. They are graded according to the size of the opening in the sieves through which they pass. The sizes of the openings for the different numbers are for No. 1, nine thirty-seconds of an inch; No. 2, ten thirty-seconds; No. 3, eleven thirty-seconds; and No. 4, peas which will not pass through an opening eleven thirty-seconds of an inch. Peas may be put up ungraded as to size but in such cases the can label shall be marked *Ungraded*. It is not illegal to can peas that are ripe, but cans containing these shall be labelled *Ripe Peas* or *Soaked Peas*.

All of this has great interest for the housewife as it enables her to do her buying so as to fit her needs from day to day. She may want just cherries in water or light syrup for cherry pie, or on the other hand a plump cherry in thick syrup for dessert. Or if tomatoes are needed for the making of soup, a can of *Standard*, or even *Seconds* may serve her purpose as well as *Fancy* or *Choice*, and they will cost less money. Then there is the question of peas. Without a full knowledge of the language of the label, one may be disappointed with a Size 1 pea, because it may belong to the low grade known as *Standard* or *Seconds*. Or a Size 3 or even Size 4 pea may be surprisingly satisfactory if it comes from a can of *Fancy* or *Choice* designation. In canned corn there is a wide difference between the fancy and standard qualities. The opened can may reveal very little difference to the eye, but when served, the tenderness and delicacy of flavor of the better grade is quickly discerned. The same is true of string beans, the higher grades of which compare favorably with the golden pods taken direct from the bush to the kitchen and the kettle, in the month of July.

It would be going too far to say that brands have no practical meaning in representing the quality of the contents of the cans they bear. They have, however, no legal significance, because *Fancy* means the top grade, *Choice* the second grade, *Standard* the third, and *Seconds* the fourth grade, within whatever brand it is found. The purchasers of canned goods will, however, have observed that some of the larger combinations of canners are using a special brand printed in a special color to represent a *Standard* grade; using other distinct labels to represent other legal grades.

Imported canned goods come under the Canadian law. That is, the labels must bear the same distinguishing mark to represent the quality as do goods put up in this country. To meet this requirement foreign canners who wish to use the Canadian market must have the labels printed to conform with the Canadian legal standards.

The canning of fruits and vegetables has grown into an industry of large proportions. It is distributed over one hundred and thirty six operating plants of which ninety-three are situated in Ontario, eighteen in Quebec, sixteen in British Columbia, and the remaining nine in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Manitoba, representing an investment for land, buildings, working equipment, and stocks and materials used in a twelve month period of \$21,755,537. The out-turn of these plants in 1926 amounted to 837,405 cases of fruit, valued at \$3,058,870; and of vegetables 4,920,727 cases, valued at \$11,484,491. The appetites of our own people were not fully satisfied with the voluminous quantities put up in our own factories. In the year under review Canada imported almost twenty-five

# MERGING LATE SUMMER WITH AUTUMN

## In Dinner, Afternoon and Evening Frocks



**Jacket No. 9444; Frock No. 9355**  
That favorite for summer evenings, flowered chiffon, is used for this dress with a gathered skirt and an uneven hem-line. The bodice is sleeveless. The bridge jacket is of chiffon velvet. Sizes coat, 14 to 44; frock, 14 to 38.  
Price, frock, 65 cents; coat, 40 cents.

**Frock No. 9434**  
Point d'esprit fashions this one-piece frock, which has inserted godets at the sides, shirred at the top. The draped taffeta has a chou and side cascade in one, and the sleeves are pointed to meet the neck-line. Sizes 14 to 44.  
Price, 65 cents.

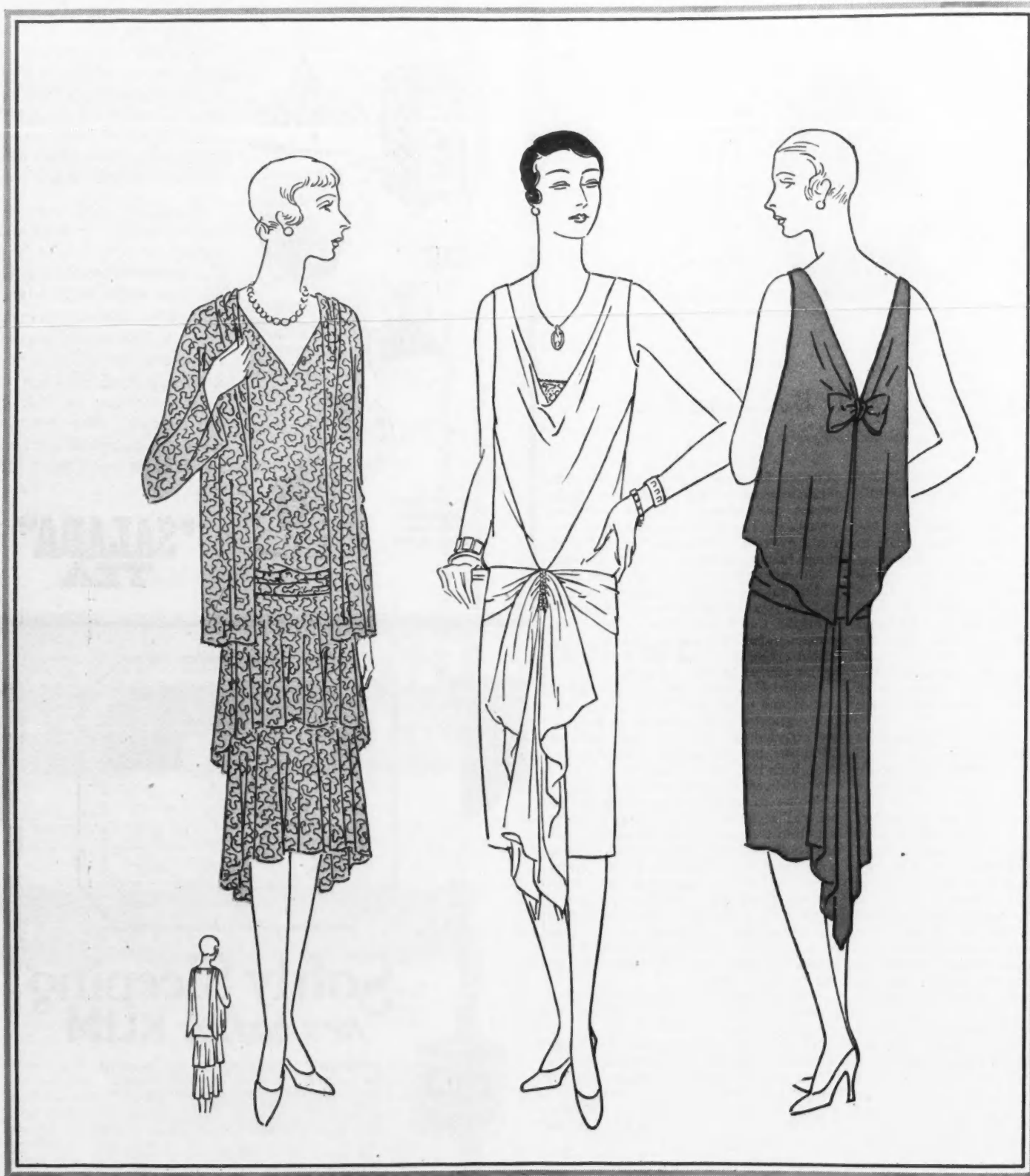
**Evening Frock No. 9458**  
This one-piece sleeveless evening frock of taffeta is drawn to the left side, where a large loop with a long, circular drapery forms an uneven hem-line. There is a slight fulness on the shoulders at the front. Sizes 14 to 44.  
Price, 65 cents.

### THE UNEVEN HEMLINE LINGERS ON



# PLANNING JUST THE ONE DRESS MORE

*There is One Always Needed for "Occasions"*



Coat No. 9428; Frock No. 9266  
This one-piece frock of lace has two circular flounces and may be made with or without sleeves. The bridge jacket has a collar in one, ending in a tie at the back or falling free. Sizes, coat, 14 to 42; frock, 14 to 44.  
Price, frock, 65 cents; coat, 40 cents.

Evening Frock No. 9440  
The wrapped-back skirt section of this crêpe satin frock falls in an uneven hemline, and the girdle is drawn about the hips with an up-in-front movement, while a shirred cascade falls softly from the centre front. Sizes 14 to 38.  
Price, 65 cents.

Evening Frock No. 9440  
When seen from the back, the frock shown in the middle adds a new and different distinction to its lines. The neck-line is becomingly draped, and the shaped bolero is in one with the lower front blouse section.  
Price, 65 cents.

## SOFT AND FEMININE BUT DISTINGUISHED

# MERGING LATE SUMMER WITH AUTUMN

## In Dinner, Afternoon and Evening Frocks



**Jacket No. 9444; Frock No. 9355**  
That favorite for summer evenings, flowered chiffon, is used for this dress with a gathered skirt and an uneven hem-line. The bodice is sleeveless. The bridge jacket is of chiffon velvet. Sizes coat, 14 to 44; frock, 14 to 38.  
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Price, frock, 65 cents; coat, 40 cents.

Evening Frock No. 9440  
The wrapped-back skirt section of this crepe satin frock falls in an uneven hemline, and the girdle is drawn about the hips with an up-in-front movement, while a shirred cascade falls softly from the centre front. Sizes 14 to 38.  
Price, 65 cents.

Evening Frock No. 9440  
When seen from the back, the frock shown in the middle adds a new and different distinction to its lines. The neck-line is becomingly draped, and the shaped bolero is in one with the lower front blouse section.  
Price, 65 cents.

## SOFT AND FEMININE BUT DISTINGUISHED

## Replenishing the Junior Wardrobe



Frock No. 2828

The rep skirt of this two-piece dress is buttoned to the linen blouse, which has tiny pleatings. Embroidery design No. 620 is used. Bloomers are also included. Designed for sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Price, 40 cents.

Boy's Suit No. 2829

No loss of masculine dignity is entailed in dressing like sister when the suit is as tailored as this one with rep trousers and a linen blouse with pleatings. Long or short sleeves. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Price, 40 cents.

Frock No. 2827

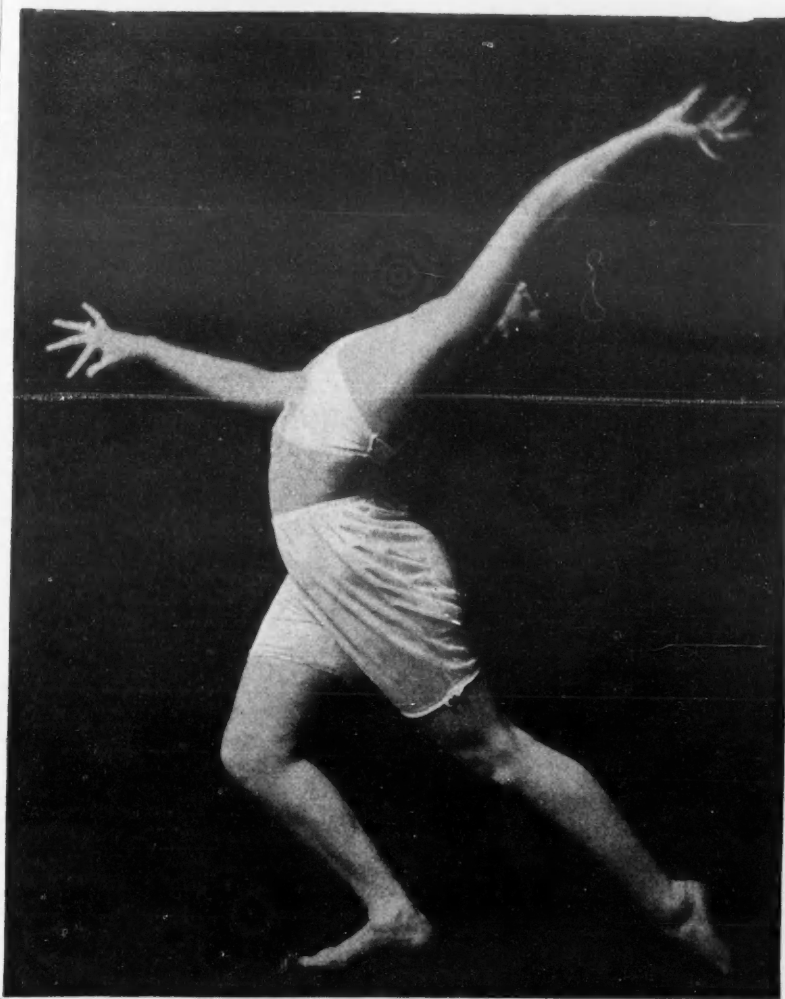
This gingham bloomer frock obtains a yoke effect by means of rows of shirring. There is a tiny turn-down collar, and the raglan sleeves may be short or long with shirring at the wrists. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Price, 40 cents.

Frock No. 2825

This one-piece frock of printed silk crêpe is gathered below the belt at the front. The little yoke on the blouse is edged with scallops, as are the short sleeves. Designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Price, 40 cents.

Frock No. 2826

A simplified version of the frock at the left is correct for the small sister. The same printed silk crêpe is used, and the scallops on the yoke are repeated. Bloomers. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Price, 40 cents.



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## What Will the Costume be?



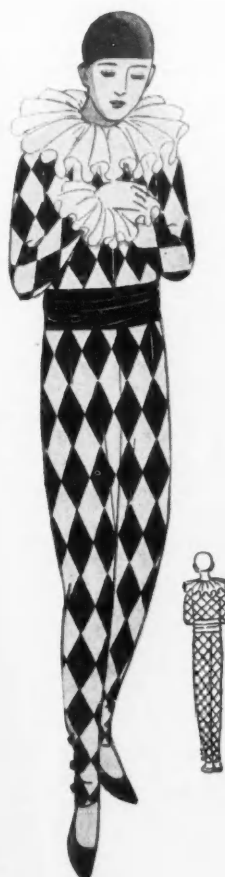
Fancy-Dress  
Costume No. 9480  
A Harlequin or jester's costume is shown here of printed cotton, with neck and sleeve ruff, also draped girdle of plain. Sizes 6 to 20 years; 32 to 38 bust or chest. Price, 40 cents.



Fancy-Dress Costume  
No. 9466  
The costume shown here to represent Night by means of many stars and large crescents, may also represent Day by the use of petal sun ray trimming. Sizes 6 years to 40 bust. Price, 40 cents.

Fancy-Dress Costume  
No. 9456

This elegant costume for the Colonial gentleman consists of a coat, knee-breeches, waistcoat, and hat. It is of moiré and lace. Sizes 8 to 14 years; 26 to 42 chest. Price, 40 cents.



Fancy-Dress Costume  
No. 9467

This costume for a Colonial dame is of flowered taffeta, lace and chiffon. A kerchief may be substituted for the standing collar and a cap for the hat. Sizes 6 years to 40 bust. Price, 40 cents.

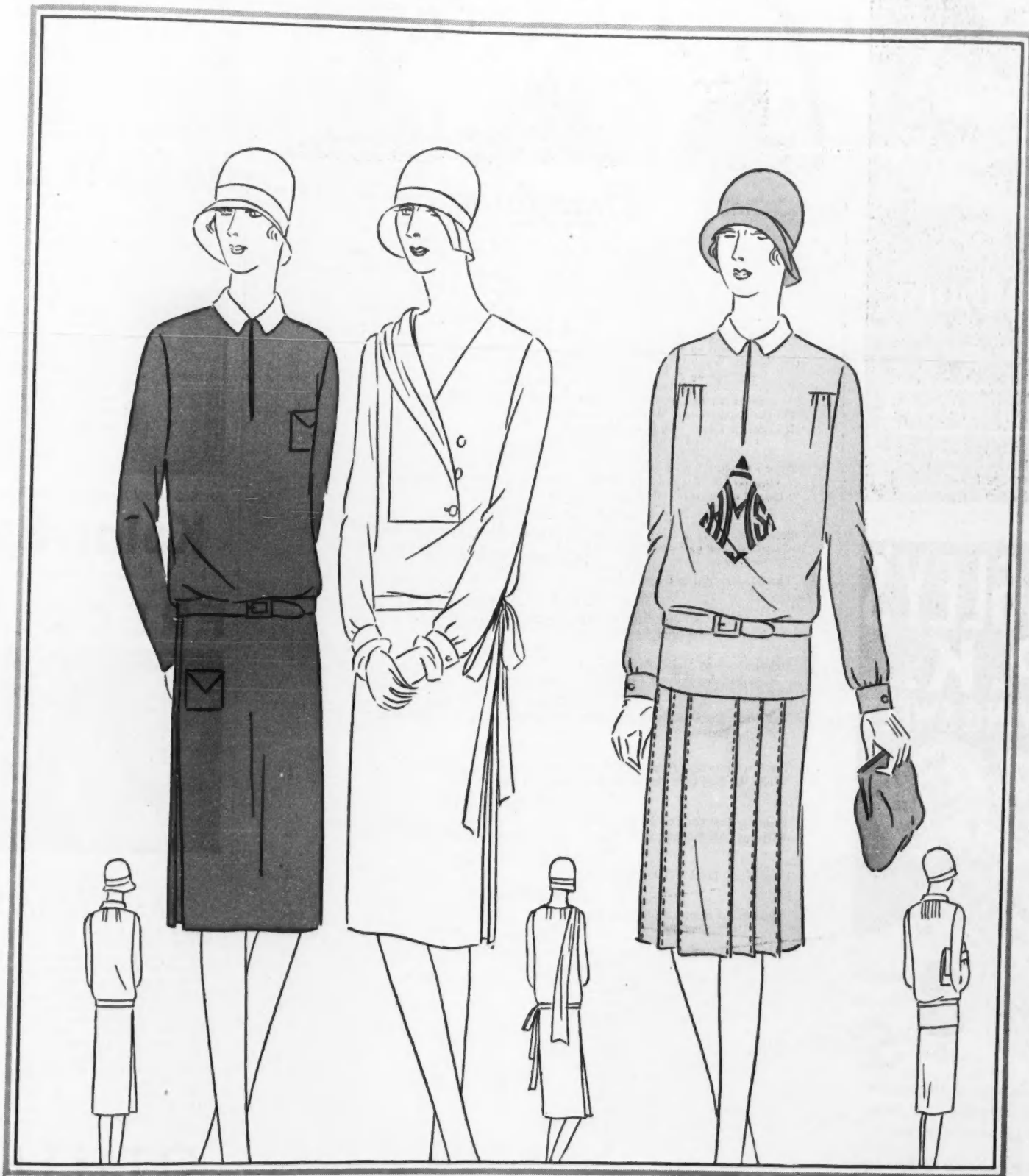
Fancy Dress Costume No. 9479  
Old-fashioned-girl costume of printed taffeta, with pantalettes of lace-trimmed organdie. Hat and mittens included. Sizes 6 years to 40 bust. Price, 40 cents.



These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 56, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

# PROVIDING AFTER-VACATION NEEDS

*In the Way of Simplicity and Smartness*



**Frock No. 9459**  
 This trim and tailored frock of novelty woolen has a pleat on each side below the buckled belt and a single patch pocket on both the blouse and skirt. The collar is convertible, and the sleeves are set in.  
 Sizes 14 to 46.  
 Price, 65 cents.

**Frock No. 9459**  
 When developed in silk crêpe, the frock at the left may have a collarless V-neck with a loose scarf applied to the front in shirt bosom effect, falling free in back. The sleeves are gathered to cuffs. Sizes 14 to 46.  
 Price, 65 cents.

**Frock No. 9460**  
 Two-toned jersey fashions this frock, which has a skirt pleated in front and straight in back. The belted overblouse is slashed and gathered in yoke effect and may be worn tucked in. Monogram Motif No. 619. Sizes 14 to 44.  
 Price, 65 cents; motif, 65 cents.

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# FOR AFTERNOON AND EVENING GAIETY

*Not too Ambitious and Not too Plain*



**Frock No. 9462**

The cleverly wrapped front of this one-piece chiffon frock has a drapery slashed and shirred on the left side. The scarf girdle ties on the side, and the scarf collar is in one with the frock. Sizes 14 to 40.

Price, 65 cents.

**Frock No. 9461**

This printed crêpe frock has a skirt with stitched side pleats and kimono sleeves in one with the front and the back yoke, which has tucks below. The tie collar slips under the applied front band, tying in back. Sizes 14 to 44.

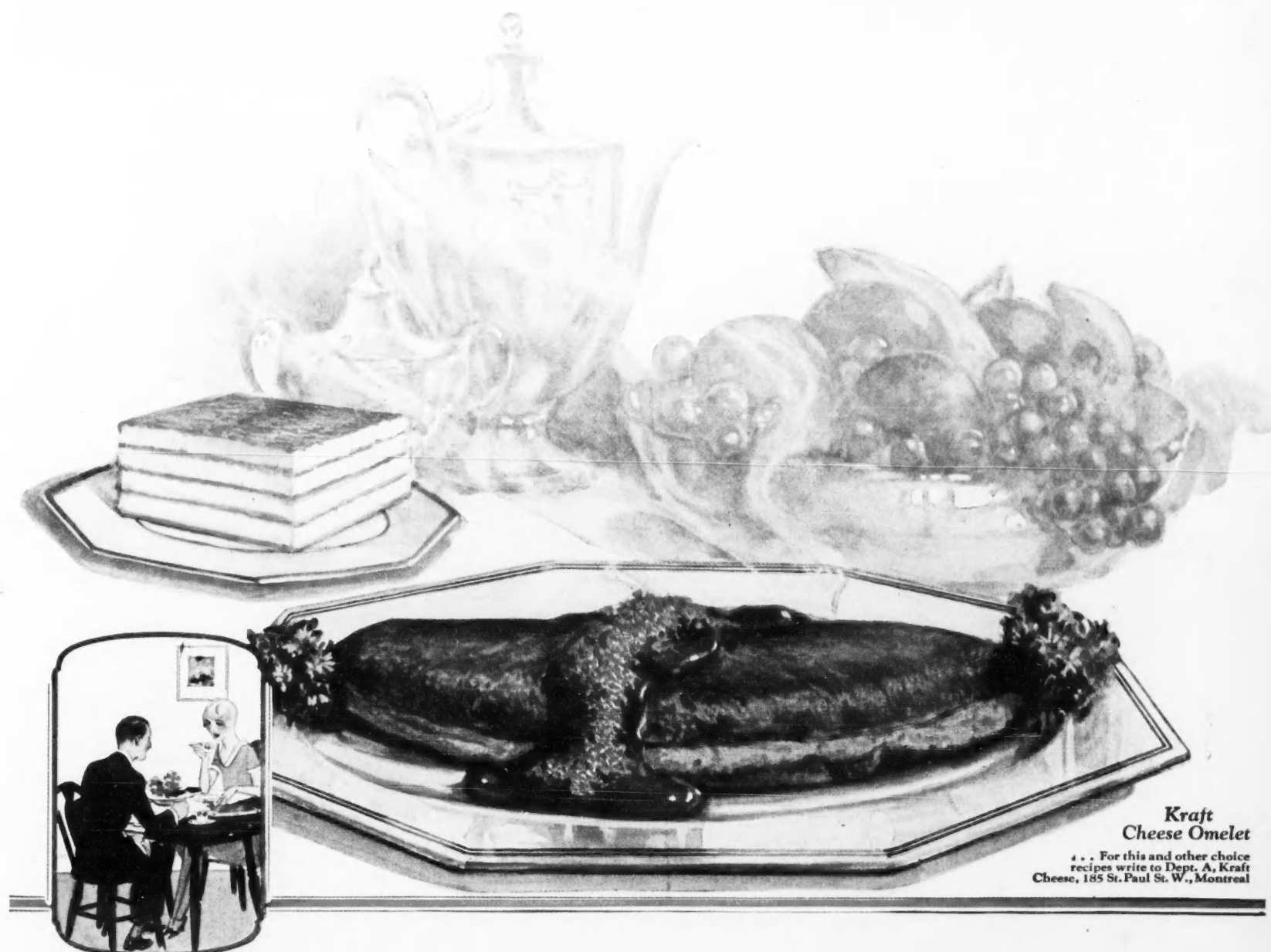
Price, 65 cents.

**Frock No. 9463**

This silk crêpe frock is an excellent model for the stout woman or for maternity wear. The tunic section follows an upward line, where it terminates on the sides in back. There is a wide jabot collar. Sizes 14 to 46.

Price, 65 cents.

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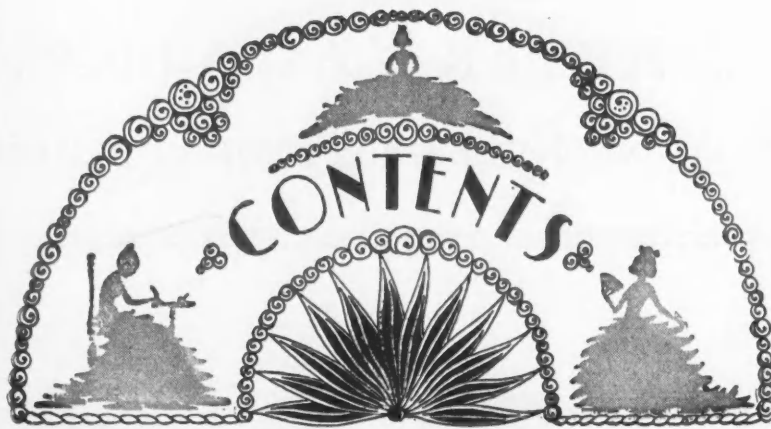
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Volume I

AUGUST, 1928

Number 6

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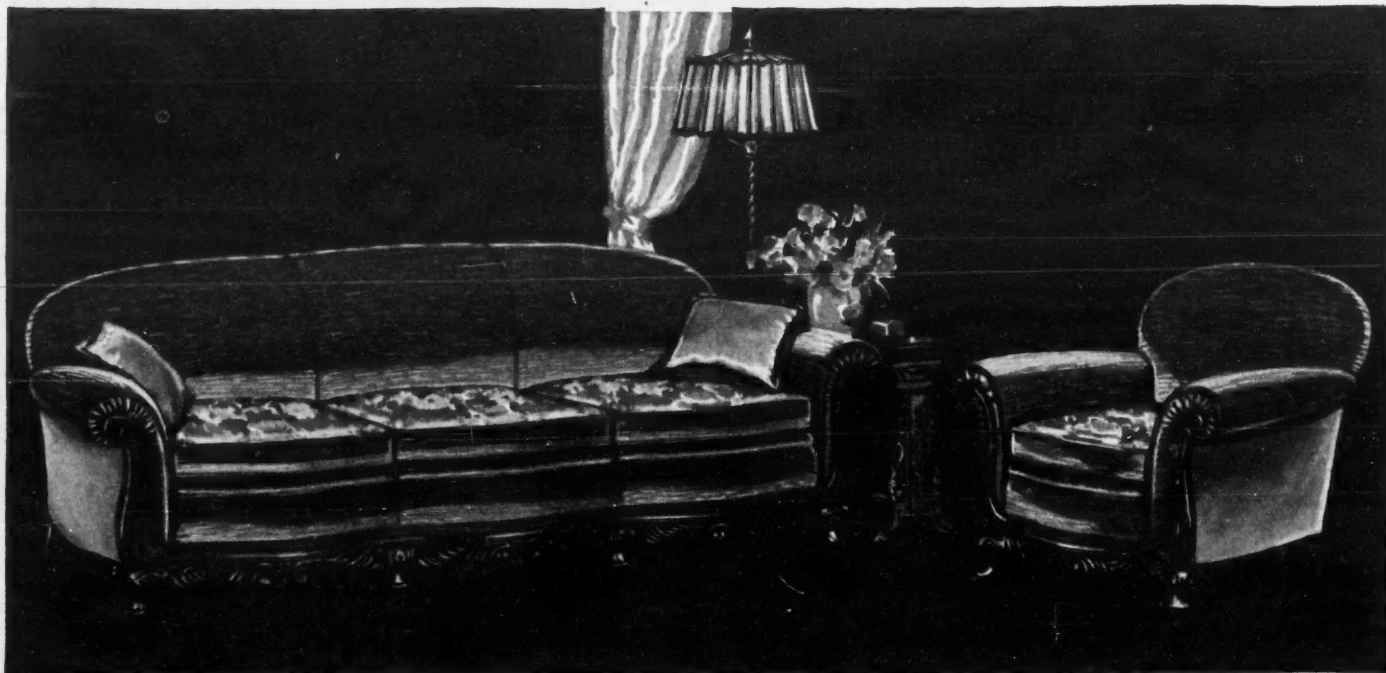
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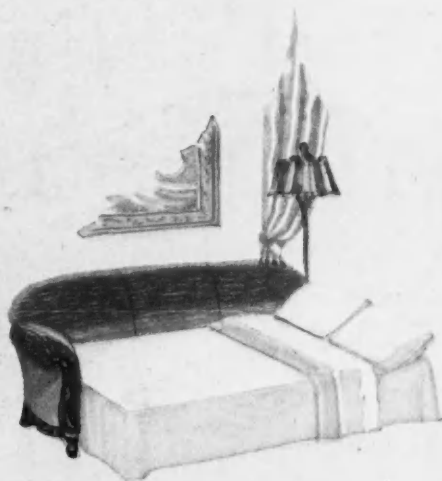
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